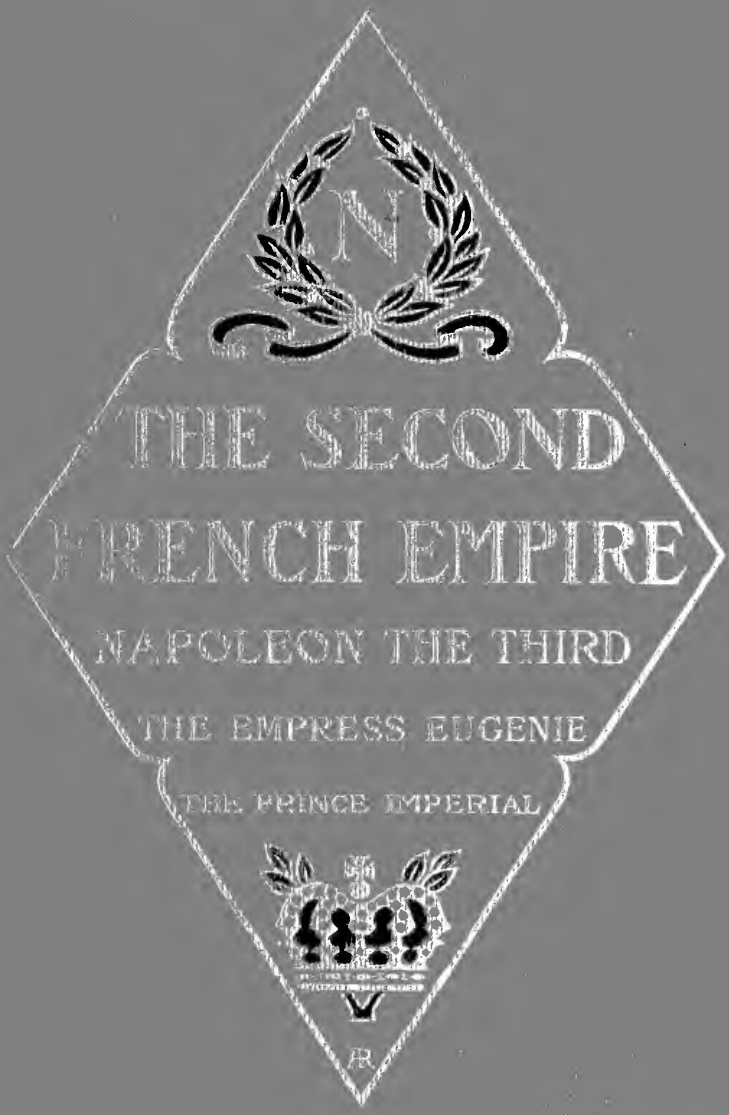

DR. THOMAS W. EVANS

To Father

from Henry.

Christmas 1905

THE SECOND FRENCH EMPIRE

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.

From an engraving of the portrait by Cabanel.

MEMOIRS *of* DR. THOMAS W. EVANS

The SECOND FRENCH EMPIRE

EDITED BY

EDWARD A. CRANE, M.D.

NAPOLEON THE THIRD
THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE
THE PRINCE IMPERIAL

NEW YORK
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·1905

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THIS volume, entitled "Memoirs of Dr. Thomas W. Evans—The Second French Empire—Napoleon III—The Empress Eugénie—The Prince Imperial," contains a portion of the "Memoirs and Unpublished Works" of the late Dr. Thomas W. Evans; and its publication is approved and authorized by his Executors, as directed by the writer in his last will and Testament.

CHARLES F. MULLER,
ARTHUR E. VALOIS,
EDWARD A. CRANE,
WILLIAM W. HEBERTON,
Executors under the will of Thomas W. Evans, deceased.

NEW YORK, 1905.

PREFACE

On account of my friendly connection for more than thirty years with the late Dr. Thomas W. Evans and in compliance also with his frequently expressed desire that I should be the editor of his "Memoirs" and manuscript remains, these writings were placed in my hands soon after his death; and I have, since, been requested by his executors to prepare for publication that portion of them which gives the sub-title, and forms the subject-matter of this volume.

Dr. Evans's long and close attachment to Napoleon III. and his family, the confidential relations he maintained with other sovereigns and princely houses and his large and intimate acquaintance among the men and women who, from 1848 to 1870, were the governing powers in Europe, afforded him unusual opportunities of observing the evolution of political ideas and institutions in France, and the conditions and the causes that immediately preceded and determined the fall of the Second French Empire as seen from within; and supplied him also with facts and very valuable information concerning the same subjects as seen, or gathered in, from without. No man, moreover, was better acquainted than he with what may be termed the moral atmosphere of the several Courts to which, for so many years, he was professionally attached. In a word, he had acquired an unusual amount of that kind of knowledge which is derived from frequent and informal intercourse with persons filling the highest official and social positions in widely separated political communities, and which especially qualified him to form and pronounce correct judgments, with respect to the significance of the events that were

the most remarkable, and the character of the rulers and of the men who were the most prominent, during a very interesting period of French and European history.

Although Dr. Evans could make very little pretension to literary ability, he possessed the gift of saying what he had to say with such evident sincerity, that it is greatly to be regretted he has placed on record so little, when he might have told us so much, concerning the personal qualities, opinions, habits, and manner of life of the great personages with whom it was his privilege to become acquainted. Indeed, I am quite sure that whoever reads this book—whatever defects he may find in it—will sometimes feel that he is a very near and sympathetic witness of events and incidents which the writer himself saw and has with such distinctness and soulfulness described.

The writings entitled "Memoirs," by Dr. Evans were, as left by him, in two parts. The first contained a sketch of the political and military situation in France and Germany that immediately preceded the Franco-German War, together with a very full account of the escape of the Empress Eugénie from Paris, and the establishment of the Imperial family at Chislehurst, in England. This formal narrative was prepared in 1884, but remained unpublished—principally from a sentiment of delicacy on the part of the writer. Twelve years later, in 1896—the year before his death—Dr. Evans began to make a record of his reminiscences in an autobiographical form, but composed in substance of occurrences and experiences personal to himself during his life as a court dentist, together with numerous character sketches of the distinguished people it had been his good fortune to meet and to know. This record was the second part of the "Memoirs." Unfortunately no attempt had been made, while preparing it, to give to it a literary form. The subjects were treated separately and with little regard to their proper order. Many of the pages contained merely notes or memoranda; and, as was inevitable under the circumstances, incidents were re-told, and there were numerous minor repetitions, especially with respect to matters that had already been set forth in the first part. The work of

coordinating and assimilating the materials had been left for a more convenient season—and, as it has proved, for another hand to do.

In preparing the contents of the present volume I have selected from the two parts the portions in which, in my opinion, the public is most likely to be interested, and which at the same time are of the greatest value historically. They tell the story of the flight of the Empress from her capital, of which no complete and authentic account has ever before been published, and include practically everything in the "Memoirs," that relates to the Second French Empire.

The greatest difficulty that I have encountered, in the course of my editorial work has arisen from the necessity of suppressing one or the other of the repetitions, or very similar statements in the parts referred to, and then, so fusing or, rather, stitching the paragraphs and sections together as to give to the whole sufficient continuity and unity to be acceptable to myself without doing violence to the original text. The plan adopted, and which I believe to be the best in view of the facts above mentioned, has been to keep together, and in the body of this book, what relates directly to the Fall of the Empire, and to include in the opening and closing chapters most of the author's more strictly personal reminiscences and appreciations of the Emperor Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie.

I certainly should feel, however, that I had altogether failed to accomplish what I have sought to do, were I not aware that it is the generally conceded privilege of the writer of memoirs and reminiscences to remember only what he chooses to remember, and to say it just when it pleases him to say it. And in according with me this liberty to the author, I trust the reader may be equally generous toward the editor of this book, so far as he may be disposed to hold him responsible for an arrangement of its contents that may occasionally seem wanting in sequence, or for a style of writing that is perhaps, at times, a little too *décousu.*

But there is one point of more importance than any question of form with respect to which I have no desire to disclaim my

responsibility. For the accuracy of the narrative where it relates to matters of which I have a personal knowledge—and they are many—I hold myself equally responsible with the author. And I may also say that I have felt it to be a part of my editorial duty to verify his statements, where errors of fact seemed possible, whenever I could do so conveniently; to compare with the originals the passages he has cited from various writings and reports; to name his authorities, when they were not given by him; and to contribute a few *appendices* and foot notes, in one or two of which I have not hesitated to express my own opinion of persons with some freedom.

EDWARD A. CRANE.

22 RUE ST. AUGUSTIN, PARIS.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

THE BEGINNINGS OF A FRIENDSHIP

PAGE

How my acquaintance with Prince Louis Napoleon began—His life at the Élysée—The day before the coup d'État—Dr. Conneau and Charles Thélin—The Emperor's way of bestowing favors—A cross of the Legion of Honor—A diamond pin—My professional relations with the Emperor—Dentistry in France in 1847—The wife of a dentist—My position at Court—"Have you nothing to ask?"—The courage of the Emperor—The bombs of Orsini—The Emperor's generous nature—A debt of honor—A Dreyfus case—François Arago—The Emperor's philanthropy—"L'Empereur des Ouvriers"—The Emperor's amiability—Abd-el-Kader 1

CHAPTER II

CHARACTER OF THE EMPEROR

The mother of Louis Napoleon—The personal appearance of the Emperor—His love of the country—"He was a wonderful landscape gardener"—He cared nothing for art for art's sake—His utilitarianism—His domestic habits—He was an able writer—He despised flattery—M. Duruy—The Emperor disliked circumlocution—He was tenacious of his opinions, but slow to form them—The sources of his information—The Burlingame Mission—The Emperor's extreme caution—An illustration—The Emperor's wit and humor—He was a peacemaker—His imperturbability no mask—He was a forcible speaker—His religion—His pride—His qualities the opposite of our faults 31

CHAPTER III

THE MARRIAGE OF THE EMPEROR

PAGE

Louis Napoleon is advised to marry—The Princess Caroline—The Duchess of Hamilton—Ancient and modern Knights—The Duke of Hamilton—A great surprise—Eugénie de Montijo; her character, her person—The Emperor announces his engagement—How the announcement was received—The marriage ceremony—My first visit to the Empress at the Tuileries—A little incident—The Empress does not forget her old friends—Pepa—The character of Eugénie de Montijo unchanged by her elevation to a throne—Criticism—The fortune of the Imperial family—The demands upon the privy purse—The generosity of the Empress—Her first act after her engagement—Her visits to the cholera hospitals—"Pious, but not bigoted"—Her public liberalities—The house parties at Compiègne—The Empress a lover of the things of the mind—The Suez Canal—The character of the Empress described by the Emperor—The Empress not exempt from the defects of her qualities 66

CHAPTER IV

THE IMPERIAL COURT—THE WAR OF THE REBELLION

The Imperial Court—"Paris the heaven of Americans"—The banquet to Gen. John A. Dix—The American colony—How things have changed—Parisian society in those days—Causes of its decadence—Its "exoticism"—*Sunt lacrimæ rerum*—The War of the Rebellion—The Emperor not unfriendly to our Government—Mr. William M. Dayton—How I kept the Emperor informed with respect to the progress of the war—The Roebuck incident—The Emperor is urged to recognize the Southern Confederacy—How he came to suggest friendly mediation—He sends for me to come to Compiègne—The interview and what came of it—My visit to America—Interviews with Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward—Visit to City Point—Conversations with General Grant—His opinion of "political generals"—The Emperor's first words on my return—Why the Imperial Government did not recognize the Southern Confederacy—The Mexican Expedition—The assassination of Mr. Lincoln—The United States Sanitary Commission—The Empress's letter to me 105

CHAPTER V

THE INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT OF FRANCE

PAGE

The importance of the works of Napoleon III.—He created modern Paris; its parks and water-works; its public buildings—Provincial cities reconstructed—Roads and railways extended—Credit institutions founded—Commercial treaties made—The increase of capital; of trade—The interest of the Emperor in the lodgings of artizans and the sanitation of cities—What the Emperor did for agriculture—His interest in the welfare of the industrial classes—How he came to the relief of the people at the time of the great inundations—The Exposition of 1867—A dreadful picture of moral corruption—The greatest work of Napoleon III. 143

CHAPTER VI

THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR OF 1870-71

A visit to St. Cloud—The candidature of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern—The Duke de Gramont—The Emperor not inclined to war—The opinion of the Empress—The Emperor's bad counselors—General Lebœuf—An incident—Public feeling—I propose to establish an ambulance—The service it subsequently rendered—The declaration of war—Enthusiasm of the people—The excitement in Paris—The anxiety of the Emperor—He felt that France was not prepared for the war—His interest in the army—The condition *sine quâ non*—Words not to be forgotten—The departure of the troops—The Empress is appointed Regent—The Emperor leaves St. Cloud for Metz—Misgivings 159

CHAPTER VII

THE FRENCH ARMY—SEDAN AND BISMARCK

The efforts of the Emperor to increase the strength of the army—His proposals are denounced by the Opposition—Favre—Thiers—Magnin—Jules Simon—State of the army when war was declared—On arriving at Metz the Emperor finds nothing ready—Misled by incorrect reports—A fair example—The

PAGE

situation becomes more and more difficult—A change of commanders—Sedan—A vivid account of the battle written by the Emperor—Further resistance impossible—The flag of truce—The letter of the Emperor to the King of Prussia—De Wimpfen meets Von Moltke and Bismarck at Donchéry—Interview between the Emperor and Bismarck described by Bismarck in a letter to the King of Prussia—Two letters—"Conneau" 194

CHAPTER VIII

THE FALL OF THE SECOND EMPIRE

Effects in Paris of the news of the first reverses—"*Nous sommes trahis*"—The resignation of the Ministry—General de Palikao—A new Ministry is formed—General Trochu is appointed Military Governor—An unsuccessful mission—The announcement of the disaster of Sedan—A Cabinet Council is convoked—General Trochu is requested to come to the Palace—The night of September 3d at the Tuileries—The morning of September 4th—The council of Ministers—A deputation is sent to the Empress—Her Majesty is advised to resign—Her reply—The proposition of M. Thiers—The Palais-Bourbon is invaded by the mob—The conduct of General Trochu—The Emperor pronounces it "flagrant treason"—The simple facts—A pandemonium—The last session of the Senate—"I yield to force" 231

CHAPTER IX

DEPARTURE OF THE EMPRESS FROM THE TUILERIES

The invasion of the Tuileries—General Mellinet parleys with the invaders—How the palace was protected—The interior of the Tuileries—The Empress waits in the palace to hear from the Assembly—She is advised to leave—She hesitates—Prince de Metternich and Signor Nigra—M. Piétri—The Empress bids adieu to her friends—She leaves the Tuileries—She is forced to return—Quite by chance—"The Wreck of the Medusa"—"Are you afraid?"—"Not a bit"—A curious coincidence—"*Il faut de l'audace*"—"*Voilà l'Impératrice*"—No one at home—The Empress comes to my house . . 261

CHAPTER X

THE REVOLUTION—THE EMPRESS AT MY HOUSE

PAGE

The calm before the storm—Paris in revolution—The Champs Élysées—The Place de la Concorde—The street scenes—Some reflections—How certain things came to pass without a hitch—The funeral of Victor Noir—A paradox—Concerning the "Republic"—A race, and the winners—A strange letter—A mystery explained—I return to my house—Two ladies wish to see me—My interview with the Empress—An awkward situation—Planning to escape from Paris—Questions to be considered—The plan finally agreed upon—Our passports—The safety of the Empress left to chance—The Empress no pessimist—Paris at midnight—I make a reconnaissance . 279

CHAPTER XI

THE FLIGHT OF THE EMPRESS FROM PARIS

The departure from my house—How we passed through the Porte Maillot—A little history—The Empress talks freely—The French people—Saint-Germain-en-Laye—On the road to Poissy—We stop at the wine-shop of Madame Fontaine—*À la bonne franquette*—We stop again near Mantes—*O fortunatos agricolas*—I procure another carriage and fresh horses—The formation of the new Government is reported to her Majesty—Her astonishment on hearing that General Trochu was the President of this Government—Her comments—Could she no longer rely on any one?—The consequences of the Revolution in Paris not fully apprehended at the time—The Empress discusses the situation—Her courage—Her patriotism 311

CHAPTER XII

ON THE ROAD TO THE COAST

Pacy-sur-Eure—A change of conveyances—The "outfit"—A professional opinion—Évreux—"*Vive la Republique*"—A tragic story—La Commandérie—Horses but no carriage—An accident—La Rivière de Thibouville—A serious question—"Le Soleil d'Or"—Diplomacy—"Too funny for anything!"—French peasants—A night alarm—Madame Desrats and her "cabriolet"—"My carriage is at your disposal"—A railway trip—A miserable morning—I go for a carriage—A polite clerk—A striking contrast—The last stage of our journey—Pont l'Évêque—Another coincidence 335

CHAPTER XIII

DEAUVILLE—THE EMBARKATION

PAGE

Deauville—Precautions—Looking for a boat in which to cross the Channel—Interview with Sir John Burgoyne—Lady Burgoyne—Dinner at the Hôtel du Casino—A small gold locket—I meet Sir John Burgoyne on the quay—Her Majesty leaves the Hôtel du Casino—A wild night—The strangeness of the situation—Contrasts—On board the *Gazelle*—Dr. Crane returns to Paris 361

CHAPTER XIV

THE MEETING BETWEEN MOTHER AND SON

We leave the harbor—Rough weather—In a gale—We reach Ryde Roads—The landing—At the York Hotel—News of the Prince Imperial—The Empress and the Bible—We go to Brighton—The Empress hears that the Prince Imperial is at Hastings—She insists on going there—A vain device—We arrive at Hastings—I go to the Marine Hotel and find the Prince—My plan for a meeting between mother and son—The Empress cannot wait—The way barred—The Prince in the presence of his mother—Tears of joy and of sorrow—The Empress and the Prince Imperial remain in Hastings—House-hunting—Mrs. Evans comes to England—Miss Shaw—Camden Place—Negotiations—Camden Place is rented—"A spirited horse, perfectly safe"—Her Majesty leaves Hastings—She takes possession of her new home—The first night at Chislehurst—The first act of the Empress next day—A tragic story—Conversations with the Empress 379

CHAPTER XV

I VISIT THE EMPEROR—DIPLOMACY

I leave England—Queen Augusta—The prison and the prisoner—"The courtesy of the age"—My visit to the Emperor at Wilhelmshöhe—I visit the prison camps and hospitals—My return to England—France now isolated—The promise of the Czar—The Empress endeavors to limit the consequences of the French military disasters—She writes to the Emperor Alexander—She intercedes on behalf of the Republican Minister for Foreign Affairs—Count Bismarck is embarrassed—Diplomatic notes 412

CHAPTER XVI

INTRIGUES AND MORE DIPLOMACY

PAGE

The mysterious M. Régnier—His interviews with Bismarck—The situation at Metz—M. Régnier is received by Marshal Bazaine—General Bourbaki leaves for Chislehurst—The Empress is astonished—She tries once more to obtain peace on favorable terms—She writes to her friend Francis Joseph—The memorandum of the Emperor—General Boyer is sent to the German head-quarters—His interviews with Count Bismarck—The French army makes no "pronunciamentos"—A council of war at Metz—"The only means of salvation"—General Boyer goes to Chislehurst—The Council at Camden Place—The Empress declares that she will never sign a treaty of peace in ignorance of its terms—Her letter to General Boyer—A lesson never forgotten—The Alliance with Italy—The political ideas and sympathies of the Empress—An interesting incident—Her letters to the Emperor, written in October, 1869—A letter written in October, 1896—Justice will be done . . . 431

CHAPTER XVII

THE END OF THE WAR—THE COMMUNE

I return to France—The suffering among the French prisoners—The Clothing Society—I engage in relief work—*Hostes dum vulnerati fratres*—The fellow-feeling produced by suffering shared in common—The end of the war—A National Assembly—The humiliating peace—The Emperor arrives in England—The Sedan of the Government of the National Defense—Mrs. Evans and I visit the Emperor and Empress at Camden Place—The admirable resignation of the Emperor—His interest in the education of the Prince Imperial—Mrs. Evans and I return to Paris—The aspect of the city 458

CHAPTER XVIII

DEATH OF THE EMPEROR

The visitors to Camden Place—November 15, 1871—The Emperor's health—His last photograph—Surgical advice is sought—A consultation is held—A statement contradicted—The operation—The death of the Emperor—The impression it produced in Paris and in London—Messages of condolence—The immediate cause of the Emperor's death—His funeral—"*Vive Napoléon IV.*" 485

APPENDICES

PAGE

I. A Letter from the Princess Josephine to Napoleon III. 509
II. The Family of the Empress 510
III. The Emperor's Fortune 513
IV. Speech of Lord Brougham 514
V. The Falsified Despatch 517
VI. Concerning the Reorganization of the Army . . 520
VII. The Loyalty of General Trochu 522
VIII. Extracts from Official Reports of the French Government 523
IX. The Emperor's Responsibility 526

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III. . . . . *Frontispiece*
From an engraving of the portrait by Cabanel.

DR. THOMAS W. EVANS 1
From a photograph by Ch. Reutlinger taken about 1875.

MADEMOISELLE EUGÉNIE—COMTESSE DE TÉBA 74
From a photograph taken in 1852.

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE 106
From a photograph taken about 1865.

GENERAL REILLE PRESENTING TO KING WILLIAM THE LETTER OF NAPOLEON III. 218
From a photograph of the painting by A. von Werner.

NAPOLEON III. 228
From his last photograph taken by W. and D. Downey in 1872.

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE 246
From a photograph taken by W. and D. Downey in 1871.

THE EMPRESS AND MADAME LEBRETON AT DR. EVANS'S HOUSE . 294

PACY-SUR-EURE—A CHANGE OF CONVEYANCES 332

CAMBOLLE—VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE 338

LE SOLEIL D'OR—LA RIVIÈRE DE THIBOUVILLE 342

FACING PAGE

The Porte Cochère at Lisieux 354

Deauville—The Empress and Dr. Evans Leaving the Hôtel du Casino 372

Camden Place 398

The Ruins of the Tuileries 480

The Prince Imperial 502
From a photograph taken by Elliott and Fry in 1878.

DR. THOMAS W. EVANS.

From a photograph by Ch. Reutlinger taken about 1875.

THE SECOND FRENCH EMPIRE

CHAPTER I

THE BEGINNINGS OF A FRIENDSHIP

How my acquaintance with Prince Louis Napoleon began—His life at the Élysée—The day before the coup d'État—Dr. Conneau and Charles Thélin—The Emperor's way of bestowing favors—A cross of the Legion of Honor—A diamond pin—My professional relations with the Emperor—Dentistry in France in 1847—The wife of a dentist—My position at Court—"Have you nothing to ask?"—The courage of the Emperor—The bombs of Orsini—The Emperor's generous nature—A debt of honor—A Dreyfus case—François Arago—The Emperor's philanthropy—"L'Empereur des Ouvriers"—The Emperor's amiability—Abd-el-Kader.

IN November, 1847, I came to Paris with my wife, having accepted an invitation from Cyrus S. Brewster, an American dentist of repute then living in Paris, to associate myself with him professionally.

In France everything was then quiet. M. Guizot, the Prime Minister, ruled the country with an authority that was absolute. The politicians, of course, were, some of them, clamoring for "Reform," and all of them playing the eternal game of seesaw on every question of public concern that might serve their personal or party interests. But the people were apparently uninterested or asleep. It seems that they were just on the point of waking up. Three months later, in February, 1848, the Tuileries were invaded by the Paris mob, and Louis Philippe, having cut

off his whiskers, under the cover of an old hat and a shabby coat, made his escape from the palace. The Republic was now proclaimed and the march of events was rapid—the opening of National workshops, the election to the Constituent Assembly in April; and then the barricades and the bloody days of June, with the shootings and transportations of the apostles of Communism—in rehearsal for the final scene in the great drama of 1871.

On the 23d of September, 1848, Prince Louis Napoleon, having been elected a member of the National Assembly, left London, and the following day arrived in Paris. Less than three months afterward he was elected President of the French Republic, and established his residence at the Palace of the Élysée in the Faubourg St. Honoré, where he remained until the 24th of February, 1852, when he removed to the Tuileries, and occupied the apartments from which Louis Philippe had fled, exactly four years before—on the 24th of February, 1848.

My acquaintance with the Prince began very soon after he came to Paris. He had not been long at the Élysée when he sent a message to Dr. Brewster, stating that he would like to have him come to the palace, if convenient, as he had need of his services. It so happened, when the message came, that Dr. Brewster was ill and unable to respond to this call himself. It fell to me, therefore, by good fortune, to take his place professionally, and to visit the Prince. And there it was, at the Élysée, that I first saw him.

He received me very kindly, without the least intimation that he had expected to see someone else, so that I soon felt entirely at my ease. I found that a slight operation was necessary, which, when made, gave him great relief. On my leaving, the Prince thanked me most cordially, commended me for the "gentleness" of my manner of operating, and expressed a wish to see me the next day. I

then saw him again, professionally; and, from that time, up to the day of his death, I visited him often—sometimes as often as twice a week; for the relations between us were not entirely of a professional nature, having very soon become friendly, and confidential even.

During his residence at the Élysée, I was, on several occasions, invited to come in the evening and take tea with him, and some of his intimate associates, at a house in the Rue du Cirque, where he was a frequent visitor. This house, in which Madame H—— lived, was to him easy of access —a gate in the wall, enclosing the garden of the palace, opening on the street close to the house. There, free from the restraint of official surroundings, the Prince-President loved to take a cup of tea, or to sit during the whole evening sipping a cup of coffee, or smoking a cigarette, his black dog, a great favorite with him, sometimes at his feet and sometimes on his knee.

An excellent listener to the conversation of others—it was with the greatest interest that we all listened to him, when he chose to speak. However light the subject, his remarks were never commonplace, but were often weighty and always bore the impress of originality. There were times when he exhibited rare powers of description and a delicate but lively appreciation of the humorous side of things; and other times—the subject moving him—when his earnest and kindly words and the sympathetic tones of his voice were irresistibly seductive, and we—hardly knowing why, whether we were captivated by the personality of the speaker or surprised at the height to which he carried his argument—in wondering admiration sat in silence under the spell of the Charmer. He talked with the utmost freedom of his past life in Germany, in Switzerland, in Italy, in England; of Napoleon and of government in general; but spoke rarely and with more reserve about the French politics of the day. And he liked to hear others talk of their own lives, of the subjects that

personally interested them, of their occupations and amusements during the day, and to have the conversation go on as if in a family circle, without the restraints of etiquette. He also liked, on these occasions, to listen to simple music—at the same time admitting that music in general he did not like. He seemed to seek the satisfactions of a home, and the pleasure of being surrounded by a few but intimate friends. Madame Henriette, as she was called familiarly, had living with her no family or relative except a sister—a most beautiful creature, artless but full of grace, whose head was one of the finest I ever saw on a woman's shoulders. As Madame de Sévigné said of Mademoiselle de Grignan, she was *une créature choisie et distinguée.* Here I met MM. Fleury, Persigny, Mocquard, Edgar Ney, and some others. But only a very few of the persons in the *entourage* of the Prince were ever invited into this little society.

The relations of the Prince to the beautiful and devoted Madame H—— have been a subject of censure and even of scandal. The irregularity of the situation he himself recognized; but he was too kind-hearted to break away from it without some strong and special motive. And then, to use his own words:

"Since, up to the present time, my position has prevented me from getting married; since in the midst of all the cares of the Government I have, unfortunately, in my country from which I have been so long absent, neither intimate friends nor the attachments of childhood, nor relatives to give me the comforts of a home, I think I can be pardoned an affection that harms no one, and which I have never sought to make public." *

I was, at first, asked by the Prince to go to this house for the purpose of seeing Madame H—— professionally, he remarking to me that he would consider it a favor if I would do so, since were she to go to my office, her pres-

* M. Odilon Barrot "Memoirs," tome iii., p. 361.

ence there might give rise to comment. Thus it happened that subsequently I became one of Madame H——'s occasional evening visitors as well as her professional adviser.

The Prince was very fond of walking in the morning in the grounds of the Élysée palace, sometimes alone, but more frequently with Fleury or Persigny or some other member of his official household. Several times, when he had something special to say to me, or inquiries to make, he invited me to take a turn with him in the garden, usually speaking in English, for he liked to talk in English whenever he could; and it often served him well when he wished to converse and did not care to have some one, who might be near him, understand what was said. It was during this quiet life at the Élysée that our relations became intimate and that a lasting friendship was formed.

At this time—while President of the Republic—the Prince had few intimate friends, and but very few acquaintances. A stranger to the French people when he came to Paris, he did not seek at once to make new acquaintances; moreover his power as President being limited, and generally supposed to be temporary, did not attract to the Élysée a crowd of interested friends—supplicants for favors. If he was sometimes oppressed with a sense of political isolation and loneliness, and more than once was heard to say sadly, "I do not know my friends, and my friends do not know me," it was not without its compensations, among which the greatest was the liberty it gave him to form his own friendships, or, perhaps rather, the opportunity it afforded him to watch dispassionately the drift of public opinion in France, and discover the means of realizing *les idées Napoléoniennes*—the supreme object of his ambition. For it was in the seclusion of his *Cabinet de travail*—his study—that he always seemed to take his greatest pleasure.

These were happy days for the Prince. He had attained, at least in part, to what he had always believed

would come—that he would be called upon to rule in one way or another, as his uncle did, the French people. To him I am positive this was a certainty, the realization of which he considered to be only a question of time. It never seemed in any way to surprise him that events had so shaped his career as to bring him where he was at the moment; and it was his calm belief, at this time, that his increasing popularity and power were only a part of that of which he was also sure to see the accomplishment. If he referred to the significant or exciting political events of the day, it was with quiet ease, never himself excited, never complaining, avoiding exaggeration, and never showing the slightest anxiety or personal concern.

This countenance of extreme placidity which the Prince always wore, seems to me now, if it did not at the time, all the more remarkable when I remember the unsettled and very stormy political situation in France during the years of his Presidency—the extraordinary violence of the Socialists and Red Republicans—the revolutionary manifestations in the streets of Paris, Marseilles, and Lyons; and, finally, the reaction and the plots against his Government laid by the powerful Royalist combination in the Legislative Assembly.

On the morning preceding the night of the *coup d'État,* I was sent for to see the Prince at the Élysée. I noticed that his manner and conversation were more than ordinarily affectionate. There were moments when he appeared to be thoughtful, as if there was something on his mind that he wished to speak about, and yet did not. When I was leaving, he went with me to the door of his study, where I had been conversing with him, and then, placing his arm within my own, walked with me through the adjoining room. He knew that great events were about to happen, but this knowledge did not ruffle his serenity or change in the least the suavity of his voice or the complaisance of his address. That evening there was a reception

at the palace, and a crowd of people, his cousin, the Duchess of Hamilton, being present among the rest. No one had the slightest suspicion of the blow that was soon to fall; but just as the duchess, with whom the Prince was talking, was about to leave, he said to her in the very quietest way, as he gave her his hand, with a kindly smile, "Mary, think of me to-night." Something in the tone of his voice, rather than the words, impressed her strongly. What could he mean? The next morning, when the duchess awoke, she learned what was in the mind of the Prince when he bade her good night, and was amazed at his extraordinary self-control, his seeming impassiveness, and the gentleness of his manner at such a critical, decisive moment in his career.

And this manner never changed. Whether Prince-President, or Emperor, in victory or defeat, he was always the same; and he was also the same in all his relations and intercourse with men, both in official and private life. In return, every one who knew him personally, was drawn towards him by a strong sentiment of sympathy and affection. The devotion of his followers after the affairs of Strasbourg and Boulogne bears witness to this. In those early days, all who knew him intimately wished to follow him.

The two persons who stood nearest to him and who were attached to him the longest, were Dr. Conneau and Charles Thélin. Conneau was a *protégé* of his mother, Queen Hortense, who, on her death-bed, made him promise never to forsake her son—a promise he observed with the most pious fidelity. Thélin was in the domestic service of the Queen; he was at first Prince Louis' valet, afterward a head servant, and, finally, the treasurer of the Imperial privy purse. Not only were these two men devoted to the interests of the Prince, but they continued to be faithful and unselfish in ways that are rare. When the Prince became Emperor—and their positions were necessarily

changed, having everything at their command if they had wished it—they showed no ambition to be anything more than the true friends of their early companion and master.

Dr. Conneau desired nothing better than to be, as he had been of old, the confidant of his inmost thoughts. He opened and read his letters. He also read the despatches, as well as articles from the newspapers, which were sent to his Majesty from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs; for at that Ministry there were secretaries whose business it was to read the different English, Spanish, and Italian newspapers—in fact, to examine all the principal papers from foreign countries, and prepare a *résumé* of their contents for the Emperor's use. Dr. Conneau was often the one to see these summaries first and read them to his Majesty, using his own discretion and passing over unimportant matters. He was also entrusted with the distribution of the Emperor's private charities; and for this purpose from fifty to one hundred thousand francs were placed in his hands every month. Dr. Conneau held the official position of principal physician attached to the Emperor's person; but the Emperor regarded him as his *fidus Achates.*

"Charles," as he was always called, enjoyed the Emperor's confidence in an equal degree. Dr. Conneau and Charles Thélin had been with the Emperor almost constantly for so many years, in the same countries, that they had learned to speak the same languages that he did, and had acquired many of his habits. I was often struck with the similarity even in the voices of these persons, especially in the softness of their tones, and with the quiet simplicity of each in speaking, at all times. Indeed, they grew to be very much alike in many things. The Emperor never had any thought of his own private interests or of increasing his personal fortune; and the same indifference was shown by Dr. Conneau and Charles Thélin; for, with all kinds of opportunities to grow rich, by taking advantage of their knowledge of impending war or peace, the laying out of

new streets—in a word, of a thousand things that would make the Stock Exchange, or values, go up or down—at the end of the Empire they were left penniless, having lived on their modest salaries from the very first day they entered into the service of Prince Louis, devoted to their special duties, and without a thought of accumulating wealth.

Not long after the Emperor's death Dr. Conneau came to see me. He told me the only thing he possessed in the world was a collection of Bibles—in several hundred languages or dialects, including some rare copies—which then lay in a heap on the floor of a stable, as he no longer had a place of his own in which to keep them. He said it grieved him greatly to part with this collection, the making of which had given him so much pleasure; but that it distressed him still more to see it treated as it had been and in danger of being destroyed; and that I would render him a great service if I would take it off his hands and save it. This I at once agreed to do. And when the tears came into the eyes of the kindly old man I felt in my own heart that it was a blessed thing indeed to be able to help a friend in time of need.

The Emperor had an exquisite way of bestowing favors. When he made a present, he often gave it the appearance of paying a debt.

On one occasion which I remember, he engaged a young man to make some researches for a literary work he was interested in. The young man was to have a certain sum paid to him, monthly, in advance. The next day the Emperor handed him double the sum that had been fixed upon. Thinking a mistake had been made, he said, "Sire, you have given me too much." "Oh, no," replied the Emperor; "you forget that you began your services yesterday—*a month ago.*" This was his way of disguising a gift.

After living in Paris a number of years, wishing to

go to the United States, I informed his Majesty that it was my intention to return home soon to see my family and country. I had a strong attachment to the relatives and friends I had left in America, and, more especially, I wished to see my mother, as she was advancing in years, and I told him that I felt it a duty to go to her. He said he perfectly understood my wish to return home and my strong desire to see my mother, and that he was glad I felt as I did. He then asked me when I proposed going. On my telling him the date of sailing I had fixed upon, he said, "Come and see me again before you go"—naming a day. As he was at the Palace of Saint Cloud, I was to go there. Upon my arrival at the time appointed, he received me in the room which he occupied as a study, on the floor below the apartments of the Empress. After some conversation, he led me up the private staircase and opened the door into the first room, which was a boudoir, or antechamber, giving access to her Majesty's apartments. Immediately upon my entering this room with him, for the purpose of saying, as he said, good-by to the Empress, he took from the table a case containing the cross of a Knight of the Legion of Honor, and, as I stood before him, he fixed the cross to the lapel of my coat, saying, "We want you to go home a Knight." He then opened the door leading into the room where the Empress was, and said, as she came forward: "The Empress wishes to be the first to congratulate the Chevalier"; and he added: "I hope your friends in America will understand how much you are appreciated by us. You will promise us to come back again, won't you?" This was said in that tone of voice and with an expression in his eyes, full of kindness and goodness, which it is quite impossible to describe. His manner under such circumstances was really irresistible; I had many occasions to feel its charm.

I have sometimes thought that the Emperor owed his singular power of winning the esteem and affection of

those with whom he had spoken, although but once, to the softness of his voice and to a peculiar hesitancy of manner—especially when opening a conversation—which might be taken for diffidence, the most delicate form of flattery that one man can offer to another.

When misfortunes befell his friends, or bereavements came to those who were near to him, the Emperor never failed to console them with kind words or to remember them by acts of gracious consideration.

On the occasion of the loss of the steamer *Arctic,* in the autumn of 1854—when my wife and I were informed that a dear sister and her husband and child, who were returning to New York from a visit they had paid us, had all three perished—the Emperor, and the Empress also, expressed for us their deepest sympathy.

One morning the Emperor said to me, after referring to this painful event, that he wished to give me, as a token of his regard, a keepsake that I might perhaps doubly esteem. He then handed to me a case within which he said there was a diamond that had been taken from the hilt of a sword which had belonged to his uncle, Napoleon, and had been worn by him, and which he had caused to be reset in a scarf-pin.

This pin I rarely wore, for the diamond was not only a remarkably fine one, but I prized it highly as a souvenir and and was afraid of losing it. When, in April, 1855, the Emperor and Empress went to England to visit the Queen, Mrs. Evans and I also went to London, where we occupied rooms at Fenton's Hotel, St. James's Street. The day after our arrival, having occasion to be present at a royal function, I decided to wear the beautiful pin I had brought with me. And this I did. But, either before I left the hotel or after my return, I met an American gentleman who was stopping in the house, with whom I probably had some conversation concerning the diamond pin, although at the time the conversation seemed so insignifi-

cant that I could never recall it. I have always believed, however, that he related the history of the jewel—perhaps in the coffee-room. On going to my room to change my dress, I placed the pin in its *écran,* or case, and, rolling this up very carefully, together with some French paper money, in several pocket-handkerchiefs, stowed the package at the bottom of my satchel. A few days later I returned to the Continent by the way of Belgium and Holland. On arriving at The Hague I took the package from the satchel, opened the case, and found within it—nothing. The money had not been taken, neither had some jewels that my wife had put in the satchel, but the diamond pin had vanished. The mystery of its disappearance has never been solved. That it was stolen I have no doubt. I am also convinced that its historical character was not foreign to the theft.

Being extremely anxious to recover the pin, I reported my loss to the police, and caused an active search to be made for it, and for the thief; but the search was of no avail. Nothing was ever heard of the pin, or how it disappeared. I felt so badly about it that I never spoke to the Emperor of my loss. Years passed, and the loss of the diamond pin had ceased to trouble me.

One morning in the month of May, 1859, a day or two before the Emperor was to leave Paris for the seat of war in Northern Italy, he sent for me to come and see him. On being introduced into his presence, I found him sitting before his toilet-table. Without changing his position, he began to speak at once of the campaign he was about to engage in, and of other matters, when, suddenly turning partly round and looking me directly in the face, he said: "And so you lost the diamond pin I gave you?"

"Yes, Sire," I replied; and, greatly confused, I was about to make some wretched apology for never having spoken of it to him, when he said:

"I knew it had been stolen from you, but it has been found"—taking at the same time from a drawer, in the

table before him, a case similar to the one he had given me years before, with the same Imperial crown in silver on the blue velvet.

"Here," he said, "is the lost pin;" and, as I opened the case to look at the jewel, he added quietly: "At least, it may in a measure replace the other. I am going away. Keep this as a souvenir of me."

Surely no man ever had a more delicate and delightful way of bestowing favors and recognizing the services of his friends.

It was one of my rules to ask of his Majesty no personal favors. I never asked him even for a photograph or an autograph. These things and many others were given to me unasked and of his own free-will, he alone judging when, and under what circumstances, or for what services a recompense should be given.

Once at a large luncheon at the Palace of the Tuileries, when there were many guests present, although the occasion was unofficial, the Emperor—who, I presume, during the morning had suffered from the customary importunity of some of them—feeling in the humor, remarked in a clear voice to a lady sitting at the end of the table: "I have been much occupied this morning with demands for everything. By the by, Countess, I believe you are the only one of the Court that has not asked me for something. Have you nothing to ask?"

"No, Sire, nothing." But after a moment she added, "Yes, I have. My concierge has been asking me to recommend him for the military medal, because he fought in the Crimea and has not received it. If your Majesty would kindly obtain the medal for him I should be very glad."

The Emperor replied: "It is done. I had observed that you never asked anything of me. I believe you are the only one here—No," he said, turning to me, "Evans has never asked of me anything for himself."

My answer was, "I hope your Majesty may always be able to say so;" for I felt then as I do now that, by his frequent remembrances and by his appreciation of the services I had occasion to render him, I was always most generously recompensed without my seeking.

My professional relations with the Emperor began, as I have already said, soon after he became President of the Republic. He had extremely delicate teeth—an inheritance from his mother, he told me; and, being more than usually sensitive to pain—this condition of hyperæsthesia, as Corvisart and Nélaton termed it, was generalized and especially pronounced towards the close of his life—he suffered greatly from the least inflammation, and, in consequence, frequently required my professional assistance. Moreover, he was constitutionally inclined to hemorrhages, and, when a child, nearly lost his life from the bleeding which followed the extraction of a tooth. In this instance he was saved by the watchful care of his mother, who, in the night, having discovered the flow of blood, put her finger on the gum and held it there firmly until the bleeding stopped.

As I was commonly summoned to the Palace immediately there was anything amiss about his mouth, I generally succeeded in obtaining for him the relief he sought. He hated to be hurt, and I was always very careful not to hurt him when it was necessary to use an instrument for any purpose. It was therefore only natural, perhaps, that the Emperor should have gratefully recognized the immense relief from absolute torture which, on several occasions, I was fortunately and most happily able to secure for him almost immediately I saw him. But his appreciation of such services was something more than personal. It was not limited to me; it reached out and included the whole dental profession. He found the dental art to be of great use to him, and, accordingly, had an excellent opinion of

dentists in general, and saw no reason why they should not be as proud of their specialty as the practitioners of any branch of medicine or surgery.

If it was my privilege to render considerable professional services to the Emperor, I was richly repaid in many ways; but more especially by the direct support and encouragement he gave me in the practise of my art, and the social consideration he accorded to me, and, through me, to my profession. Indeed, the immense importance of this can hardly be understood by one not acquainted with the character of the men who practised dentistry when I came to Paris, and the contempt with which they were spoken of and regarded. Those persons who made it their business to treat diseases of the teeth were ranked with barbers, cuppers, and bleeders, just as, a hundred years before, surgeons were, everywhere in Europe. Physicians and surgeons considered the care of the teeth as unworthy of their attention and science; the rectification of those irregularities of dentition that give rise to defects in speech, or disfigure the mouth, they knew nothing about; and extractions were left to be performed by mountebanks at street corners, or fakirs at fairs, where the howls of the victims were drowned by the beating of drums, the clash of cymbals and the laughter and applause of the delighted and admiring crowd. This *al fresco* practise of dentistry was to me one of the most curious and *foreign* features of street life in the old Paris of 1847.

If the dentist was sent for to attend a patient he was expected to enter the house by the back-stairs, with the tailor and the butcher boy and the other purveyors to the establishment. The front-stairs were for those only whose social standing gave them the right to use them. Although it was never within my own experience to be invited to go up the *escalier de service*, it is not surprising that the low social standing of dentists in general, at this period, should have been made known to me in ways

that sometimes left a sting. But, after a while, these things ceased to trouble me. In fact, after I had been in Paris a few years, I seldom heard, or overheard, a word in disparagement of my profession. An exception, however, to this experience may be worth mentioning.

At a ball given at the Palace of the Tuileries, in 1857, to which Mrs. Evans and myself had been invited, we overheard a conversation which took place so near to us that very little of it was lost.

"Who is that woman?" said one lady to another—"she is so delicate and lady-like—she looks like an American." "Yes, she is," was the reply; "and only think—she is the wife of a dentist! How dreadful!"

A few minutes later, the Emperor approached us and shook hands with us both.

"And who is the gentleman to whom the Emperor is now speaking so cordially?" again inquired the lady first mentioned. "Oh, that is Evans, the dentist, the husband of the woman; he was pointed out to me last week at the Cowleys'; they say he is very clever and that the Emperor thinks very highly of him; his manners appear to be good. Those American dentists, it seems, are something wonderful."

Not long after, I received a visit from both of these ladies, who wished to consult me professionally; and one of them, the Countess de L——, who is still living, became one of my warmest personal friends.

I was young and ambitious when I came to Paris, and, as an American citizen, I had never thought it would be necessary for me to feel ashamed of myself socially, or that I was about to be deprived of the privileges and civilities usually conceded to the practitioners of the liberal arts and professions. The Emperor quickly saw how I felt about the position I was to hold in his immediate *entourage,* in view of my professional relations to him. And since he was not disposed to recognize distinctions

of any kind among men, except such as were determined by intelligence, or personal accomplishments, or special abilities, I was very soon admitted to the Élysée officially, on a footing of equality with doctors of medicine, surgeons, university professors and men of science in general. When the Court was established, I received my appointment of "Surgeon Dentist," and in the same form and on the same terms as the other doctors and surgeons in the "Service de Santé" attached to the "Maison de l'Empereur." My court dress was the gold-embroidered special uniform worn by every member of the medical staff. We all received the same compensation.

I was the only dentist at the Court of the Tuileries; and the Emperor was most kind and considerate to me on all occasions, in public as well as in private. Once having a standing at the Imperial Court I was enabled to be received at other courts; and there are few, if any, in Europe where I have not been at some time a guest.

I am sure that the consideration which has been shown to me by nearly all the royal families of Europe, whether visiting them professionally or otherwise, has been of very great service to me personally; and I am equally sure, but still more pleased to believe, that my profession has been benefited and honored also by the numerous Imperial and Royal attentions and honors I have received, during the nearly fifty years that I have practised the art of dentistry in Europe.

Sensitive as the Emperor was to physical pain, no man faced danger more bravely or more calmly. The courage that he displayed at Strasbourg, at Boulogne, and at Sedan is a matter of history; so also is the extraordinary self-possession, at a most critical moment, that enabled him to effect his escape from the fortress at Ham.

I saw him soon after the cowardly attempt to kill him and the Empress, made by Orsini, in front of the Opera

House, on the evening of January 14th, 1858. The bombs had killed several persons outright and wounded one hundred and fifty-six others. The carriage in which he was riding was wrecked, and one of the horses killed. The Emperor's hat had been pierced with a projectile, and the Empress' dress spattered with blood; but by a miracle, as it were, their Majesties escaped untouched. Descending from their carriage, calm and self-possessed, in the darkness—for the explosion had extinguished the gaslight—and in the midst of the cries and the rush of the panic-stricken crowd, they pushed their way on to the Opera House, where, when they appeared in the Imperial *loge,* they were greeted by the audience with tumultuous applause. The performance—"Marie Stuart," with a ballet representing the assassination of Gustavus III., King of Sweden—was not stopped; and their Majesties remained in the house until its close.

At midnight they returned to the Tuileries.

When the report of this attempt to assassinate the Emperor reached me, I was about to go to the English Embassy, where I had been invited by Lady Cowley. As is usually the case in times of great public excitement, the facts were exaggerated. I was told that the Emperor and Empress had both been killed. Stunned by the news, it was some time before I could realize the situation. It then occurred to me that the Tuileries might be attacked and that the young Prince Imperial might perhaps be in danger. My carriage was at the door, and I drove at once to the palace, where I learned that their Majesties had not been killed. I saw Miss Shaw, however, and told her that I had come to take her and the "baby," as she called the little Prince, if there should be any fear for his safety, over to the British Embassy, where I was sure "dear Lady Cowley" would be only too pleased to protect him. But it was very soon evident that the occupants of the palace were in no danger. Not long after I arrived Lord Cow-

ley, together with other representatives of the Diplomatic Corps and a number of high officials, came to the Tuileries to congratulate the Emperor and the Empress on their fortunate escape.

When their Majesties entered the *salon,* where we had all assembled, I was surprised to see that the terrible tragedy they had witnessed, and of which they alone were the intended victims, had in no way visibly affected the absolute self-command and habitual serenity of the Emperor; and that the Empress thanked, with her accustomed dignity and grace and the sweetest of smiles, those who had come to tell her how happy they were to know that she had met with no harm.

But the Empress soon hurried to the room of the young Prince to see her "darling"; and it was only then, when she had clasped him in her arms, that she gave way to emotion.

The Emperor related to us some of the particulars of the affair, without showing the least excitement. He deplored the loss of life, and the sorrow and suffering it had occasioned, and observed that every one had reason to be thankful that the number of the killed was not greater. Pointing to the hole torn in his hat, he turned towards me and said very calmly:

"This was done by an English slug—that bomb was made in England."

I saw him again the next morning. He then spoke of the event as if it were really something that concerned others rather than himself—as if it suggested to him no personal danger—as if he felt perfectly sure that his time had not yet come. And the same day he drove out with the Empress, going the whole length of the boulevards, with only a single attendant.

Again, his self-control was put to a severe test at the time of the great review held at Longchamps, in 1867, in honor of the Czar, when Berezowski, the Pole, made his

desperate attempt to assassinate Alexander II. Berezowski fired point-blank at the Czar, the two sovereigns being seated side by side in their carriage. The ball, striking the nose of the horse of an equerry, M. Firmin Rainbeaux, dashed the blood in their faces and passed between them. The Emperor immediately arose and waved his hat to show the people that nobody was hurt; and then, resuming his seat, turned to the Czar and said jokingly: "We have now been under fire together."

Paris was greatly excited by this affair; but it apparently affected in no way either the Czar or the Emperor. They moved about among the people as usual, and freely, both by day and by night. I saw the Emperor soon after this wretched attempt to murder a foreign sovereign who had come to visit the Exposition, and thus pay homage to the nation. In speaking of this incident, he exhibited his habitual composure, and appeared not to have been in the slightest degree impressed with a sense of the danger he had escaped. His only feeling seemed to be one of regret that such an experience should have happened in Paris to a guest of France. "I am sorry," said he, "that our hospitality should have been so outraged."

Unostentatious and full of charm, how little the outside world knew the generous and affectionate nature underlying the personality which it considered cold and calculating!

The sympathy of the Emperor for any one in distress was so great that often it was almost impossible for him to resist the generous impulse of the moment. More than one person has owed everything in life—position, fortune, honor even—to being able to make a direct appeal to his Majesty. As for instance the young officer of the Imperial Guard who had ruined himself one night at cards. Having left the table without a sou, and twenty thousand francs in debt, this young man, with dishonor staring him

in the face, went straight to the Emperor, and told him the whole story, saying that he saw but one sure way out of his trouble, and that was to kill himself. The Emperor listened calmly until he had finished; and then, without uttering a word, opened a drawer in his bureau, and taking out twenty one-thousand-franc notes, he handed them to the young man, saying as he did so, "The life of one of my soldiers is worth more than the money I have given you, but I am not sufficiently rich to be able to redeem them all at that price." Then, with a pleasant smile, he added: "You can go now—but don't do it again."

And if credence can be given to another story, whispered about at the time, but afterward told openly, the goodness of heart of Napoleon III. sometimes led him to be as inconsiderate of the letter of the military code as was our great President Abraham Lincoln.

The case was one of espionage—a Dreyfus case, in point of fact. A young artillery officer of distinction, and, moreover, a sort of "*protégé*" of the Emperor, was charged—so it is said—with furnishing the Austrian Government with a description of a rifled cannon which had been constructed under the Emperor's personal supervision. This was just before France and Italy declared war against Austria. The case having been fully investigated, the incriminating facts and circumstances were reported to the Emperor, who listened to what was said in silence. He requested, however, that the lieutenant should be brought before him the next day. As soon as the accused officer was ushered into his Majesty's presence, he was seized with a nervous paroxysm that made him speechless and was pitiful to witness. Napoleon III., standing before him and looking calmly in his face, said in the quietest manner possible, "It is true, then—you are a traitor!" As the young man made no reply, but began to sob, the Emperor continued, "Stop your crying, sir—listen to me!

Out of respect for the honor of the army, and inasmuch as the criminal act you were about to commit has, very fortunately, not been carried out, I pardon you. Having once loved you, this is my sad duty. Furthermore, I do not wish that any one should be able to say that a French officer has betrayed his country. There will be no scandal; and for you there will be, at the same time, no punishment. But, from this hour, you are no longer a soldier. Hand to me your resignation immediately and I will send it to the Minister of War."

The lieutenant wrote his resignation on the spot and gave it to the Emperor, who, taking it without a word, walked to his desk to resume the work upon which he was then engaged.

As the story goes, when the young man left the Emperor's cabinet, the officer who had him in charge said to him, "Well, his Majesty has been very indulgent to you —you will neither be shot nor degraded. You are satisfied, are you not?" The young man making no reply, he continued: "But you understand, sir, what the pardon of the Emperor must mean—for you?" Then, looking up into the face of the officer and speaking for the first time, the young man said, "Yes, sir."

And that evening he blew his brains out.

So the honor of the army was saved. But I am quite sure it was never the intention of the Emperor to have it saved in that way. It would have been incompatible with one of the reasons assigned by him for pardoning the offense committed, and contrary also to his well-known abhorrence of all scandal. And the story itself—is it true? For, kind as the Emperor always was, no man could be firmer or more inexorable than he, when dealing with subjects relating to principles and public order.

But the story of the payment of the "debt of honor" is authentic. And it may please the reader to know that the twenty thousand francs were returned to the Emperor,

and that the young man not only followed the advice given to him, but became, afterward, one of the most brilliant and distinguished officers in the French army.

The kindness and generosity of the Emperor were not however the products of a passing emotion or a commonplace feeling of good-fellowship, limited to those who were brought into immediate relationship with him, but arose from an elevated sentiment of benevolence, of longanimity even, towards all men. When the death of François Arago was announced, although the great astronomer and physicist had been one of his most uncompromising political enemies, the Emperor directed that the Government should be represented at the funeral by Marshal Vaillant, the Grand Marshal of the palace, and he himself, personally, by an *officier d'ordonnance*, Baron Tascher de la Pagerie. He was willing, at once, to efface from his mind the depreciatory words that Arago had uttered, words that the world itself would not long remember, and to pay an immediate tribute to the genius of the man whose name the nation was about to place upon the walls of the Pantheon. And how ready he was to honor the memory of Carnot! how ready to come to the relief of Lamartine, in his old age and poverty! And yet how small, even at the time, was the recognition he received for these generous acts. Strange as it may seem, there was scarcely a newspaper that did not reproach him for extending a helping hand to the author of "Jocelyn." But the Emperor was willing to recognize the merits of men who had stood aloof from him, and from whom he had nothing to expect in return for his generous appreciation of the services they had rendered to their country. He took of events and of men a view too broad and too impersonal ever to forget that he was Emperor of all the French, or to refuse Imperial homage to those persons who had conspicuously contributed to the prosperity and glory of France—even were they his bitterest enemies.

He wished to see France great and prosperous. But the dream he cherished was that Europe and the world might be at peace; and his hope, his ambition was that it might be his destiny to lay the foundations of a future reign of justice among men. In 1854 he said: "France has no idea of aggrandisement; I love to proclaim it loudly the time of conquests has passed never to return, for it is not by extending the limits of its territory that a nation is to be henceforth honored and to become powerful; it is by making itself the leader of generous ideas and by causing the sentiment of right and justice to prevail everywhere." And he continued to say these things to the end of his life —striving all the while to make real what he was profoundly convinced ought to be governing principles in a well-ordered State.

The policy for which he has been most severely criticized, that of natural frontiers—the rectification of boundaries which he believed to be necessary for the permanent peace of Europe—was only one of the ways in which his philanthropic feeling found expression. Indeed, there is something really pathetic in his attitude at Saint Cloud, when, reluctantly yielding to the advice of his Councilors and finally consenting to the mobilization of the troops, he said: "If we should succeed in this war, its most beneficent result will be our ability to secure a general disarmament in Europe."

His philanthropy manifested itself in innumerable ways, and in his dealings with every one, no matter how humble his station in life. His grandeur never weighed heavily with him. A democrat at heart, he loved to talk with the common people—the soldier, the peasant, the working man; he was always willing to listen to their complaints and ready to relieve them when he could.

One day, when he was inspecting some buildings that were being erected by his direction, an aide-de-camp in-

formed him that the workmen seemed to be discontented. "What is the matter?" said the Emperor.

"Well," replied the officer, after hesitating a moment, "they say that you and everybody about you are drinking champagne, while beer is thought to be good enough for them."

The Emperor made no reply, but slowly and alone walked forward, and, approaching a number of the men who were standing together in a group, said, "Good morning, my friends." Then, after a few pleasant words, he continued, "Ah, they have given you beer, I see. Come, let us have a glass of champagne!" And when the champagne, which he then ordered, had been brought and the glasses of all had been filled, calling out to the foreman, and touching glasses with him, he said, "My best wishes," and, turning to the others, "Your good health, my friends!"

All of this was done and said with such perfect ease and naturalness, such entire sincerity, that it went straight to the hearts of these men, who felt that the Emperor was not like other emperors and kings, but was as they expressed it "one of us." And yet, although approachable at all times and absolutely free from haughtiness, when he was most familiar there was in his manner a dignity which caused those with whom he was speaking to understand that he was still the Emperor.

Never was a ruler judged more falsely than Napoleon III. He loved mankind and was always thinking of ways in which he could benefit the people or make some one happy. On one occasion, after he had spoken of the condition of the laboring classes in France, and the measures that ought to be taken to raise the standard of living among the people generally, I ventured to say to him, "Why! your Majesty is almost a Socialist, your sympathies are always with the poor; their welfare would seem to concern you more than anything else."

"It ought to," he replied. Was he not worthy of the title given to him by the people—"*L'Empereur des Ouvriers*"?

But it must not be supposed that the Emperor, deeply interested as he was in ameliorating the condition of the poor, sought to find in fanciful speculations and theories remedies for the want and suffering which he deplored. "No amelioration of the lot of the laboring classes is possible," he said, "except under a firmly established government, and where there is a sense of absolute social security. The false idea is the doctrine that pretends to reach this end by upsetting everything which exists, and by the successful working of chimeras that have no roots in the past, and whose future is hopeless."

Ideas, principles—things that were impersonal and enduring—were the concerns that preoccupied his mind. It was the triumph of these that he strove for; and to which he easily subordinated every other sentiment and impulse. He was always ready to forget the harsh sayings of his political enemies; and if they were men of ability and distinction he frequently took great pains to conciliate them and to secure their services in the interests of the State, and, if possible, their friendship as well. "*On gouverne,*" said he, "*avec un parti; on administre avec des capacités.*"

His idea was to establish a government of order and justice in which the rights of every man should be respected; and one also in which the administrative functions should be discharged by the most competent, without regard to rank, or fortune, or privilege, or social circumstances of any sort. And to this end—to this supreme purpose—liberating himself from every transient passion or previous prejudice, he solicited the support of all the people, and strove to keep the way to the highest offices and positions in the Government open to all the talents.

It was by means of this conciliatory disposition, by

tact, by the charms of his personality, his conversation, his demeanor, that he subdued his political enemies when he chanced to meet them, and brought many of them finally to rally round him.

The Emperor has been bitterly denounced by his political adversaries, who have applied to him nearly every name in the vocabulary of ineptitude and of crime. These names, however, are not to be taken seriously; they never were by those who uttered them. They are not characterizations. They merely indicate the state of mind of those who made use of them; for, as Paul Louis Courier has told us, "imbecile," "rascal," "thief," "assassin," are in France the conventional epithets which writers and speakers apply to a person when they simply wish to say they do not agree with him. But very few of the Emperor's calumniators have failed to recognize the amiable character of the man; and it is a fact, sufficiently curious to be remarked, that, so far as I know, not one of those writers or "*chroniqueurs*" who have seen fit to be especially spiteful when speaking of the Empress, has failed to accentuate the malice by extolling the generous and noble qualities of the Emperor, and by discharging him even of a large share of his official responsibilities.

Indeed, whatever may be the judgment of contemporary France with respect to the merits or shortcomings of the Imperial régime, or of the Emperor himself, nothing is more certain than that it would be extremely difficult at the present time to find a personal enemy of Napoleon III. in the country over which he once ruled.

I have had on many occasions the privilege of listening to some of the most distinguished men in Europe, when they have been speaking freely and informally about the Emperor and his Court. While the opinions of these persons were often at variance in regard to matters relating to the policy of the Imperial Government, they had only

one opinion as to the Emperor's amiable character and the goodness of his heart. His magnanimity, his forgetfulness of injuries, his great kindness to the unfortunate, even his political enemies, foreign as well as domestic, were willing to admit; although some of those who were the beneficiaries of his generosity and were indebted to him for everything they possessed, afterward proved singularly inappreciative of the indulgence and favors that had been most liberally granted to them.

Not one of these was Abd-el-Kader, the famous Emir of Algiers—that noble representative of the Arab race who, after years of heroic resistance, having surrendered to the French, on condition that he should not be deprived of his liberty, in flagrant violation of the terms of the capitulation was shut up in prison at Amboise by the Government of Louis Philippe. Nor did the Republic of 1848 have the grace to release him, and thus make amends for a breach of faith that dishonored the army and was a disgrace to the nation. But the very first act of Louis Napoleon on obtaining Imperial power, in December, 1852, was to set Abd-el-Kader at liberty. Not only did the Prince feel that it was shameful for a great Government to fail to keep its promises to the weak, but that to spare the vanquished was a principle dictated alike by considerations of public policy and humanity. And so the Emir, having been set free, was no longer treated like an enemy, but rather as a brother; for when he knelt before his benefactor to thank him, the Emperor, taking him by the hand, raised him up and embraced him; and then gave him a residence at Broussa, in Syria, and provided him with attendants, and horses, and money, and everything necessary to his comfort and his maintenance, in keeping with his high rank and his splendid military record.

When the Emir came to Paris not long after, he was treated by the Emperor with the greatest consideration. He and his Arab retinue had a place of honor

at every fête or military review, and were the lions of the day.

Abd-el-Kader was deeply sensible of the kind attentions and the honors he received during this visit to the French capital. "I never can forget," he said, "what the Lord of Kings has done for me, Abd-el-Kader, the son of Mahhi-el-Din. He is dearer to me than are any of those whom I love—I was far away and he has brought me near to him. Others may have rendered him greater service; no one can have for him an affection greater than mine."

In 1855, Abd-el-Kader paid a second visit to Paris, where he and his retinue of attendants were again received officially, with the honors and the courtesy due to princes. Wherever they went, the manly bearing and the picturesque costumes of these swarthy guests of the Emperor made them the observed of all observers at the first of the great Paris Expositions.

While in the Capital, the Emir came to consult me professionally. I saw him frequently—he visited me even at my own house—and the distinction of the man, and the story of his brave life and his fall from power, interested me greatly. But his gratitude for the favors shown him by the Emperor and the Empress was something he always seemed to carry very close to his heart.

"Where I live," he said, "there are unhappily frequent conflicts between the Mohammedans and the Christians, and, if ever I should have the chance, I shall be more Christian than the Christians, for I have suffered and promised, and Abd-el-Kader never lies."

And his was no vain promise, for when the conflict between the Druses and the Maronites broke out afresh in Syria, in 1860, Abd-el-Kader used his powerful influence among his coreligionists to prevent the massacre of the Christians and to preserve peace. Indeed, the Maronites would have been exterminated but for his magnanimous protection.

That the famous son of Mahhi-el-Din never failed to remember his own generous protector and benefactor—nor indeed any one who had rendered him a service—I have in my possession an interesting proof.

He said to me one day, "I cannot recompense you for what you have done for me; but I will give you my portrait—and I will write beneath it my name." A pen having been brought to him, he then wrote a number of lines in Arabic, of which the following is a translation:

"Praise be to God! This is my portrait which I have given to the Seigneur Evans, Doctor. I hope that he will keep it.

"When he has cured Kings, they have given him Crosses as a recompense—but I—a poor man, I give him my portrait; and, judging from what I know of his kindness of heart and his character, I am sure he will be as pleased to receive this portrait, as he has been to receive the decorations that have been conferred upon him by Kings.

"I myself was once a Sultan—now I am but an orphan, kindly picked up by the Emperor Napoleon III., may God glorify him.

"Written by me, Abd-el-Kader, son of Mahhi-el-Din, about the middle of the month of Moharram, 1272 (beginning of October, 1855)."

CHAPTER II

CHARACTER OF THE EMPEROR

The mother of Louis Napoleon—The personal appearance of the Emperor—His love of the country—"He was a wonderful landscape gardener"—He cared nothing for Art for art's sake—His utilitarianism—His domestic habits—He was an able writer—He despised flattery—M. Duruy—The Emperor disliked circumlocution—He was tenacious of his opinions, but slow to form them—The sources of his information—The Burlingame Mission—The Emperor's extreme caution—An illustration—The Emperor's wit and humor—He was a peacemaker—His imperturbability no mask—He was a forcible speaker—His religion—His pride—His qualities the opposites of our faults.

LOUIS NAPOLEON was in more than one sense the son of his mother. He was the younger of Queen Hortense's two (surviving) children; and while the elder brother went at an early age to live with his father Louis Bonaparte, Louis remained constantly with his mother until he entered the University of Augsburg. The devotion of this mother to her son—who a few years later was to become her only son—was unbounded. It began early and ended only with her death.* In him her whole life was centered. To his education she dedicated herself. She admired him and was proud of him. "What a generous nature!" she used to exclaim. "What a good and worthy young man!" "He was born to do great things." And his letters to

* In her autobiography Queen Hortense writes: "Mon fils était si faible que je pensais le perdre en naissant. Il fallut le baigner dans le vin, l'envelopper dans du coton pour le rappeler à la vie."

"*Ma chère Maman,*" how full they are of filial affection and respect!

The Emperor often spoke of his mother, of how much he was indebted to her for her tender care when a child, and for the wise counsel she gave him during the years they lived together in exile. I doubt if he ever regretted anything more than that his mother did not live to see the realization of hopes they had cherished in common, and her son on the throne of his uncle. Some of his very last days at Chislehurst were spent in reading over the letters his mother had written to him, and in reviving the memories of those happy years of his life when, at her side, he learned by heart the true story of Napoleon. And it is undoubtedly to her that must be ascribed in a very large measure the powerful impression the career of Napoleon—with its astonishing accomplishments and noble but unfulfilled purposes—made upon the mind of the young Prince. "No one," he used to say, "ever succeeded in describing Napoleon so well as my mother." And no one, perhaps, was so admirably qualified to do this; for the mother of Napoleon III. was not only "adorned with all the talents," and accomplished in nearly every art within the domain of the imagination and of taste, but was a woman of unusual intellectual power and spiritual insight. Nor had any one examined more closely or understood better the character of Napoleon. It is not surprising, therefore, that the lessons given by this mother to this son in his earliest childhood and in his youth, and especially those concerning his duties to his family and his country, like those given by Roman matrons to their children, formed the law and the religion of Louis Napoleon. And this Queen Hortense knew full well when she wrote in her last will and testament the words: "I have no political counsel to give my son. I know that he recognizes his position and all the duties his name imposes upon him."

Queen Hortense and the Empress Josephine — the mother and the grandmother of Louis Napoleon—were each of them famous beauties; but the Emperor Napoleon III. was not a handsome man in the sense commonly given to these words. His head was large, usually slightly inclined to one side, and his features were strongly pronounced. The forehead was broad, the nose prominent, the eyes small, grayish-blue in color, and generally expressionless, owing to a somnolent drooping of the lids; but they brightened wonderfully when he was amused, and, when he was aroused they were full of power; nor were those likely to forget it who had once seen, through these windows of the soul, the flash of the fire that burned within. His complexion was blond but rather sallow; the lower part of the face was lengthened by a short "goatee"—called in honor of his Majesty an "imperial"—and broadened by a very heavy, silky mustache, the ends of which were stiffly waxed. His hair was of a light brown color, and, when I first knew him, was abundant and worn rather long; at a later period it was trimmed short and was habitually brushed in the style made familiar by the effigy on the coinage of the Empire. In complexion, in the color of his hair, and also in the shape of his head, Napoleon III. was a Beauharnais, not a Bonaparte, and a Frank, not a Corsican. He was a little below the average height; but his person was marked with dignity and distinction, and his deportment with ease and courtliness. No one seeing him could fail to observe that he was not an ordinary man. Late in life, he inclined to stoutness; at the time I first met him, his figure was not large but his body was compact and muscular.

He was always carefully dressed, and in public, when in plain clothes usually wore a black frock coat tightly buttoned. But whatever the fashion of the day might be in hats, rarely could he be induced to wear any other than a "Count d'Orsay," or a very subdued type of the style in

vogue, in which respect he exhibited his good taste—to those of us who remember the tall, flat-brimmed, graceless "stovepipes" with which the Parisian *hommes du monde* covered their heads under the Empire.

When a young man, the Emperor was fond of athletic sports, hunting, fencing, and military exercises of all kinds. He was a strong swimmer—an accomplishment to which he may have owed his life, on the failure of the expedition to Boulogne—and a fine rider. In fact, he never appeared to better advantage than when in the saddle; and during the years of his Presidency he was often seen on horseback in the parks and suburbs of Paris, accompanied by only one or two attendants. A little later, and after his marriage, he liked to go out in a carriage and to drive the horses himself. When staying at Saint Cloud, he was to be seen almost daily in the park or its neighborhood, riding with the Empress in a phaeton, behind a span of fast trotters, handling the reins himself, and entirely unattended.

During the latter part of his life, owing to increasing infirmities, he became more and more disinclined to physical exertion. Horseback exercise was now almost impossible, and his out-of-door excursions were limited, with rare exceptions, to carriage drives and walks. He could be seen in these last years almost any day, when in Paris, on the terrace of the Tuileries overlooking the Seine, always moving slowly, and frequently leaning on the arm of an attendant, or stopping occasionally, as he was fond of doing, to look down upon the merry groups of children at play in the garden, whose clamorous happiness, careless and unrestrained, like a breath of fresh air from another world, was an inspiration and a delight to him.

He hated to be shut up, and was never so happy as when he could get away from Paris, and be in the open air. He loved the country and country life. I have heard him say that he would have liked nothing better

than to be a farmer. He was pleased to see the broad fields, and orchards, and the gardens; he would have been still more pleased could he have cultivated them, or laid them out.

When the improvements were being made in the Bois de Boulogne, he took so much interest in the work that he frequently came from Saint Cloud very early in the morning, not simply to see what the engineers had accomplished, but to superintend and direct, or as an American might say, "to boss the job." I have been with him there myself, with M. Alphand, the chief engineer, when, having proposed some change, the Emperor has taken a hammer from a workman, and planted a number of pickets with his own hands, to mark the line that in his opinion should be followed. He seemed to take great pleasure in indulging his taste for this kind of work.

A good story that illustrates his real capacity in this direction was told me by the Duke of Hamilton, when I was visiting him at Brodick Castle in Scotland. Being seated one day on a bench by the side of his Grace, not far from the castle, I remarked: "How wonderfully the vista opens before us; the trees have been so cut away as to make this landscape most picturesque."

"Yes," he replied, "it has been greatly admired; it is quite perfect. But, do you know, this was all done by Louis Napoleon. When he was in exile in England, he used to come here occasionally, and was very fond of the place. But he was always suggesting changes, which, he said, would greatly improve it—the removal of trees from certain places and the planting of others elsewhere—with flowers here and shrubbery there. I, and my father before me, allowed the Prince to carry out his suggestions, and you now see with what excellent and very beautiful results. He was a wonderful landscape gardener; and," he added laughingly, "if he should ever lose his place, I should like to take him as my head gardener."

I afterward told the Emperor what the duke had said—that he had a place for him always open, in case he ever needed one. He laughed and replied: "He was always most kind. I shall never forget my free and independent life at Arran with the good duke. Those were among the happiest days of my life, and the privilege I enjoyed of exercising without restraint some of my personal tastes contributed very much to my happiness."

Louis Napoleon had, however, little liking for Art for its own sake—nor speaking generally had he a very high appreciation of the excellency of the products of æsthetic feeling and the poetic imagination. He loved facts, not fancies. He was a philosopher and not a poet. He was called a dreamer; and so he was in the sense in which the word can be applied to a political idealist—to a man incessantly thinking—whose mind is engrossed and preoccupied by social and economic problems. But he was very far from being a dreamer who cherished illusions, or wasted his time in idle speculations. He kept very close to his facts in all his thinking—never reasoning far ahead of them after the manner of visionaries and so-called philosophers.

The Emperor's mind was preeminently a practical one. From early youth he was only fond of those studies that had utilitarian ends in view; questions relating to government, to the army, to political economy, to sociology—whatever might contribute to the well-being of the people. There was never a detail so small concerning any of these subjects which, if new to him, failed to interest him. He was also unusually anxious to know all that was to be learned about ingeniously constructed machinery and useful inventions of every kind. He had a great admiration for these things. This, he acknowledged to me, was one of his principal reasons for having a very high opinion of Americans. On my showing him, one day, a mechanical device which a New York gentleman had requested me to submit to him, he said, after examining

it carefully, and expressing his appreciation of the skill of the inventor, "You Americans are sensible enough not to permit yourselves to be bound hand and foot by the usages and customs of centuries. Your aim is to accomplish what you do with the least expenditure of force—to economize labor and time; and it is by such economies that industrial and social progress is made possible."

The utilitarianism of the Emperor was not, by any means, a mere sentiment confined to words, and to commending and recompensing others for the excellence of their inventions. Possessing himself an ingenious, constructive mind, he had a decided taste for mechanical work, and liked to suggest improvements and to experiment with things. He so loved to make use of tools that, at one time, he had a lathe set up in a room in the Tuileries, and would often spend an hour there in turning the legs and arms of chairs, and similar objects. And the walls of his study bore the marks of the bullets with which he and Major Minie experimented, when they were working out the problems that led to the invention of the once famous projectile. He often did with his own hands impromptu what he thought he could do better than any one else. I have seen him more than once, when an article of furniture was being moved or a picture hung, and some difficulty was met with, step forward and remove the obstacle himself. And he seemed to take delight not so much in telling how the thing ought to be done, as in showing how easily it could be done, by having some regard for very simple mechanical principles.

But more illustrative still of his love of invention—of his passion one might say for making improvements—was the work upon which he was engaged at the time of his death. When, with the approach of winter, in the autumn of 1872, the weather became colder, and the price of fuel increased, it occurred to the Emperor—thinking always of the poor—that something might be done to

decrease the great waste of heat carried up the chimneys of dwelling-houses with the ascending smoke.

As the result of his studies he proposed to bring this about by means of a cast-iron cylinder, with certain attachments, to be set in the fireplace.

"I think this apparatus," said the Emperor, "will considerably increase the heat in the apartment, and reduce the coal bills by more than one-half." His drawings, all prepared with his own hand, were given to a practical stove maker and the apparatus, when constructed, was found to work well and as was intended. But the Emperor thought he could still improve it; and he was experimenting on it when he died. It was the very last work upon which he was engaged. And, if it serves to illustrate the Emperor's mechanical turn of mind, when we remember how much he did during his reign to improve the material and social condition of his subjects, how deeply he was interested in the uplifting of the masses, it is interesting to know that even when dethroned and in exile he still cherished the same humanitarian ideals, and that the last subject which occupied his mind was how he could make lighter the burdens and diminish the sufferings of the poor.

The Emperor's domestic habits were simple. The Emperor and Empress generally breakfasted alone with the Prince Imperial, while residing at the Tuileries—although when at Saint Cloud, or Fontainebleau, or Compiègne, the midday breakfast or lunch was taken with the company in the palace.

The hour fixed for dinner, at the Tuileries, was seven o'clock, and it was then only that their Majesties were in the habit of meeting at table the guests of the palace, generally from twelve to eighteen in number, who included the officers and ladies of the palace who were on duty for the day, and one or more guests. The table

dinner service was very elegant, and the cooking as nearly perfect as possible, with fresh fruit of every sort in all seasons.

But there was little ceremony and the formalities were few. The dinner was served with the greatest order and promptness. Rarely more than three-quarters of an hour was spent at dinner. And the time always seemed even less than this, if the Emperor was in good spirits, for he generally led the conversation, which was sure to be most interesting and entertaining; the news of the day, reminiscences, stories—these were his favorite subjects. He liked to address his conversation to some one in particular, and to say something amiable to each of the guests; but avoided saying anything of persons—in fact all talk about persons was strictly tabooed at the Imperial table.

After dinner the company passed into the Salon d'Apollo—a splendid room with a lofty ceiling, and magnificently furnished after the style of Louis XIV.—where coffee was served. The Emperor always took his coffee standing, smoking at the same time a cigarette—the gentlemen standing around and the ladies being seated. After a general conversation for perhaps a quarter of an hour the Emperor was usually in the habit of quietly withdrawing to his private rooms, on the floor below, where he could look over his papers and smoke his cigarettes at his ease.

Often, however, he reappeared at ten o'clock, when tea was served, and remained chatting with the company for a while, or sometimes sat listening but taking no part in the conversation until he finally retired for the night. The Empress generally left the salon about half past eleven.

The rooms in his palace which the Emperor selected for dwelling-rooms were chosen and furnished with regard to comfort, rather than for luxurious display. He occupied a few chambers having low ceilings on the ground

floor of the Tuileries between the Pavillon de l'Horloge and the Pavillon de Flore. Queen Victoria of England, in her diary, speaking of the Emperor's rooms, says:

"In his bedroom are busts of his father and uncle, and an old glass case, which he had with him in England, containing relics of all sorts that are peculiarly valuable to him. In some of the other rooms are portraits of Napoleon, Josephine, his own mother with his elder brother, and one of her with his brother and himself as little children."

The walls of the room where he spent most of his time, were covered with miniatures of the Imperial family, and the room itself contained a beautiful collection of arms, and many historical relics and documents of the greatest value.

He loved this room above all. It was his "snuggery." Here he could feel that he was free indeed; here he could put on the loosest trousers, and the coat that he liked, and drop where he pleased the ashes of his cigarettes, of which his pockets always contained a seemingly inexhaustible supply. And here, amid heaps of papers, books, and models, he spent the hours, indulging in pleasant reminiscences of the past or devoting himself to serious studies of the great questions that directly concerned the administration of the Government, or the international policy of France. And he gave here, also, audiences to scholars, inventors, and men of science, talking with them about history and archæology, the latest invention, or the most recent discovery.

How often have I been with the Emperor in this room! And how often had I here an opportunity of admiring the clear, and intelligent, and wise remarks he made in regard to the most varied subjects! There was nothing of importance going on in his Empire, or in other countries, in which he was not interested; and, notwithstanding the cares of Government, and his numerous preoccupations, he

always found time to inform himself concerning the scientific and industrial accomplishments of the nineteenth century. He especially liked to talk about the marvelous inventions and the practical improvements which were brought to Europe from the United States; it was here in this room on the ground floor of the palace, looking out upon the garden of the Tuileries, that we had our long conversations with regard to the trans-Atlantic cable, the new tramways, army hospitals, sanitary institutions, and other American applications of art and science by which the whole world has been benefited.

Napoleon III. was a most industrious man. He retired late and rose early. My professional appointments were very often fixed for some early hour in the morning. When I arrived, I generally found him in his cabinet and learned that he had been there several hours, hard at work, with books and documents and memoranda at hand, studying some special subject, or writing out abstracts, or preparing a paper for some particular occasion.

He was very fond of writing, and took great pleasure in sending to the Press communications to be published anonymously. Early in life, he began to exhibit his rare talent as a writer and also as a journalist. And what he wrote was always well written. He needed no help in his literary work. Once his materials were in hand, he preferred to frame his own paragraphs and to polish his own periods. It was the subject that interested him. He had no fancy for superfluous words, or metaphors, or elaborate ornament, but expressed his thought with directness, in language that was definite and transparent, sane and sonorous, and which at times was almost lapidary in its terseness. His published speeches, proclamations, and letters are, many of them, remarkable examples of clear and forcible literary expression. There can be no question about their authorship. It used to be said that

Mocquard gave to them their clarity and finish. The death, however, of this accomplished *chef du cabinet* did not affect in the least the quality of the literary work of Napoleon III. For many reasons he was careful to submit what he wrote to the criticism of experts. But his own judgment was the final authority for his literary style. It is a case in which one may plainly see that the style is the man. His acknowledged writings from first to last, without exception, bear the same stamp, and are the products of the same mind. Had Louis Napoleon not been an Emperor he would have been counted one of the ablest publicists and esteemed as one of the most brilliant writers of his time.

I may relate here a little incident which will go to show that the Emperor's literary ability—and, perhaps, in the case I am about to mention, his political tact also —when recognized was not always admired.

It may be remembered that M. Thiers was very friendly to Prince Louis on the latter's return to France in 1848. When the Prince began to think of becoming a candidate for the Presidency of the Republic, he consulted M. Thiers about it, and asked him what he thought of his publishing a declaration of political principles, telling him that if he would consider the subject he (the Prince) would think it over also.

A few days later the Prince called his friends together, and laid before them two drafts of an address to his fellow-citizens. On the first one being read, it was pronounced "fine"; it was long, well-developed, carefully written, and sonorous, but intentionally vague. The second one was then called for. It was short, concise, simple, clear —something that "he who ran might read." Every one who heard it was delighted. The preference given to it was unanimous. The Prince then said to his friends, "You embarrass me greatly; the first draft that I read was written by M. Thiers, the second one by myself."

"But yours is the best!" they all exclaimed.

And in consequence the draft of the Prince was adopted and published without the alteration of a word.

On hearing what had taken place at this meeting, M. Thiers was greatly exasperated. Not only had his literary self-esteem been wounded, but he foresaw that the Prince, should he be elected to the Presidency of the Republic, would be quite able to dispense with his services in connection with more important matters. He pronounced the manifesto of the Prince "imprudent," and declared that not he, but his friend, M. de Remusat, had written the rejected address, and, of course, finally went over to the Opposition.*

The Emperor was generally slow to form friendships, but, when once made, they were lasting. They were not broken by calumnious stories—these he never cared to listen to. "You have no need to defend yourself," he said one day to one of his friends, "the more they calumniate you, the more I love you."

The Emperor despised flattery and even the semblance of it. Unlike most princes, he knew men only too well. If he asked of any one his opinion on a subject it was in the hope that the person consulted would not hesitate to make known his real opinion, however opposed it might be to the one he himself had formed; and he never took offense, even when the contrary opinion was the blunt expression of a political difference, provided it was sincerely held. In fact, it was by just such an expression that M. Duruy, the famous Minister of Public Instruction under the Empire, first won the esteem and confidence of his sovereign.

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* This incident is related somewhat differently in the Life of Napoleon the Third, by Blanchard Jerrold, who gives as his authority Albert Mansfeld, a German writer. But the account in the text is the Emperor's own version of the origin of the manifesto. See also "Souvenirs du Second Empire," par M. Granier de Cassagnac, partie première, p. 53.

Having been invited to look over some chapters of the "Life of Cæsar," which the Emperor was then writing, M. Duruy did not hesitate to criticize with great frankness the work of the Imperial author. On coming to a passage in which Cæsar was commended for having usurped the sovereign power, and it was asserted that when public order was in danger the usurpation of authority might become necessary, turning to his Majesty M. Duruy said: "I cannot allow this justification of a violation of law to pass without notice. There have been *coups d'État*—but we should try to forget them."

So far was the Emperor from showing any displeasure at this remark, made with great seriousness, that he smiled and said most amiably: "I quite agree with you—we will strike it out."

In the important duties that M. Duruy was not long afterward called upon to assume, and in the discharge of which he was often violently opposed by the clerical and reactionary sections of French society, and by certain members of the Government also, he never failed to obtain the most cordial cooperation and support of the Emperor, who seemed to take great delight in silencing the enemies of his high-minded and liberal Minister by a single phrase —"*Duruy est un honnête homme.*"

And the Emperor himself was *un honnête homme* also, when he said, "I quite agree with you." It is well known to those who were intimate with Napoleon III. that the *coup d'État* of the 2d of December was an act for which he had no admiration, and to which he never referred except to excuse it. "My friends," he said, while living at Camden Place, "were often urging me to have some monument erected commemorative of this event; but notwithstanding that the *coup d'État* was afterward legalized by the votes of eight millions of Frenchmen, I refused to celebrate an action which, although in my opinion necessary, was nevertheless a violation of the law."

The Emperor disliked to have any one beat about the bush in the endeavor to persuade or convince him. A straightforward, concise statement of the case without phrases was what he wanted. One day when I was with him, Dr. R——, who was attending his uncle, Jérôme, the ex-King of Westphalia, in some illness or other, came to report to him the condition of the patient. The Emperor, not wishing to have him come into the room, did not request him to do so, but asked him how his uncle was getting on. Standing by the open door, the Doctor described in learned language and ponderous technical terms, and at great length, the symptoms of the case and the condition of the patient. When he went away, the Emperor turned to me and said: "I suppose all that—means that my uncle has a bad cold. Why didn't he say so simply, without that long-drawn-out scientific dissertation? He wished, I suppose, to impress me with a sense of his importance."

The Emperor was very tenacious of his opinions; but was an excellent listener to opinions not his own; he could even tolerate the talk of a dunce. Indeed, as has been very justly remarked, one of his most enviable characteristics was his patience with fools.

In a letter written to his cousin, Prince Napoleon, in 1849, he says: "I shall always strive to govern in the interest of the masses and not in those of a party. I honor the men who by their capacity and experience can give me good advice; I receive daily the most contradictory counsel; but I follow only the impulses of my reason and my heart."

He disliked discussion; but if he seemed to have very little desire to convince others, he rarely abandoned an idea or a purpose were it once entertained. To his mother he was, when a child, the "gentle headstrong one" (*le doux entêté*)—so rarely was he insistent, so firmly he held to his purpose. If obstacles stood in his path he could wait for the opportune moment, but never forgot to act

when the time came. It was very easy for him to give way; it was extremely hard for him to give up.

His persistency of belief in his destiny, in spite of repeated and disastrous failure—his fixity of purpose, even to the details of administration—in a word, the unflinching tenacity with which he held to whatever was a matter of conviction with him, and which was perhaps the most distinctive feature in the character of this very remarkable man, is strikingly illustrated by the following anecdote told by Sir Archibald Alison:

"The Duke of N—— said to me in 1854: 'Several years ago, before the Revolution of 1848, I met Louis Napoleon often at Brodick Castle in Arran. We frequently went out to shoot together. Neither cared much for the sport; and we soon sat down on a heathery brow of Goatfell and began to speak seriously. He always opened these conferences by discoursing on what he would do when *Emperor of France.* Among other things, he said he would obtain a grant from the Chamber to drain the marshes of the Bries, which, you know, once fully cultivated, became flooded when the inhabitants, who were chiefly Protestants, left the country on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. And what is very curious, I see in the newspapers of the day that he *has got a grant of two millions of francs from the Chamber, to begin the draining of these very marshes.*' "

The Emperor, while holding fast to what his judgment had approved was slow to form opinions. He wished to examine every side of the question under consideration; and he commonly took the time to do so. He was very fond of asking questions about subjects in which he took an interest, of any one who he supposed might be able to throw light upon them—even if it were only a side-light. This habit was doubtless, in part, a matter of temperament, but it was a habit that was strengthened by having a practical end in view—he wished to form his own opinions; and, consequently, to see for himself what was to be

seen, and in doing this he liked particularly to look into the dark corners of things. Indeed, in all matters of public concern he sought for information, when he could, at first hand, with a view of obtaining such a direct and personal knowledge of things as would enable him, should there be occasion, to check off, as it were, the more formal information that came to him through official sources, and thus more clearly understand its real value and significance. Credited by the world with being an absolute and responsible sovereign, he had no wish to be the slave of his own bureaucracy.

I shall have occasion elsewhere to speak at length of my relations to the Emperor as a source of information concerning matters with which I was personally acquainted and about which I was supposed to be well qualified to speak. But the habit above mentioned may be illustrated by the following incident:

In the winter of 1868–69, the Hon. Anson Burlingame came to Paris at the head of a special and very important Chinese Mission. Mr. Burlingame was a warm personal friend of mine, and, from the moment of his arrival in the French capital, I saw him almost every day. Just before, or soon after, the Mission reached Europe, I spoke to his Majesty about it, saying that Mr. Burlingame was an old acquaintance and friend. "Oh," said he, "I wish you would tell me who he is, and just what the object of this Mission is." "Sire," I replied, "I can tell you at once who Mr. Burlingame is—but I fear that I cannot tell you now, just what he hopes to accomplish here." "Very well," said his Majesty—"I wish then you would find out why this Mission has been created—what powers it has, what it has done, and what is wanted of us, and let me know. Put any facts you have to give me in writing—not at great length, but summarily."

It will be easily understood that I had no difficulty in obtaining the information desired. And very soon after

our conversation, I had the pleasure of communicating it to his Majesty in the form he had requested.

When, subsequently, this Mission entered into official relations with the French Government, and its proposals became the subject of deliberations in the Imperial Council, his Majesty was thoroughly familiar with every aspect of the case.

The accurate knowledge the Emperor occasionally exhibited about things he was presumed to be quite ignorant of, was very remarkable and, sometimes, the cause of great astonishment to his Councilors. How he obtained his information was no secret to those who were acquainted with his habit of extracting information from those that possessed it and were cognizant of the care and the persistence with which he studied, quite by himself and for himself, every subject that concerned the welfare of the people or the prestige of the Empire. In matters of action, especially, he desired to have nothing left to chance, but to have what was done, done with consideration—the contingencies, so far as possible, foreseen and properly provided for.

His prudence, his extreme caution even, was one of the most remarkable traits of his character—the one, perhaps, with which the general public is least familiar; for if it was a trait that few could fail to observe, it was commonly and wrongly supposed to indicate hesitancy and indecision, rather than a clear sense of the unwisdom of acting without knowledge and without reflection. Moreover his confidence in his destiny would seem to preclude the need of knowledge or of caution in the execution of the work he aimed to accomplish. But Louis Napoleon's trust in "destiny," like Cromwell's "trust in God," in no way lessened the strength of his conviction that it was very important at the same time to "keep the powder dry"; or the firmness of his belief in the assurance of a greater authority that—"faith without works is dead."

It may be safely said that he engaged in no serious undertaking without looking at it in all its aspects, and, if it was attended with risks and perils, without having weighed them carefully in his own mind. In consequence he was never taken unawares nor surprised by any event, and was thus morally able to accept and to bear all that fortune gave to him, whether of good or bad.

I presume that many—perhaps most—of the persons who have read the historical account of Louis Napoleon's attempt to capture the garrison at Strasbourg, in 1836, or the story of his expedition to Boulogne, made four years later, were astonished at the audacity of the Prince, and at the apparent absence of any just appreciation on his part of the very probable consequences of these attempts. To some persons they have doubtless seemed to be the acts of a man who was mad. And they might be properly so characterized had they been determined by the facts and conditions then existing, as understood by the world at large. But no man was more sane or perspicacious than he, when he made these attempts to overthrow the Government of Louis Philippe, single-handed—but in the name of his uncle. He then clearly perceived how profoundly the memory of Napoleon was cherished by the French people, and correctly estimated the feebleness of the monarchy, and the incomparable power of that sovereignty of which he was the living representative. A few years later the whole world saw that he had committed no error of judgment, but was right when he believed himself to be strong enough to revive in France the system of Napoleon—an Imperial democracy—if he could but obtain a foothold in his country. He knew perfectly well that any endeavor to do this forcibly would be attended with great risks; and they were carefully counted, but calmly regarded.

If he failed to accomplish his purpose at Strasbourg, and again at Boulogne, it was not because the scheme itself

was not feasible, but because its success was made impossible, in each case, by the misunderstandings and blunders of those who were more directly responsible for its execution.

These revolutionary attempts were certainly audacious. What makes them still more remarkable is the clairvoyant judgment of the political situation in France that prompted them, and the cool deliberation with which they were planned or plotted.

This same trait of character—his extreme cautiousness—could not be better illustrated than by an incident that occurred at the time of the Paris Exposition of 1867, and which was reported to me by my friend, Dr. C——. "I had come," said he, "one morning quite early to the pavilion containing the United States Sanitary Commission's exhibit. As there was no one in the building, and very few people were in the grounds at that hour, I took a cigar from my pocket, lighted it, and sat down to look over a morning paper. I had been seated but a moment, when I heard an unusual trampling of feet on the gravel walk near by, and on looking up to discover the cause of this commotion, I saw a gentleman approaching the open door of the pavilion, quite alone—but followed at a short distance by two others, behind whom, a little farther away, a crowd of people had gathered. Recognizing instantly who my visitor was I hastily laid on a table that stood conveniently near me my freshly lighted cigar, and stepped forward to meet the Emperor. He greeted me with a pleasant smile, and addressing me in English, said: 'Is this the collection of Dr. Evans?' I told him that it was; and then he immediately began to ask me questions about the objects near him. Passing on from one to another, we moved slowly around the room—he evidently quite interested in what he saw and heard, and I greatly delighted to have an opportunity to explain these things to so distinguished a visitor. Finally we came to the

beautiful model of one of the United States Army post hospitals that stood upon a broad, wooden table covered with green cloth. I was quite proud of this model, and particularly invited the attention of his Majesty to it, and began to talk very enthusiastically about it and the great hospital it so admirably represented. But suddenly I stopped speaking, for I observed that his Majesty was not listening to me, nor even looking at the model. His eyes were fastened upon another object; and then, to my astonishment, I saw him reach out his hand and with thumb and finger pick up the cigar I had just laid down, and place it, with the half-inch of white ashes still sticking to the end, on the hard, solid base of the model.

"My confusion can be imagined when, after having thus disposed of the cause of offense, the Emperor turned to me, and with a quizzical expression on his face, and in the gentlest possible tone of voice, said: 'I think it would be *safer* there—don't you? You see the cloth on which it lay is inflammable, and so is the table under it. And if by chance they should take fire—as the pavilion is constructed wholly of light wood and cloth, and the buildings that are grouped around it are equally frail and combustible—it would be impossible to tell what a disaster might follow—*n'est ce pas?*'

"Of course, I entirely agreed with his Majesty that it would be a calamity to have this splendid Exposition brought to an end in such a way. And he smiled again most complaisantly, evidently greatly amused at my ill-concealed embarrassment.

"He had, however, given me a lesson, which I am sure I accepted at the time with due humility, and which I have never since forgotten—namely, be always mindful that a little spark may kindle a great flame, and act accordingly.

"And when the Emperor had gone—'No,' I said to myself, 'M. Thiers may launch his sarcasms and M. Émile de

Girardin may rave, but there will be no war between France and Prussia about this Luxembourg question. The man who is so far-seeing, so cautious, so apprehensive even of the consequences that might follow from what would seem to most men a trifle, is not likely to risk his throne over this miserable affair—if he can help it. And, as he has the power in his own hands, the peace of Europe will be preserved.'

"And it was preserved."

His cautiousness, his slowness, his hesitancy to come to a decision were in striking contrast with the boldness and swiftness with which he acted when he had finally decided upon the course to be taken, and felt that the opportune moment had come. Having resolved to accomplish a purpose, to reach an object, he was prompt to move. Were the undertaking difficult or dangerous to execute, his activity was prodigious, his self-control extraordinary, and the reserve of energy upon which he drew apparently inexhaustible. Then it was that his nature seemed to be entirely transformed, and the man who was as tender-hearted as a woman in the presence of suffering, and who shrank from pain like a child, could act without feebleness and endure without a murmur.

Absolutely fearless when the time for action came, but deliberate, cautious, and careful at every step that led to it—such was Napoleon III.

He was always the complete master of his own thoughts and emotions. Generally grave and serious, he could not only be amused and join in the merriment of the hour, but could, on occasion, laugh as heartily as any one. He was quick to see the comic features of an incident or situation, and often greatly enjoyed a witticism, or an epigram. He was, however, himself too polite and too kind to be clever at the expense of the feelings of others. His unwillingness to give pain to others occasionally led him to show what was

thought to be feebleness. But, as he was capable of acts requiring him to ignore the promptings of sentiment, so, too, when he felt called upon to say what he thought, no one could exceed him in the keenness of his sarcasm or the sharpness of his retort. For instance, Prince Napoleon having petulantly remarked to him that he had nothing of his uncle (the first Emperor) about him, he replied, "You are quite mistaken. I have his family."

Or when, on a certain occasion, having been told that the Count de Chambord had said that in case he should come to the throne he intended to secure the services of all the clever people that Napoleon III. had gathered about him, he quickly retorted, "Ah, indeed! If he should secure the services of *all* the clever people who have gathered about me his reign would be a very short one."

But his repartees were generally of the most amiable kind. What would disturb the equanimity of most men was to him only the occasion for a pleasantry. For example, a little rascal having driven his hoop against him while he was walking in the Bois de Boulogne, on being stopped by an *aide-de-camp* and told that it was the Emperor he had hit, answered back, "I don't care if it is, my father says he is a great scamp." One can imagine the amazement of those who heard the speech of this *enfant terrible*. "Who is your father?" he was at once asked.

"No," said the Emperor, "I do not wish to know; and besides," laughing aloud, "it is forbidden in the *Code* to inquire who the father is."

The instant reply on this occasion, "I do not wish to know," reveals like a flash of light the true character of the man behind the impertransible countenance the Emperor habitually wore. He never wished to know who his personal enemies were or what they said about him. He frequently surprised and vexed his intimate friends by the kind things he said of men who had grossly abused him; and astonished and annoyed them, perhaps, still more by the

favors he was ready to accord to these men and the official positions he offered to them and actually placed them in.

He possessed in an unusual degree the gift of making graceful little speeches on the spur of the moment, to meet a dilemma, to pay a compliment, or to protect a friend. At a ball given at the Tuileries a general, slipping upon the polished floor, was so unlucky as to fall at the Emperor's feet, pulling down with him his partner. The awkwardness of the situation and the embarrassment and mortification of the officer can easily be imagined. "Madame," said the Emperor, as he assisted the lady to rise, "this is the second time General —— has fallen in my presence; the first time was at Solférino."

The dignity and habitual reticence which caused him to be often spoken of as "a sphinx" by those who did not know him intimately, gave a special saliency to these impromptu expressions of intelligent interest and kindly feeling. It is true they frequently were not comprehended by those who heard them for the very reason that they were so unexpected.

He was always a refined gentleman in his dealings with men, whoever they might be. It is well known that in the Boulogne affair the Prince had the promised support of a number of persons of high rank. But when my friend, the late Henry Wikoff, on the death of one of them wrote to the Emperor, asking permission to mention his relations to this person at the time referred to, the Emperor in a letter written in answer to this request said: "But it is my desire also that even the dead should not be named; for that might be disagreeable to those who are still living." He preferred to have nothing said rather than to permit, perchance, the feelings of any one to be unnecessarily wounded.

It having been reported to him that Jules Favre had made a number of false declarations for the purpose of concealing certain facts relating to his domestic life, and that, if the matter were brought before the courts, his most

bitter and persistent opponent might be silenced forever—"Stop your enquiries," said he; "to attempt to destroy the reputation of this man in such a way would be a detestable thing."

When in the bitterness of his defeat—a prisoner—M. Guizot, in letters addressed to the London *Times* in the autumn of 1870, grossly misrepresented his opinions, conduct, and responsibilities with regard to the war, the Empress, justly indignant, sent a despatch to him at Wilhelmshöhe, in which she suggested that the answer should be the publication of certain correspondence between the Guizots and himself. The Emperor telegraphed back immediately: "I forbid you to mention a word of it. M. Guizot is an illustrious Frenchman. I have helped him. I do not confer favors in order that they may become arms against my enemies. Not a word."

These were the sayings of a genuine man—of one of Plutarch's men—the greatness of whose character is to be measured not in the line of historical achievement but by the qualities of his soul.

His good-nature was never ruffled by trifles; a casual mistake of no real moment—a delay, some failure of accomplishment, the *maladresse* of an attendant or of a servant—was rarely noticed. He had too keen a sense of the relative importance of things. On one occasion, while at dinner, an awkward waiter discharged a portion of the contents of a seltzer bottle in his face. The poor man was paralyzed with terror; but his Majesty merely remarked that the levers of syphons were often treacherous. I cannot remember, at this moment, any trifling inadvertence that really seemed to annoy him except the neglect of a person leaving his room, to close the door he had opened. But a failure of duty, an obvious carelessness or lack of order, even in the smallest matter, seldom if ever escaped his notice; and he often directed the attention of the person at fault to the expediency of more painstaking.

Kings, and Presidents even, are apt to be troubled by the contentions and rivalries among those who surround them, and who are made jealous by every preferment or favor granted. The Imperial Court being a new establishment, was very often disturbed, as was to have been expected, by the grumbling of unsatisfied ambitions, and the more or less malicious gossip, and the petty manifestations of spite that are seldom absent where the vanities of the world are on exhibition. But the grumblers and the gossips received no encouragement from Napoleon III. Scandals he would not tolerate. Contentions over personal matters annoyed him. He wished to have all those about him living together in harmony and fraternity. He was the peacemaker of the palace. I could give many instances within my knowledge in which he so acted. But none is so striking, so eminently characteristic of the man, as the one in which he appeared as a peacemaker at Sedan.

After the raising of the white flag, the Emperor sent for Generals Ducrot and de Wimpfen, requesting them to meet him at the Sub-Prefecture. There these two Commanders-in-chief, immediately they met, regardless of the awful situation—the dead and the dying lying around them on every side—and of the urgency of coming to a conclusion quickly and sanely, began to indulge in violent recriminations; and each, disclaiming his own responsibility for the disaster, proceeded to place the blame upon the other. Both men were greatly excited and seemed ready to seize each other by the throat. The scene was pitiful in the extreme. Then it was that the Emperor, a sad witness of this wretched conflict—himself without a command, but upon whom all the responsibility had fallen—came forward to intervene, and soothe with conciliatory words the wounded pride or vanity of his generals.

"We have all done our best, as best we understood it, and as we best could. Don't let us forget the duties we

still owe to ourselves, to the army, to France, and to humanity.''

It is infinitely pathetic, this attitude of the defeated sovereign, his calmness, his forgetfulness of self, his concern for the peace of mind—for the *amour propre* even—of others; and above all the large way in which he sought to look at things when grief and sorrow were eating his heart away.

The Emperor often seemed to be lost in abstraction, thinking about, or looking at, something afar off; and, apparently, paying no attention to the conversation or discussion that was going on around him, when, to the great surprise of every one, a sudden, forcible remark, or a sharp criticism revealed the fact that he had been a most attentive listener.

It has often been said that the imperturbability of the Emperor was a mask '' put on ''; that in fact he was exceedingly emotional and impulsive, but had schooled himself to conceal his feelings and dominate the strongest momentary inclination; that even his slowness and hesitancy of speech, the habit of partly closing his eyes, and his appearance of detachment were mannerisms acquired, and not original and genuine characteristics. These statements, while perhaps not absolutely untrue, are fallacious and misleading.

It is my belief that the phlegm of the Emperor was entirely natural—in brief that he was to the manner born. The subjection in which he was able to hold his emotions and feelings, if remarkable in degree, was certainly not unusual in kind. The dominance of the passions over the reflective faculties, so characteristic of youth and inexperience, is commonly presumed to end when the natural processes of mental development have been completed and the age of discretion has been reached. It is quite true that the Emperor possessed a mind always sensitive and emotional in a high degree—but it was a mind that in its ma-

turity was governed by a powerful will directed by intelligence, experience, and reason; and it was to this same will also that he was indebted for his apparently inexhaustible powers of physical endurance. His habits of thinking—his abstraction—his reticence—his peculiarities of manner, all his distinctive personal traits of character were the products or visible forms of his *temperament*—a temperament that was stamped upon every lineament of his face, and which it was as impossible for him to put off as it would have been to put on.

That his imperturbability, and wonderful power of self-control, made it extremely difficult to divine his inmost thoughts is unquestionably true. But a ruler of men is under no obligation to confess himself to those around him, or to tell the world what he thinks about everything, however curious everybody may be to discover it; and a man who is able to keep his opinion to himself is much more likely to owe this ability to the possession of a sound and well-disciplined mind, than to the use of a mask—a word that connotes intentional deception and, consequently, weakness rather than a prudent and legitimate reserve.

His mental and moral equipoise was perfect. When returning from Bordeaux, in 1852, he made his entry into Paris and was hailed as "Augustus" by the enthusiastic people and as the "savior" of his country by the Municipal Council, and the reestablishment of the Empire having been demanded, he knew that he was about to realize the supreme object of his ambition, not the slightest change in his deportment was visible to those who were nearest to him. And at Metz, when the news of the defeats of MacMahon and Frossard fell at head-quarters like a thunderbolt, to fill it with consternation and to destroy the self-possession of all about him, we are told that "his was the only cool head."

The masterful composure of Napoleon III., in every situation and circumstance, was no concealing mask to be put

on and put off, but a quality of the mind that reveals very clearly the intellectual elevation, the moral force, and the commanding character of the man.

In this connection, I may say that the usual expression on his face, when Prince-President, was one of absolute serenity. When Emperor, his features, although always perfectly composed, became more and more grave, giving to him the air of a man who was constantly thinking of great and serious things. After his days of grandeur and power, when an exile in his modest home at Chislehurst, his countenance wore the expression of a man at peace with himself, and his manner was that of the profound thinker who, notwithstanding a shade of sadness often noticeable in his features or his voice, still esteemed himself superior to the accidents of fortune.

Although he seemed phlegmatic and hesitating, and uncertain in his ordinary conversation, and to possess a rather weak voice, when once aroused he no longer hesitated and his utterance was forcible. He expressed his thought with directness, and on occasion with eloquence. His addresses before official assemblies or on ceremonial occasions were pronounced or read by him with great effect. As a public speaker he had a remarkably good voice—smooth, flexible, sonorous, and full in volume—which he used with skill, and his enunciation was so distinct that no word was lost. He seldom made use of gestures but stood firmly on his feet, and in complete possession of himself. His speaking or reading left upon those who heard him an impression of power. Its vocal effect was very much like that produced by the reading of his great and implacable enemy—Victor Hugo.

In religion, the Emperor was a Catholic, and was careful to comply with the formal observances of his Church. But he was a liberal Catholic—a Gallican and not an Ultramontane—and looked with sympathy and favor on every

historical religious confession. He advocated religious liberty everywhere, and gave directions that intolerance, in matters of religious opinion and worship, should not be permitted either in France or in the dependencies of the Empire.

"Everywhere, indeed, where I can," he once said, "I exert myself to enforce and propagate religious ideas—but not to please a party."

In "Les Idées Napoléoniennes," Prince Louis referring to his uncle says: "He reestablished religion, but without making the clergy a means of government." And one of the questions he imagines that Napoleon might ask, were he to return to France, was: "Have you kept the clergy strictly within the limits of their religious duties, and away from political power?"

It was because of these liberal views with respect to religious confessions and the relations of the Church to the State, that the Emperor never ceased to be suspected of a lack of fidelity to the Papal authority, whether temporal or spiritual, and was often assailed with extreme violence by the militant representatives of the Roman Catholic Church. Every one knows how abhorrent to M. Louis Veuillot and his friends was the effective work of the Emperor in behalf of the kingdom of Italy; but perhaps few now remember that his equally successful effort at home to keep the educational institutions of France free from the mildew of clericalism was equally productive of angry protest on the part of the ultra-Catholic party.

But while he continued scrupulously to observe the terms of the convention that established the relations between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities in France, he must frequently have been reminded of the admission of his uncle, who, in enumerating the mistakes he had made, said: "*Mais le Concordat est la plus grande faute de ma vie.*"

In fact, the hostility of the reactionary wing of the

French Catholic Church to the policy of Napoleon III., contributed directly and powerfully to the overthrow of the Second Empire. And this was finally accomplished when the French Democracy, under the political leadership of Delescluze and Leon Gambetta, effected a junction with French clericalism, under the military leadership of General Trochu.*

I think, however, that the Emperor was more inclined to look upon the Church as an important—a necessary—social institution, than to regard it as the keeper of the keys of heaven. And yet he was a firm believer in the Kingdom of God. His fatalism was not a blind determinism, but a religious faith. It had its origin in a deep and abiding conviction that every man is an instrument in the hands of God for a purpose; and he was fully persuaded that he himself—like Cæsar, Charlemagne, Napoleon—had been providentially chosen to fulfil a mission, and that every act and every event of his life, every failure and every success, was a necessary and inevitable part of it.

The strong and almost mystical belief that he had a mission and that it would be accomplished to the end, in

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* The depth of the dislike of the Emperor, on the part of the reactionary elements of the Roman Church, is even less manifest in the bitter attacks openly directed against the measures and the policy of the Imperial Government than in the insidious and persistent efforts of the militant champions of the Papacy to teach the people that Napoleon III. was an enemy of the Church. And it is particularly through the schools and among the young that they have thus endeavored to prejudice public opinion. For example: In the last edition of the "Histoire de France à l'usage de la jeunesse," revised and completed by M. l'Abbé Courval, superior of the seminary of Séez, Paris, 1873, Napoleon III. is spoken of as follows: "The Emperor, while pretending that he wished to preserve the temporal power of the Holy See, permitted the Pope to be despoiled of his States by piecemeal; while France, the eldest daughter of the Church, stood by with arms in her hands, for more than ten years a witness of the consummation of this iniquitous sacrilege. Nor was it long before he received his chastisement"; and so forth.—*Op. cit.*, vol ii, p. 387.

spite of any human agency, was never more strikingly manifested than when, after the failure of the attempt to assassinate him made by Pianori—who on the 28th of April, 1855, discharged a revolver twice, almost in his face—the Senate came to the Tuileries in a body to congratulate him on his providential escape. "I thank you," said the Emperor, "but I do not fear in the least the attempts of assassins. There are beings who are the instruments of the decrees of Providence. So long as I shall not have accomplished my mission, I incur no danger." And he spoke then as he always spoke when expressing this belief, quietly and with no show of that tremendous sense of his own importance in the economy of the universe which characterizes most men who fancy they have a mission in the world.

I never had any reason to suppose that the Emperor could with justice be charged with vanity. At least he was free from that kind which, he himself often admitted, was the characteristic French foible; for his vanities were impersonal, and had a purpose. But he was proud, very proud. He knew that he was a Bonaparte. His reverence for his famous uncle had in it something more than respect for the prodigious genius of the man; he felt that he was the heir, and the legitimate and sole heir, to all he possessed; that in him had been incarnated the spirit of Napoleon; and that it was not only his business and his duty, but that he had been born under Providence, to be the propagator of the ideas of his uncle, and the reconstructor and continuator of his work.

His foster-sister, Madam Cornu, used to relate a little incident that shows how early he became imbued with the Napoleonic legend.

Having remarked that Louis when a child was of a most amiable and generous disposition, she went on to say that one day, when they were playing together—he being about

ten or twelve years old—he spoke of the great Emperor, and told her what he was going to do when he grew up to be a man; and that when she laughed at something he had said, he did not seem to take offense, and soon after invited her very pleasantly to walk with him towards the foot of the garden, but that on turning into a side-path, where they were out of sight, he suddenly seized her arm with both hands and, with an expression of intense anger on his face, cried out, "Hortense, if you don't take that back I'll break your arm."

If he never forgot a kindness, he never forgot an injury, and was as sensitive as a woman to a personal offense. When, on the reestablishment of the Imperial dynasty, the Emperor Nicholas declined, in acknowledging the announcement of this event, to address him as "*Mon frère*," according to diplomatic usage, but used instead the words "*Mon ami*," the Emperor was cut to the quick. It is true he is said to have taken the affront very calmly, and to have been moved only to remark that "Heaven gives us our brothers, but we can choose our friends." However this may be, I am quite sure that at the time he regarded the form of address chosen by the Russian Emperor as an intended indignity to be dealt with only and properly by a prompt suspension of diplomatic relations. He finally accepted the Russian letter; but I am inclined to think that he never forgot the form of address nor forgave it—although too proud to acknowledge that he thought it worthy of notice. It has been said that had the Czar, on this occasion, addressed the Emperor as "*Mon frère*," there would have been no Crimean war; and it is equally probable that the remembrance of the reluctant and conditional recognition of the Imperial title—"Napoleon III." on the part of Austria and Prussia, may have strongly predisposed the Emperor to the wars he subsequently waged with these two Powers.

In 1859, not long before war was declared against Aus-

tria, the Emperor wrote to Walewski, his Minister for Foreign Affairs: "Strong as is my love for everything that is great and noble, I would tread under my feet reason itself, were reason to wear the garb of pusillanimity. Although I may say the contrary, I have deeply graven upon my heart the tortures of St. Helena and the disaster of Waterloo. It is now thirty years that these memories have been gnawing at my heart. They have caused me to face without regret death and captivity. They would cause me to confront something greater yet—the future of my country." What a self-characterization! How suggestive of what was to come!

But it was his pride that enabled him to support with such sovereign dignity all the humiliations that befell him after the destruction of his armies and the loss of his throne. Whatever weakness he may have shown as Emperor, as a dethroned monarch his conduct was irreproachable. His real greatness and magnanimity, his elevation of mind and moral courage, were made evident by what he did and said at Sedan, and when a prisoner; but still more not only then, but afterward when in exile, by what he did not do and did not say. He accepted his responsibilities fully. He made no attempt to lay the blame on others for the disasters that followed each other with such frightful rapidity, from the opening of the war to the capitulation at Sedan. He never excused himself, although ready to excuse his generals and his political advisers.

If the ambition of Napoleon III. was equal to that of the first Napoleon, it was less personal and more scrupulous: he sought nothing for himself alone, and to him the most glorious victories were the victories of peace; but his pride was greater and more noble. If ambition led to the downfall of the first Napoleon, pride may have been the cause of his own downfall; but it also finally preserved him from railing against both men and fate, after the manner of his uncle; and, by enabling him to live with honor and

to die with dignity, it has secured to him the sympathy of the world. Unmoved by calumny, silent under criticism, the serenity—the superb stoicism—with which Napoleon III. accepted his destiny makes him one of the most remarkable characters in history.

The story of his life moves along from the beginning to its very end with the perfect unity of action of a Greek tragedy.

"Nature prepared him for the part he was to take," says M. Granier de Cassagnac, "by endowing him with qualities that are the opposites of our faults: we seldom listen, he listened attentively; we rarely reflect, he was meditating incessantly; we get angry with men and with things; he was gentle in his dealings with persons and events. Such a character was beneath neither the grandeur nor the perils of the situation, for he joined to the power that at a glance takes the measure of obstacles, the courage that encounters them and the patience that wears them down."

If the career of Napoleon III. was extraordinary, no less extraordinary were the qualities of head and heart with which Nature had endowed him.

CHAPTER III

THE MARRIAGE OF THE EMPEROR

Louis Napoleon is advised to marry—The Princess Caroline—The Duchess of Hamilton—Ancient and modern Knights—The Duke of Hamilton—A great surprise—Eugénie de Montijo; her character, her person—The Emperor announces his engagement—How the announcement was received—The marriage ceremony—My first visit to the Empress at the Tuileries—A little incident—The Empress does not forget her old friends—Pepa—The character of Eugénie de Montijo unchanged by her elevation to a throne—Criticism—The fortune of the Imperial family—The demands upon the privy purse—The generosity of the Empress—Her first act after her engagement—Her visits to the cholera hospitals—"Pious but not bigoted"—Her public liberalities—The house parties at Compiègne—The Empress a lover of the things of the mind—The Suez Canal—The character of the Empress described by the Emperor—The Empress not exempt from the defects of her qualities.

VERY soon after the *coup d'État* the friends of the Prince, as well as the Government officials, began to urge for reasons of State the importance and even the necessity of his marriage. M. Thayer, the husband of the daughter of General Bertrand, the companion of Napoleon at St. Helena, said to me one day, "I have just seen the Prince and told him he must now get married, have a family, and found a dynasty in order to continue and perpetuate the name of Napoleon. I told him that he should do this as soon as possible." Then he went on to say that the Prince, pulling at his mustache, as was his habit, replied: "I will marry; but as for founding a dynasty, that I cannot promise."

It was not without a struggle that the Prince consented to break away from old attachments that had been sealed by personal sacrifices and magnanimous acts in his behalf; nor was it easy for him to come to a determination which involved a complete change in his habits of living. He yielded, however, to the counsel of his friends.

The question now was, whom should he marry? And it was one that interested a great many persons, each of whom had some Royal or Imperial princess to propose. What intrigues there were to find a wife for the Prince, planned by people who wished to closely connect themselves with the Court of the future!

But of all these proposed matches there was only one that for a time seemed probable. The Duchess of Hamilton—who was the daughter of Stéphanie (Beauharnais), the Grand Duchess of Baden, and a cousin of Louis Napoleon, and consequently in a position to speak to him very frankly—advised him to marry a Royal princess, and commended to him her niece, Caroline, the daughter of Prince Vasa, son of Gustavus IV., King of Sweden. Prince Vasa was then in exile—a Field-Marshal in the service of the Emperor of Austria. He was without fortune; but his daughter had been brought up at Carlsruhe and Baden-Baden, and it had long been the wish of the old Duchess Stéphanie to make a great marriage for this favorite granddaughter. With this idea she had canvased the chances of making her the wife of most of the hereditary princes of Europe.

The attention of Prince Louis was therefore turned to the eligibility of this Princess, and the great advantage it would be to him to be allied to so many powerful Royal families, both German and Swedish, Catholic and Protestant. It was considered that such an alliance would greatly strengthen his position. The Princess herself was all that could be desired, suitable in age, charming in personal appearance, intelligent, and educated in a superior manner.

Such was the match proposed to him by his family, or by one relative to whom he was greatly attached, since he and the Princess Mary had spent much time together in their early days, both in Germany and elsewhere.

The intimate relations of these two cousins, and the natural gallantry and romantic temperament of the Prince are shown in a very striking and interesting manner in the following incident:

One day Prince Louis Napoleon, while on a visit to the Grand Duchess, was walking on the banks of the Rhine with this cousin and her sisters Louise and Josephine, when the conversation turned upon the gallantry of men in former times. The Princess Mary extolled in the strongest terms the chivalry of those days when the knight took for his motto, "God, my King, and my Lady," and insisted that men had sadly degenerated in modern times. The Prince denied this, and asserted that in all times knightly devotion was never wanting towards a lady who was worthy of inspiring it, and that the French, at least, had not degenerated, but were as brave and chivalric as their ancestors.

Just then a gust of wind blew from the hat of his cousin, Princess Louise, a flower, which fell into the river.

"There!" said the Princess Mary, as the flower drifted off into the stream, "what a chance for a knight of the olden time to show his courage and devotion!"

"Ah!" said the Prince, "is that a challenge? Well, I accept it"—and, before a word could be spoken, he plunged into the water, dressed as he was. One can easily imagine the consternation and alarm of the young ladies. But if the Prince yielded to an audacious caprice, he knew the measure of his strength; and he swam out boldly into the stream until he reached the flower, when, having seized it, he turned towards the shore and breasted the current that beat against him, and threatened for a moment to sweep him into the rapids below. With a few strong strokes he

extricated himself from the suction of the rapidly moving water and gained a foothold. Clambering up the bank, dripping and somewhat out of breath, he walked up to his cousin Mary, and with a polite bow addressing her, said: "I have proved to you the sincerity of my belief. Here is the flower, my fair cousin, but," with a shiver, for it was in the winter that this happened, "for Heaven's sake I beg of you henceforth to forget your ancient knights."

Two years after this adventure the Princess Louise married Gustavus Vasa, and the Princess Caroline was her daughter; and Josephine who married Antoine, Prince of Hohenzollern, was the mother of Prince Leopold, who by a strange fatality, as the instrument of Bismarck, finally brought about the downfall of Napoleon III., his mother's cousin, and the destruction of the Second Empire.*

I can, without indiscretion or a breach of confidence, say that a marriage would have been the consequence of the deep attachment existing between these two young people had not the ambitious mother of the Princess positively prohibited the match. I have been assured of her saying that she doubted if Louis would ever be in a position worthy of her daughter Mary. The old duchess had always been kind to the Prince; she was sincerely fond of him, and often invited him to see her; but it was not her wish that he should marry her daughter—his uncertain future being an insuperable obstacle. She was eager for money, as the family had not much themselves; hence Mary's subsequent marriage with the Duke of Hamilton, who was not royal, but rich and powerful in his own country.

By way of parenthesis, I may mention here the singular fact that, when the Duke of Hamilton, years afterward, had the misfortune to fall down the entire flight of stairs at the Maison Dorée in Paris, striking his head on each step as he fell, and was carried to the Hotel Bristol in a terrible state, it was the Empress Eugénie who visited him, sitting by his

* See Appendix I.

side, doing all she could for him, and nursing him like a sister. Indeed, she took care of him until his death, for the duchess only arrived at Paris some days after the accident. Happily, she came soon enough to see the duke in a lucid moment, in which he entreated her forgiveness for his many shortcomings; and it was well that he did so, since there was a great deal for her to forgive, which she willingly did.

In these painful circumstances the Empress was admirable. She left everything at the Tuileries to attend to the duke.

So then it was the Princess Mary, Duchess of Hamilton, his cousin, who proposed the Princess of Vasa as the future Empress.

Prince Louis knew that I had seen much of this Princess; for I was often at the Court at Carlsruhe, being rather a favorite of the Regent, Frederick William, whom I knew, as well as the Princess Louise, before their marriage—the latter especially as a girl at the Anlagen-Schloss near Coblentz, where the then Prince of Prussia and his wife, the Princess Augusta, spent a considerable part of each year with their daughter, Louise, and their son, Frederick—afterward the Grand Duchess Louise, and the Emperor, Frederick the Noble.

It is therefore, perhaps, not remarkable that he should have questioned me about the Princess, and asked my opinion of her suitability as a wife for him. He had heard much; but he was not a man to be deceived by profuse recommendations and praises, and he wanted my opinion on some points—an opinion which he knew he would get from me honestly and specifically. Even then the Prince showed the honorable qualities of his finer nature. He did not wish to be deceived upon a most important question—what were the real feelings of the Princess herself on the subject of marrying him? He knew he was much older than she,

and had been educated differently, and that perhaps her feeling was only one of passive acquiescence in her aunt's and mother's scheme. So to me he entrusted the task of finding out the real sentiments of the lady towards him; as also something more of her education, temperament, health, and so forth.

I accordingly went to Carlsruhe, and there had a long conversation with the Princess, and more especially with Madame E. Steinberg, her principal lady-in-waiting and "*gouvernante.*" I was convinced from what was said to me that the Princess was delighted at the thought of this marriage, and I found that she had thoroughly acquainted herself with the life and character of the man she had decided to marry—for decided she was.

I was, therefore, scarcely surprised when, upon bidding me good-by, she said with a smile, "*Au revoir. À Paris.*" She evidently considered the question settled. And, as I knew of no personal disqualifications, I naturally thought so also. On my return to Paris, I reported to the Prince all that had occurred.

He now proposed to pay a visit to Baden-Baden to see the Princess and, in person, ask her hand in marriage. The time for the visit was fixed; and a few days later the Prince left Paris, stopping at Strasbourg. From there he went to Baden-Baden and met the Grand Duchess Stéphanie and her daughters, and also the Princess Caroline. The marriage was considered by the Prince himself to be no longer in doubt, although, at this time, no formal offer had been made on either side. This was to follow upon the return of the Prince to Paris, after certain questions in regard to settlements and other necessary matters had been arranged.

All was progressing favorably, when a great surprise took place. Word came from the Grand Duchess Stéphanie that she had reconsidered the matter of the marriage of her granddaughter, and that the hand of Princess Caroline had

been promised to Prince Albert, who was the heir to the throne of Saxony.

What was the cause of this sudden *volte-face?* The excuse given was a previous engagement more or less definite. The motive was political, no doubt. It was certainly an afterthought, dictated in response to German wishes. It is generally believed that the opposition to the marriage came from Austria. The father of the Princess was not opposed to it; but, having sought the consent of the Austrian Court to which he was attached, it is reported that Francis Joseph gave him to understand that, remembering the fate of two Austrian archduchesses, Marie Antoinette and Marie Louise, he was not disposed to approve of a marriage with a French prince.

The rupture of these matrimonial negotiations was a cause of humiliation both to the Prince and the Princess, since matters had advanced so far. But the Prince accepted the situation without a word of complaint, and seemed to feel that he, after all, had been fortunate, and had escaped "embarrassing alliances," as he called them. Believing implicitly in his destiny, he did not permit what some would term an insult to disturb him.

"If," said he, "the royal families of Europe do not want me among them, it is better for me. It certainly is hardly consistent for us Napoleons who are of plebeian origin, to seek alliances with families whose distinctions come to them by Divine right."

So ended the dream of the excellent Princess Mary, Duchess of Hamilton, and others, among whom was my friend, Madame Thayer. But I do not think that the Prince was seriously disappointed. Princess Caroline had been, to a certain extent, imposed upon him. He had promised to marry some one, and, having himself no one in view, she was the most eligible princess proposed to him. Time also pressed, for he was getting on in years—he was then forty-four years old.

Once, however, started upon this marriage project, the one of *convenance* having failed, it proved to be a case of the *premier pas qui coûte,* for he was determined now to marry, and this time to choose his consort himself, without any regard to her being a princess born—as his uncle had done when he chose to marry the beautiful Vicomtesse de Beauharnais—the Prince's own grandmother, the Empress Josephine—the *real* Empress, not the Austrian.

In the autumn of 1851, I made the acquaintance of a Spanish family consisting of three persons, a lady and two daughters.

One of the daughters was remarkable, not only because of her great beauty but also on account of her vivacity and intelligence; and those who knew her intimately still more admired the kindness of her heart, and her sympathy with all who were suffering or needy.

The first proof which I had of this trait of her character, was an act of charity towards some poor Spanish exiles who were living in the United States. She asked me to send to them, from time to time, small amounts of money, and presents of more or less value, which, as I have since ascertained, were taken from her economies. The manner in which she transmitted her gifts was so ingenuous and considerate, and her whole behavior was so free from ostentation, that I soon recognized Eugénie de Montijo, Countess of Téba—this was the name of the young lady *—to be one of the few persons who give simply on account of the inclination of their heart, and who do not allow their left hand to know what their right hand does.

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* The name of the young lady was Marie Eugénie de Guzman, her father, the Count de Téba, having taken the title of Count de Montijo only on the death of an elder brother. The name entered in the preamble of her marriage certificate is Eugénie Guzman, therefore the name Eugénie *de Montijo* is incorrect, although it has the sanction of French usage. See Appendix II.

She was living at the time at No. 12 Place Vendôme, not far from my office, and came to see me generally accompanied by a friend, Madame Zifrey Casas, a lady of American parentage who had married in Spain, or by her faithful attendant, Pepa.

The many visits which I received from the young Countess, partly on account of her interest in her countrymen across the Atlantic, and partly because she wished to obtain my professional advice and assistance, gave me a good opportunity to form an opinion of her character.

Emotional, sympathetic, generous, quick to be moved by the impulse of the moment, thinking little of herself, she always seemed, during these early days of my acquaintance with her, to be most happy when she could render a service to others.

One day, it happened that while the young lady was with other professional visitors in my waiting-room, there was also present a friend of the Prince-President of the French Republic. This gentleman being much pressed for time, the Countess of Téba, waiving her right of precedence, permitted to enter first into my private office, although she had been waiting much longer than he had; and the graceful manner in which this permission was given evidently made an impression upon him; for on entering my room he immediately inquired who the beautiful young lady was that had granted him the precedence.

Not long after this the Countess of Téba and her mother, the Countess of Montijo, were among those who regularly received invitations to the Élysée Palace, where the Prince-President then resided; and there the young Countess was greatly admired and attracted the attention of everybody.

She possessed a singularly striking face, oval in contour, and remarkable for the purity of its lines; a brilliant, light, clear complexion; blue eyes, peculiarly soft and liquid, shielded by long lashes and, when in repose, cast slightly downward; hair of a most beautiful golden chestnut color,

MADEMOISELLE EUGÉNIE-COMTESSE DE TÉBA.
From a photograph taken in 1852.

a rather thin nose exquisitely molded, and a small delicate mouth that disclosed when she smiled teeth that were like pearls. Her figure was above the average height and almost perfect in its proportions—the waist round, and the neck and shoulders admirably formed—and, withal, she possessed great vivacity of expression and elegance in her movements, together with an indescribable charm of manner. Indeed, she was a woman of a very rare type physically as well as morally; one whose distinguishing qualities always seemed to me to reveal the existence of Irish rather than Scotch blood, notwithstanding the name of her mother's family—Kirkpatrick. But she was richly endowed, by inheritance or otherwise, with the best qualities of more than one race; and, if it was true that her beauty was blond and delicate from her Scotch ancestry, it was no less true that "her grace was all Spanish, and her wit all French."

The Prince himself soon recognized the extraordinary personal and mental endowments, and the various excellent and characteristic traits of the Countess. It, therefore, is not to be wondered at that, when he came to the conclusion that marrying princesses was not his affair, he should have remembered the lady whom he had so often admired, or that he renewed the acquaintance purposely and more intimately in the autumn of 1852; and that it led, with the rapidity of romance, to an engagement of marriage which he, having in the meanwhile become Emperor, formally announced, January 22, 1853, in the throne room of the Tuileries, to the Senate, the Legislative Assembly, and the highest officials of his Government.

The words which the Emperor used on this occasion, present in their true light the motives that led him to this union, and are a beautiful appreciation of the worthiness of his betrothed, who afterward proved so faithful to him as a wife, not only in the days of splendor when Fortune smiled upon the Imperial throne, but also in the hours of misfortune and exile that followed.

"She whom I have chosen by preference," said the Emperor, "is of high birth. French at heart by her education, and by the remembrance of the blood which her father shed for the cause of the Empire, she has, as a Spaniard, the advantage of having no relatives in France to whom she would be obliged to grant honors and dignities. Endowed with every good quality of the mind, she will be an ornament to the throne, and in the hour of danger she will become one of its most courageous supporters. Catholic and pious, she will send to Heaven the same prayers as I for the welfare of France; gracious and good, she will, as I firmly hope, revive the virtues of the Empress Josephine, whose place she is about to take.

"I come here, then, gentlemen, to say to France: 'I have preferred to have for a wife a woman whom I love and respect, rather than a woman unknown to me and with whom the advantages of an alliance would have been mingled with sacrifices. Without showing disdain towards any one, I yield to my own inclinations, but after having consulted my reason and my convictions. In short, having placed independence, the qualities of the heart, and domestic happiness above dynastic prejudices and the designs of ambition, I shall not be less strong, since I shall be more free.'"

As might have been expected, the announcement of this marriage came as a surprise to the French people. Nor was it at first received with entire satisfaction by those who, having rallied to the support of the new Government, had hoped to see it strengthened by an alliance with the reigning families of Europe. This feeling of disappointment found expression in various ways that sometimes were not wanting in piquancy.

One of the persons who had most urgently opposed the Emperor's marriage with Mademoiselle de Montijo was M. Drouyn de Lhuys, the Minister for Foreign Affairs. On finding that his counsel had been entirely disregarded, he

concluded to send in his resignation to the Emperor, but, before doing so, he called upon Mademoiselle de Montijo to pay her his respects officially. He had scarcely spoken when she said:

"You will permit me to thank you, and very sincerely, for the advice you have given to the Emperor with respect to his marriage. Your advice to him was exactly the same as mine."

"The Emperor has betrayed me—I see," said the Minister.

"No: the honorable recognition of your sincerity—the making me acquainted with the opinion of a devoted servant who has given utterance to my own sentiments—this is no betrayal. I told the Emperor, as you did, that the interests of his throne should be taken into consideration; but it is not for me to be his judge, whether he is right or wrong in believing that his interests can be reconciled with his sentiments."

It is hardly necessary to add that M. Drouyn de Lhuys promptly reversed his opinion concerning Mademoiselle de Montijo, and retained his portfolio.

A story also is told of a distinguished Senator, who, having been asked what he thought of the Emperor's declaration of his matrimonial intentions addressed to the representatives of the Government and the people, replied:

"A fine speech—excellent; but I prefer the sauce to the fish."

It seems this remark was reported at the palace, greatly to the amusement of the parties principally concerned. Now it so happened that, at a dinner given at the Tuileries a few weeks later, this Senator was seated next to the Empress, who, observing that after having been helped to the turbot, he declined the sauce, said to him, smiling roguishly:

"Monsieur, I thought it was the sauce you liked and not the fish."

With rare presence of mind the gentleman replied after a moment of hesitancy: "A mistake, madame, for which I am now trying to make amends."

And so nearly all those persons who at first were inclined to manifest their disappointment or surprise, discovered they had made a mistake, the moment they enjoyed the privilege of meeting her Majesty, and were themselves fascinated by her beauty and wit, or felt the influence of the subtle charm that seemed to come from the very soul of the woman, and, like an ever-present atmosphere, invest her sweet and sympathetic personality. They were now ready to confess that the Emperor was right when he said to the great dignitaries of the Empire: "You, gentlemen, when you come to know her, will be convinced that I have been inspired by Providence."

The marriage of the Emperor had the sanction of public opinion and there was a touch of romance about it that made it pleasing to the people. While Lamartine, the shifty Republican, could hardly look with favor on the Imperial pair, Lamartine, the poet, gracefully acknowledged that the Emperor had by this marriage made real the most beautiful dream a man can have—that he had raised up the woman he loved and had set her above all other women.

On the 30th of January, 1853, I saw the marriage between Napoleon III. and Mademoiselle Eugénie de Montijo celebrated in the old cathedral of Notre Dame with all the splendor and magnificence to which the monarch of a great nation and the consort of his choice were entitled. The ceremonial observed on this occasion was quite like that employed at the marriage of Napoleon and Josephine, but was even more elaborate and spectacular in its details. The gilded State carriage surmounted by the Imperial eagle and drawn by eight horses, in which the Emperor, in the uniform of a general of division, was seated by the side of his bride, was the one used by Napoleon and

Josephine on the day of their coronation. The approaches to the Tuileries, the courts of the Louvre, and the streets leading to the cathedral were filled with an immense crowd of people whose enthusiasm was unbounded. It would be impossible to describe the profound impression produced when, after the passing of the main body of the cortège, the Imperial carriage was seen advancing, surrounded by the great officers of the army, and preceded and followed by squadrons of cavalry, and we heard the hum of voices—the half-suppressed exclamations of admiration—then a silence, followed by long-continued *vivas*—"*vive l'Empereur*"—"*vive Eugénie*"—"*vive la France.*" Those who were fortunate enough, as I was, to catch, through the windows of the coach of glass and gold, a glimpse of the divinely beautiful bride who sat beside the Emperor like a captive fairy queen, her hair trimmed with orange blossoms, a diadem on her head, her corsage brilliant with gems, wearing a necklace of pearls, and enveloped in a cloud of lace—can never forget this radiant and yet shrinking figure. Radiant, she seemed to feel that Fortune had conferred upon her its supremest gift, and that she was about to realize the prediction once whispered in her ear by a Spanish gypsy woman, "the day will come when *you* shall be a Queen"; and yet shrinking, as if she feared that behind all this show of enthusiasm and splendor there was another world—a world of violence and of sorrow; that the things which were seen were an illusion and vanity, and that the things which were not seen were the eternal reality. Perhaps she was thinking of the young Austrian Princess whose marriage was also celebrated with the greatest pomp; and of the day that followed—the 16th of October, 1793—when the shouting of the people was heard by her for the last time; for Eugénie de Montijo even then had learned by heart this touching story of royal happiness and despair.

In the cathedral, where the marriage ceremony took

place, the columns and lofty vaults had been decorated with rich draperies, and banners, and banderoles; and palms, and garlands of white blossoms, and banks of flowers had been scattered everywhere—innumerable candles lighting up the whole of the vast interior, filled to its utmost capacity by the great bodies of the State, the diplomatic corps and the representatives of the Army, the Church and the cities of France, and by the elegance and beauty of the world of fashion. The scene was one of unparalleled magnificence. Nothing was wanting to invest the occasion with splendor and solemnity. On entering this ancient church and going forward to the altar, while a wedding march was played by an orchestra of five hundred musicians, the bride was quite overcome by her emotions. But when the archbishop said to her: "Madame—you declare, recognize, and swear before God, and before the Holy Church, that you take now for your husband and legal spouse the Emperor Napoleon III., here present," she responded, in a clear, sweet voice, "*Oui, Monsieur.*"

If the elegance of her person evoked admiration on every side, the modest dignity with which she performed her part in this great and imposing ceremony secured to her the sympathy and good-will of all who witnessed it.

After the ceremony was over the procession returned to the Tuileries in the same order in which it had left the palace, and the Emperor and the Empress, ascending the steps of the "Salle des Maréchaux," came forward on the balcony, and saluted the assembled multitude, who returned with loud and repeated *vivas* this gracious recognition on the part of their sovereigns.

Napoleon, on the morning of his marriage, going into the dressing-room of Marie Louise, said as he placed with his own hands a crown upon her head: "The Empress will wear this crown. It is not beautiful, but it is unique, and I wish to attach it to my dynasty." On the 30th of January, 1853, Eugénie de Montijo entered the Tuileries

—the Palace of Catherine de Medicis, of Marguerite de Navarre, of Marie Antoinette, of Josephine, of Marie Louise—in triumph, wearing upon her head the same Imperial crown. And she was worthy of this honor; for from that day the Empress Eugénie ranked without question among the most admired and beloved sovereigns of the nineteenth century; and, as if she were destined to have over her predecessors a certain melancholy preeminence, her name is the last of the names of women, the wonderful story of whose lives has made the Palace of the Tuileries forever memorable in French history.

A few days after Eugénie de Montijo—or, as I had always been accustomed to call her, the Countess of Téba—had been installed as Empress at the Tuileries, she sent word to me by Mademoiselle Pepa, her confidential maid—who afterward, by marriage with a subaltern officer, became Madame Pollet—that, having need of my professional services, she wished me to come and see her at the Tuileries.

Pepa informed me that her Majesty desired to see me personally. The Empress, as the Countess of Téba, had always been accustomed to come to my office and to take her turn with the others, and it was an innovation to ask me to go to her; so she was careful, in making this request, to have it appear that she considered she was asking a favor, or at least was paying me a special compliment.

On entering her room, she received me most cordially and unaffectedly. We conversed about the great change in her position, and how it had come to pass; and she told me many things that had taken place during the interval since I had seen her.

I remember, when Pepa came into the room to speak with the Empress, how they both laughed as the poor, simple woman who had known the lady from childhood

and had naturally been most familiar with her as a young girl, tried to say, "your Majesty." She could not get it out. She spoke French with a strong Spanish accent, and kept laughing as she tried to call her by her new title. It was most amusing, and the Empress saw it in a humorous light and enjoyed it greatly. But with time, Pepa and all of us fell into the way of giving to the Empress her title "your Majesty."

As my illustrious and most interesting patient, although at the moment quite comfortable, had been suffering greatly and feared a repetition of the same trouble, and as she had important duties to attend to, and a reception in the evening, I remained at the Tuileries several hours in order to be sure that she should, if possible, be able to appear at the function, for which elaborate preparations had been made. We had, therefore, much time for conversation.

While speaking of the Tuileries, the part which we were in being one that I had never before visited, the Empress called my attention to certain articles of furniture and precious objects, some of which had belonged to Marie Antoinette. She spoke of the Queen's sad fate, and of the souvenirs connected with the room we were sitting in, and about the historical associations of the old palace. Much of this conversation was to me particularly interesting. There was in it a vein of sadness or melancholy mingled with scarcely concealed surprise at her own position as sovereign mistress where so many great ladies had lived —to-day the favorites of fortune, to-morrow the unhappy victims of popular fury, some sent into exile and some to the scaffold. There was, however, no indication whatsoever in her deportment of any feeling of vanity, or of pride at being elevated to the throne, and becoming the first lady in the land. In all this there was a charm, a simplicity of soul which I saw again in troublous times, in the terrible days of 1870, when hastening with her from that France where, for upwards of seventeen years, her

goodness, and her beauty, and distinction had held the world at her feet.

A little incident took place on this day which revealed to me the strong and romantic attachment of the Emperor to his lovely wife. It was the first day since her marriage on which she had suffered acute pain, and the Emperor expressed the greatest sympathy for her, and was most attentive—coming up-stairs from his cabinet several times to inquire how she was feeling. Just before I left the palace, very happy to know that my charming patient was no longer suffering, the Emperor entered the room again, with a box in his hand, and, approaching the Empress, took from it a magnificent string of pearls, which he placed around her neck.

Some time before, M. Charles Thélin had told me that the Emperor possessed a remarkable collection of pearls, which he had selected one by one, intending to make with them a necklace for the Empress. Touched by a feeling of love and compassion, his Majesty had been unable to keep his secret from her any longer.

Eugénie de Montijo was not so dazzled by the splendor of her new position as to forget the companions of her earlier and more simple life. She invited them to come to see her. Some of them became her "*dames du Palais.*" She wished all of them to speak to her familiarly, as they used to do. Her friendly advances towards them were not to relieve ennui, or to fill up a void created in her life by the formalities of the palace. She now had the power to help them and to honor them—and this she loved to do. I may remark here that this kind consideration—this fondness for her friends—was a sentiment that had its origin in an affection which once having been felt was sincere and constant, and endured through good report and evil report to the end.

I have never known a woman that had such reason to

distrust the sincerity of some of the persons in her immediate *entourage,* who was so full of faith in the good intentions, and so abounding in charity towards the shortcomings, of all who claimed to be her friends. If she could not say something in praise of them she preferred to remain silent, unless their conduct was made a subject of criticism by others, when she was pretty sure to come to their defense, and sometimes with a warmth of feeling that was surprising.

Perhaps the explanation of this trait of character is to be found in her inability to forget a kindness.

When reproached one day for keeping up her intercourse with certain ladies—the Delessarts—who were well known for their Orleanist sympathies, her reply was: "They were very kind to me before my marriage, and I never forget my old friends." Indeed, I do not believe there is a single person now living that has ever rendered her Majesty a notable service who has not heard her say —and *more than once*—"I never can forget what you have done for me."

The attachment of the Empress to her old friends and the associates of her earlier days, is strikingly illustrated by her relations with, and the consideration which she always had for, her principal lady's maid, Madame Pollet. "Pepa," as she was familiarly called, was the daughter of a Carlist general; but when very young she entered into the personal service of the Countess of Téba. Her devotion to her mistress was unbounded, and she soon obtained, as she deserved, her esteem and confidence in equal measure. With her Majesty, Pepa went to the Tuileries, where she was entrusted with the general direction over a multitude of things connected with the domesticity of the palace, and became, in a way, a personage—at least to a certain circle. She was a little woman, not in good health, fretful, irritable, and timid. Her person, her manner, her accent, her devotion to her mistress, the fact

that she was the direct intermediary between her Majesty and the tradesmen, and the very confidence reposed in her, in all her doings and dealings, exposed her constantly to ridicule and reproach. It is, therefore, not surprising that great injustice should have been done this faithful attendant and confidant of her Majesty by the *personnel* of the palace and the chroniclers of the doings of the Imperial Court. But the Empress knew her sterling qualities, her sincerity, and her integrity, and appreciated her accordingly. In fact, she never failed to defend with warmth her "poor Pepa" against every attack, from whatever quarter it might come.

"Yes," said the Empress to me one day, "Pepa is timid; she starts at the rustling of a curtain, and turns pale at the moaning of the wind, and screams at the sight of a mouse, and is in a constant state of terror lest we should all be assassinated; but let her see or think that I am in any real danger—ah! then she is no longer afraid, but has the courage of a little lioness." Pepa is long since dead; but she never in life was more devoted to her mistress than the Empress is still devoted to the memory of her very humble, but most sincere, friend and servant.

Notwithstanding the great change in her rank, the Empress remained unchanged in her character; and unchanged also was the unaffected courtesy with which she received all who came into her presence. Nor did her kindness and love for everything that was true and noble grow less. I have seen her frequently during many years; I have seen her surrounded by luxury and the pageantries of the most brilliant Court in Europe; I have witnessed her greatest triumphs, but I cannot recall one moment in which her demeanor towards others, no matter how humble their station in life, was different from that by which she attracted the sympathy of all those who knew her as a young lady. She always had the excellent good sense never to impose herself as Empress upon the persons

whom she had known before her elevation to the throne; and yet she never forgot that she was no longer of that world to which she had once belonged. In a word, she possessed an instinctive appreciation of the requirements of her position, and so happily harmonized and combined her natural impulse to be herself with a sense of the reserve and dignity becoming her exalted rank, that she won the praises of all. Queen Christine pronounced her deportment admirable, and declared that she carried herself "neither too high nor too low." And the Queen of England was of the same opinion. At the time of the visit of their Imperial Majesties to London, in 1855, the Queen writes in her diary of the Empress as follows: "She is full of courage and spirit, and yet so gentle, with such innocence and *enjouement,* that the *ensemble* is most charming. With all her great liveliness, she has the prettiest and most modest manner." And a day or two later, the Queen writes, "Her manner is the most perfect thing I have ever seen—so gentle, and graceful, and kind; and the courtesy so charming, and so modest and retiring withal." *

And yet while she was so condescending and so courteous to all, and so easy of approach, who that ever saw the Empress on great ceremonial occasions will forget the dignity as well as grace with which she responded to the salutations she received, or the grand manner of her carriage? The appearance of her Majesty on some of these occasions has doubtless suggested to the mind of more than one person the words used by Saint Simon when speaking of the Duchess of Burgundy: "*Sa démarche était celle d'une déesse sur les nuées.*"

But it was the amiable and gentle manner of the Empress, the absence of every sign of superciliousness or of undue pride after her elevation to the throne, even

* Life of the Prince Consort, by Theodore Martin, vol. iii.

more than her extraordinary beauty and *esprit*, that disarmed opposition, and won for her the admiration even of those who, jealous of her rare fortune, were at first most disposed to criticize her. And such criticism as she was subjected to! How insignificant in reality it always was! Never a word that cast a reflection on her goodness, her loyalty, or fidelity as a wife and mother! The foundation on which her character as Empress and woman rested was unassailable. But the anti-Imperialist gossips never grew weary of tattling about her love of personal display, of inventorying her dresses, and bonnets, and jewels, and furs, and of hypocritically bemoaning the "*luxe offréné*"—the unbridled luxury—of the Court. Just as if it was not one of the principal functions of a sovereign in a country like France—the *arbître de la mode* for the world—to set the fashions of the day, and to regulate the etiquette and ceremonials of the Court!

And most eminently was she qualified to prescribe and govern the "form" at a Court brilliant and fond of display and originality to the verge of eccentricity. It was with the most exquisite tact and taste that she fixed the line where fashion stopped, and to pass beyond which would have been ridiculous. The *beau monde* everywhere accepted her decisions in these matters as *ne plus ultra*. From the day she entered the Tuileries, the Empress was the ruler of the world of fashion, and the supreme authority with her sex, in the four quarters of the globe, in all matters pertaining to the graces and elegancies of social life; and through her patronage the names of the *couturières*, and *modistes*, and florists of Paris became famous in every land.

And yet most ladies who are at all prominent in our *fin de siècle* society, would probably be greatly surprised were I to tell them that the Empress, when one day at Farnborough reference was made to these particular critics and the alleged extravagance of her wardrobe, said

in my presence: "How very ridiculous all this is. Well! I suppose they think they must say something. Why! with the exception of a few gowns made for special ceremonial occasions, (those which she used very happily to call '*mes robes politiques*') during the whole time I was at the Tuileries I never wore a dress that cost more than *fifteen hundred* francs, and most of my dresses were much less expensive."

A writer who is no friend of the Empress has the grace to say, when speaking of her: "We live at a time when queens are exposed to public observation more than ever before, when they cannot put on a dress without having it described by fifty newspapers, when twenty articles are published every day about their fêtes, their amusements, their jewels, and their head-dresses. This publicity tends to lower queens in the estimation of the people, who no longer see anything but the frivolous side of their lives.

"To support without concern, as also without haughtiness, the gaze of so many people who are constantly examining you; to take, without having the appearance of it, one's part of the responsibility of governing, and the most dangerous, perhaps; to appear at the same time serious and frivolous, a woman of the world and of the home, and religious without being a devotee; to dress without affectation; to discuss literature without pedantry, and politics without embarrassment; to read what a well-instructed woman should read; to say what a clever woman is expected to say; to know how to speak to women and to men, to the young and to the old; to be in a word always on the stage—this is the rôle of a queen."

And certainly very few persons will be disposed to deny the truth and justice of this writer's conclusion that "Queen or Empress is a difficult trade in a country like France, and in a time like that in which we live!" *

* Taxil Delord, "Histoire du Second Empire," tome i, p. 518.

Soon after the fall of the Empire, stories were put in circulation to the effect that the Imperial family had accumulated a large fortune, which they had been very careful to remove from France. It was alleged that always uncertain as to the stability of a Government of adventure, they had with great discretion been "making hay while the sun shone," and had invested considerable sums in English consols, and, wonderful to relate, in New York real estate. The honor even was attributed to me of having advised the American investments, and also of having acted as the agent in these transactions. Not only were all these stories untrue, but, for those making me a party to the financial affairs of the Imperial family, there was never the slightest foundation.*

The Emperor's generosity, his prodigality even, was notorious. The direct appeals to him for pecuniary assistance were constant, and he gave away immense sums to charities of every kind. The Empress was the Lady

* Among the papers and correspondence of the Imperial family, found at the Tuileries, and published in 1870 by the Government of the National Defense, is a scrap containing a miscellaneous list of property amounting to nearly a million pounds sterling. It is without a heading or any indication of its origin or character. It is called, however, "a very precious document," and is assumed to be an inventory of the personal property of the Emperor, deposited at the Barings in 1866. It is still used to give credit to the stories referred to above. Among the items in the list is this one, namely, "Uniforms, £16,000." Why Napoleon III. should have had, in 1866, sixteen thousand pounds worth of uniforms stowed away in the bank of the Barings, in London, seems to have greatly puzzled the editors of the papers and correspondence referred to. Their conjectures are highly amusing. "*Les fragments incomplets ramassés dans de vieux papiers,*" which formed a very large part of this correspondence have been officially discredited. (See "Enquête Parlementaire," 1872, p. 14.) In fact, as it was soon discovered that the Government could derive no political benefit from the publication of these papers, only one volume was published officially; and the papers, after having passed through the hands of the Republican authorities—excepting a few that went astray—were returned to the heirs of Napoleon III. See Appendix III.

Bountiful of the reign; but the Emperor delighted to aid her in her benevolent work and to make her the agent and dispenser of his own liberalities. The demands upon the privy purse were endless. Often it was drawn upon to supplement the lack of public funds. The account of the Imperial civil list, which has been published, shows that during his reign the Emperor distributed personally over *ninety millions* of francs in public and private benefactions. The last large sum of money he had in his possession, 1,000,000 francs, he ordered to be distributed among the troops that capitulated at Sedan—reserving absolutely nothing for his personal use. During his reign, he made no monetary provision for the future. When he left France, in September, 1870, his personal fortune was no greater than it was when he came to France twenty-two years before. He owned the château at Arenenberg which brought him no income, and a little property in Italy, from which he derived a small revenue—all of which he had inherited. Had it not been for the private fortune of the Empress, the family would have then been at once reduced to very straitened circumstances.

The Empress was the owner of some property in Spain, the Villa Eugenia at Biarritz, besides other real estate in France; some of which she subsequently generously gave to the French people. But a large part of the Empress' fortune consisted of jewels, most of which had been presented to her at the time of her marriage, and some of which were of very great value—among them a magnificent collection of pearls, and several large diamonds of extraordinary purity and brilliancy that originally belonged to Marie Antoinette and formed a part of the famous "diamond necklace," the tragic story of which has been so powerfully told by Carlyle. These jewels were sold after their Majesties were settled in England, as was also the property at Biarritz, and the proceeds were invested in income-yielding securities. But, altogether, the

fortune of the Imperial family was not large, particularly in view of the claims of needy dependents and obligations of various kinds, which could neither be repudiated nor ignored.

I may remark that very few of the persons prominently connected with the Second Empire appear to have accumulated wealth; and that having lost their official positions after the fall of the Imperial Government, great numbers of those who were advanced in life, were reduced to extreme indigence. When the attention of a French Republican is called to this fact—that money-making was not the business of the servants of the Empire—he shrugs his shoulders and cynically says: "I suppose they thought it was going to last forever."

It is not difficult to understand how impossible it was to satisfy all those servitors who felt that they had a right to appeal to their late sovereigns for pecuniary assistance; or to prevent in some cases the disagreeable consequences of a failure to respond to such appeals.

But there was another class of solicitors far more difficult to deal with, men and women who were anxious to espouse the Imperialist cause—for money. It was impossible to listen to these people, and their assistance was politely declined. But they went away carrying with them a bitter feeling of disappointment that subsequently found expression in petulant and vicious attacks, directed more particularly against the Empress, whose good sense in refusing to be exploited was attributed to parsimony and niggardliness. There were times when these personal attacks were absolutely heartless; when even the mourning of a mother was made the pretext for the most cruel insinuations. These savage thrusts were keenly felt, but the wisdom and real greatness of character which the Empress possesses were never more conspicuously shown than in her ability to listen to these slanders in silence—and if in sorrow, in pity also.

Although misfortune finally dethroned the Empress Eugénie it was certainly not because she had proved unworthy of her high position. She, as well as her magnanimous husband, had to suffer on account of being too trustful and generous to others. They lost their Empire because they loved their people, believed them, and confided in them. History may judge the monarch and his companion in the Imperial dignity by the political events of their reign. It is the privilege, it is the duty, of the friend to judge the man and the woman, to judge their hearts. But if historical writings were free from errors of fact and were a philosophical record of the actions of men, stating correctly their motives and their material and moral limitations, and giving credit to whom credit was due, many of those persons who are condemned by public opinion would be admired and honored.

Indeed, few women who have sat upon a throne have a larger claim to the love and esteem of their people, or have shown to the world a higher and more charming personal character than the noble consort of Napoleon III. The conduct of her whole life bears witness to this.

The first act of the Countess of Téba after her engagement to the Emperor, like so many of her acts, was one of charity. The Municipal Council of Paris, desirous to show its devotion to the Emperor's bride, had voted a sum of 600,000 francs for the purpose of purchasing for her a set of diamonds.

When the Countess heard of this she addressed to the Prefect of the Seine the following letter:

"Monsieur le Préfet: I have been moved greatly by hearing of the generous decision which the Municipal Council of Paris has taken, and by which it manifests its sympathetic approval of the union which the Emperor is about to contract. Nevertheless, it would pain me to think that the first public document to which my name

is attached at the moment of my marriage, should record a considerable expense for the city of Paris.

"You will, therefore, please permit me to decline your gift, however flattering it is to me. You will make me happier by using for charitable purposes the sum that you have appropriated for the purchasing of the diamond set which the Municipal Council intended to present to me.

"I do not wish that my marriage should impose any new burden on the country to which I belong from this moment; and the only ambition I have is to share with the Emperor the love and esteem of the French people.

"I beg you, M. le Préfet, to express to your Council my very sincere thanks, and to accept the assurance of my great esteem.

"EUGÉNIE, COMTESSE DE TÉBA.

"PALAIS DE L'ÉLYSÉE, *January 26th*, 1853."

In conformity with this wish of the bride of the Emperor the sum voted by the City Council was used for the erection of an establishment in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, where young girls receive a professional education. This establishment was opened in the year 1857, and placed under the protection of her Majesty; in it were accommodations for 300 pupils.

But not satisfied with declining the gift of the Paris Municipal Council and suggesting its use for charitable purposes, the Countess of Téba set the example she wished others to follow, by taking the 250,000 francs the Emperor had placed among her wedding presents, and sending them to be distributed among the poor.

In order to be always informed of cases where help and assistance to the sick were especially needed, the Empress, during the whole period of her reign, was surrounded by a staff of persons whose business it was to inquire into the condition of the poor and suffering, and to report the result of their investigations to her personally.

Her Majesty not only generously disposed of her fortune in charitable work and gave assistance in special cases on the representation of others, but she went herself to visit the needy, even in the most remote quarters of her capital.

Frequently, and especially in winter when the indigent suffer the most, the Empress left her palace *incognito,* accompanied by one faithful attendant only, to visit the dwellings where she had been informed there was destitution and distress. On many occasions she ascended to the attics where the poor persons lived, not minding the fatigue, and sat down by the beds, without fearing contagion, to encourage the sick by her presence and with kind words.

The courage and self-sacrifice she at times exhibited, when engaged in benevolent and charitable work, were conspicuously shown during her memorable visits to the cholera hospitals in Paris and at Amiens.

On October 23d, 1865, cholera was epidemic in the city of Paris, and the deaths had within a few days increased so rapidly, that a state of panic reigned among the inhabitants. Most of those who were able to do so had left, or were preparing to leave, the city, but the Empress Eugénie took this opportunity to give to her subjects an example of courage. It is well known that fear is a very effective agent in the propagation of disease. The Empress, wishing to show that there was no good reason for fear, visited successively the cholera patients at the Beaujon, Lariboisière, and Saint Antoine hospitals.

I may mention a little incident that occurred at this time. When visiting the Hospital of Saint Antoine, the Empress addressed a question to a patient; the man, whose sight had become weak, on account of his being in a state of collapse and at the point of death, answered, "Yes, my sister."

"My friend," said the Lady Superior of the hospital, "it is not I who speak to you, but the Empress."

"Do not correct him, my good Mother," said her Maj-

esty; "it is the most beautiful name he could have given to me."

And when, on returning to the palace, one of her ladies-in-waiting, having learned where she had been, said: "I am sorry you did not ask me to go with you—if I am permitted to participate in your pleasures, I think it is only right that I should share your dangers," the Empress replied: "No, my dear; it was my duty as Empress to take this risk; but I should do very wrongly were I to request you, who are a mother and have other duties, to imperil your life unnecessarily."

In the following year the cholera raged fearfully among the unfortunate inhabitants of Amiens, where the alarm was greater, if possible, than it had been in Paris. On the 4th of July, upon the receipt of the news of the enormous number of deaths that had occurred there, the Empress left her capital, accompanied by the Countess de Lourmet and the Marquis de Piennes, and hastened to Amiens, where, immediately upon arriving, she drove to the Hôtel Dieu. She visited all the wards of this hospital without exception, stopping at the bed of every patient. Taking their hands, she spoke to them kindly, and perhaps saved the lives of many by thus reviving their hopes. As she was about to depart, two little children who had been made orphans by the epidemic were pointed out to her by M. Cornuau. When the Empress beheld them, she instantly said: "I adopt them. They shall be provided for." Many of the bystanders, at these words of her Majesty, were moved to tears.

From the Hôtel Dieu, the Empress drove to the City Hall, where she remained for a short time, and afterward visited the hospitals in the Rue de Noyon, kept by the *Petites-Sœurs-des-Pauvres,* the charitable institutions in the Quartier Saint-Leu, and in the Rue Gresset, and many other hospitals besides. And then she went to the great Cathedral—the noble and solemn magnificence of which so

impressed Napoleon, that he exclaimed: "An atheist would not feel at home here!"—to pray to God to deliver the good city of Amiens from the power of the scourge.

In order to perpetuate the remembrance of this visit to Amiens, a painting representing the Empress at the bed of a cholera patient was placed in one of the halls of the museum of that city. The Municipal Council of Amiens has, however, lately ordered this painting to be taken away. But the visit of her Majesty, who came as an angel of pity in the hour of suffering, will long be remembered by the inhabitants of the ancient capital of Picardy.

Always faithful to her Church, and sedulously observant of her religious obligations and duties, the Empress is absolutely free from any suspicion of sacerdotalism.

As the Emperor himself said of her: "She is pious but not bigoted." How could she ever have been bigoted, with Henri Beyle as the mentor of her youth, and Mérimée the friend of her later years; both accomplished *littérateurs* and men of the world, but materialists both, and each capable—if men ever were—of eating a priest for breakfast? Indeed, the society in which she passed her whole life from her earliest childhood, if not precisely latitudinarian, was one of great intellectual breadth, in which questions of every sort were discussed on every side and with the utmost freedom.

When M. Duruy proposed to open the University for "the higher education" of girls he brought down upon himself the wrath of the ultra-Catholic party, led by Dupanloup, the fiery Bishop of Orleans, and encouraged by Pius IX. himself, who praised the Bishop for having "denounced those men who, charged with the administration of public affairs, were favoring the designs of impiety by new and unheard-of attempts, and imprudently putting the last hand to the ruin of social order." That such opinions were not her opinions, the Empress did not hesitate to

openly declare, and she emphasized her position with respect to these "designs of impiety" by sending her nieces to attend the lectures at the Sorbonne.

Whatever in her own mind she might hold to be the ultimate truth, she had learned and believed that religion was largely a personal matter and an inheritance, and, consequently, has always regarded with tolerance, and with sympathy even, the members of every confession and the worshipers at altars other than her own. And this tolerance is genuine and true. It is no product of policy or indifference. It is the result of knowledge. For the Empress has discovered, as many of us have, that respect for the temples of others in no way weakens, but rather strengthens, the veneration in which we hold our own holy places.

I shall never forget her unconcealed indignation on a certain occasion—since she has been living in England—when some one remarked: "It was the man's religion, I suppose, that condemned him." "No!" said she, starting up suddenly; "a religion should condemn no one. I don't believe it. It would be a disgrace to our Christian civilization—to any civilization." And turning towards me she continued: "You are a Protestant, I am a Catholic, another is a Jew. Is the difference in our religious opinions, in our forms of worship of one and the same great God, a reason why we should be not equal before the law? Is it on the pretext of these differences that we are to be refused justice in our courts? The idea is monstrous! There is but one justice before God; and it belongs to all men alike, rich or poor, black or white, Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Gentile." And these opinions—this large and tolerant spirit—owed nothing to her altered situation in life and a new environment.

Some time in the early sixties, the Grand Rabbi of France received a note asking him to come to the Tuileries on the following morning. His astonishment was great.

What had he done that should have provoked this sudden summons? With fear and trepidation he went to the palace, and was ushered into the apartment of a chamberlain. Here he was told that the Empress wished to see him. On being introduced into her cabinet the Empress to his surprise received him very graciously; but he was, if possible, still more astonished when he learned her Majesty's object in requesting him to come to the palace: She wished to obtain his advice and cooperation in a charity in which she was greatly interested—one intended for the special benefit of the Jews.

Nor did the Empress restrict her liberalities and activities to work that was merely eleemosynary and philanthropic. She was keenly interested in everything that might extend the moral power, the civilizing influence, the language, and the fame of the French nation. She was ever ready to encourage literature, art, and science by appreciative words and helpful gifts.

Those famous "house parties" at Compiègne were not assemblies, as so often represented, of men and women preoccupied with fashion and the frivolities of life, but of persons distinguished in the liberal professions and arts, or for their special accomplishments or personal achievements. An invitation to pass a week in her society was among the gracious ways the Empress took to encourage those who were striving to widen and enrich the field of knowledge and cultivate a love of the true and the beautiful in the service of man, and to express her recognition of the merits of a Leverrier or a Pasteur, of an Ernest Legouvé, a Gérôme, or a Gounod. And was it not Flandrin who wrote to his friend Laurens to tell him how the Empress never ceased in her attentions to him while he was a guest at Compiègne? That this generous hospitality was appreciated, at the time, by those who were privileged to enjoy it, we may feel quite sure when a man of the eminence and sobriety of speech of M. Victor Cousin—who always stood

aloof from the Empire—could write to her and say: "The esteem of such a person as you ought to satisfy the most ambitious."

But for the things of the mind themselves she had a genuine love. Nothing delighted her more than to be able to steal away with some book that had captured her fancy, and, all alone by herself, devour its contents. She was also fond of drawing, and of painting in water-colors; and she made many original designs and sketches, intended to show landscape effects, for the use of the engineers who were engaged in laying out the Bois de Boulogne. She was even a competitor for the prize offered for the best design for the new Opera House; and if she failed to obtain it, she at least had the satisfaction of hearing that her work was judged to be of sufficient excellence to entitle it to an "honorable mention."

Much of the decorative painting in the Empress' apartments at the Tuileries was designed and executed under her immediate direction. Taking Cabanel one day into her *cabinet de travail*—"There," said she, "is a panel—you see there is nothing on it but a cord. Make me a picture for it. If you don't," she continued, looking at the artist with the utmost gravity, "the cord can be used to hang—you." And so it was that to escape being hung himself, Cabanel painted his famous picture of "Ruth"—and then his fine portrait of Napoleon III., that was placed in the same room.

The Empress was a sincere lover of Art, of healthy Art, of architecture, of pictures of nature as seen out-of-doors under the sky, of the mysterious and ever-changing sea, and of the land in its infinite variety of shape, of texture, and of color—of mountains, and valleys, and streams, and fields, and trees, and cattle. Indeed, for homely, rural pictures she has always had a strong predilection. One, therefore, will not be surprised to hear that she was an early admirer of the works of Rosa Bonheur, or

that she publicly recognized the merits of that highly gifted woman by attaching with her own hands the Cross of the Legion of Honor to the lapel of Rosa's jacket. But gifted as she was with fine artistic sense, she appreciated genius wherever she saw it. How much M. Violet le Duc, the famous archæological architect, owed to her may never be known. Not always, however, was her generous patronage forgotten. The deposed sovereign still possesses many souvenirs of grateful remembrance from artists whom she encouraged and aided when she had the power to do so. But the one cherished above all others, and never out of her Majesty's sight when she is at Farnborough, is Carpeaux' statue of the Prince Imperial standing by the side of his dog Nero—a work of beauty—a figure full of grace, the lines in the face of which are as pure and charming as those in the bust of the young Augustus.

With the extraordinary curiosity to know that characterized the Empress, it is not surprising that she was passionately fond of traveling; that she wished to see the great world beyond the borders of France, and loved to visit strange lands, and to listen to reports and stories about distant or unexplored countries. Indeed, such was her interest in these matters that in July, 1869, she set aside from her own private purse the sum of 200,000 francs as a perpetual fund, the interest of which—estimated at 10,000 francs—was to be awarded annually to the Frenchman who during the preceding year should have made the most important contribution to geographical knowledge.

And every one knows the deep interest she took in the construction of the Suez Canal; how warmly she espoused the cause of M. de Lesseps in 1865; how she encouraged him in the hours of his greatest difficulty; how he acknowledged her to be the "guardian angel of the canal," to have been to him "what Isabella, the Catholic, was to Christopher Columbus"; and how she went to Egypt to enjoy with him his triumph, and to rejoice during those glorious

and splendid days when the waters of the Red Sea and those of the Mediterranean were formally joined together, and a new pathway was opened to the commerce of the world by French genius, energy, and perseverance. I can never forget her radiant figure as she stood on the bridge of the *Aigle,* while the Imperial yacht slowly passed by the immense throng that had assembled on the banks of the canal to greet her Majesty on her arrival at Ismalia. What a welcome she received from those children of the desert! "*Vive l'Impératrice!*" "*Vive Eugénie!*"—with cannon firing, and a thousand flags and banners waving. But not to herself did she take these honors. It was to France that she gave them—as, finally overcome with patriotic feeling, she covered her eyes with her handkerchief to suppress her tears. And the pity of it all! Only a few years later this great work with its vast consequences slipped forever out of the feeble hands that held it.

While recording here some of my personal impressions and souvenirs relating particularly to those moral attributes with which in my judgment her Majesty was so richly endowed, it may be interesting to note that, after the fall of the Empire, there was found at the Tuileries a manuscript in the handwriting of the Emperor, containing his own appreciation of the character of his consort. It was written in 1868, fifteen years after his marriage.

In it, among other things, he says: "The character of the Empress still remains that of a lady of the simplest and most natural tastes. . . . The lot of all classes of the unfortunate constantly awakens her special solicitude. . . . How many generous reforms she still pursues with marvelous perseverance! A little of the young *Phalansterian* is still to be found in her. The condition of women, singularly preoccupies her. Her efforts are given to the elevation of her sex. . . . At Compiègne nothing is more attractive than a tea-party of the Empress (*un thé de l'Impératrice*).

"Surrounded by a select circle, she talks with equal facility upon the most abstract questions, or on the most familiar topics of the day. The freshness of her powers of perception, and the strength, the boldness even, of her opinions at once impress and captivate. Her mode of expressing herself, occasionally incorrect, is full of color and of life. With astonishing power of exact expression in conversation on common affairs, she rises, in remarks on matters of state or morality, to a pitch of real eloquence.

"Pious without being bigoted, well informed without being pedantic, she talks on all subjects without constraint. She perhaps is too fond of discussion. Very sprightly in her nature, she often lets herself be carried away by her feelings, which have more than once excited enmities; but her exaggerations have invariably, for their foundation, the love of that which is good."

The love and admiration of the Emperor for her whom he had chosen to be his life companion only increased as the years passed. He was proud of her beauty; so much so that he was heard to say, more than once, as she appeared, dressed for some public occasion, "*Comme elle est belle!*" But he was in reality, as one may see from the language he uses in describing his consort, still prouder of her intellectual and moral qualities. He was forever charmed by the brilliancy of her conversation, and still more so by the sincerity of her character and the purity of her ideals in all matters of conduct. The Emperor and the Empress thoroughly understood and thoroughly appreciated each other; and their mutual affection was indissolubly united in their love of an only son, a love which knew no bounds and was complete and perfect. This was the light of the life of each.

Were I to express in a few words what to me has always seemed to be the distinguishing quality of her Majesty's character, I should say it is her perfect naturalness. She was always at home, in every sense of that word. In what-

ever situation she might be placed, she was as free from self-consciousness as a child. It was the spontaneity of the spoken word, the freedom of movement, its instinctive grace, and, above all, the spiritual sincerity apparent in every word and act, that gave to her personality its irresistible charm. And yet this characterization would fail to express the whole truth, did I not say that her Majesty is not exempt from the defects of her qualities. Had she permitted herself to be less under the empire of her natural impulses, and less frequently given to the vivacious expression of her feelings and her thoughts, and been more observant of the conventionalities that were inseparable from her official station and were often imperative, she might have avoided much of the criticism to which she has been subjected and to which, I have no doubt, she for the most part unconsciously and innocently exposed herself. She has suffered, and sometimes severely, in the judgment of the world, as have other women—as does all emotional imaginative humanity that is in the habit of speaking with little premeditation and without much reserve. To words expressing merely the passing sentiment of the moment a meaning was often imputed which they were never intended to convey. Sometimes, they were supposed to represent her political convictions and sometimes her personal antipathies. They generally represented neither.

To one of his friends who thought he had occasion to complain of a rather sharp remark addressed to him by her Majesty, the Emperor replied: "You know the Empress is very hasty—but in reality she is very fond of you!"

As for her Majesty's political convictions and sympathies, I will only say, in this connection, that they have been grossly misrepresented—for partizan purposes. The 4th of September must be justified; it is always injustice that requires instant and persistent justification. It is the old—the everlasting story: "And then they began to accuse him, saying we found this fellow perverting the nation."

When the protagonists of the Third Republic have passed away, and the history of the Second Empire can be judged without prejudice, the true character of the Empress Eugénie—her public virtues, her goodness and her kindness, especially to the poor, will be recognized and gratefully remembered by the French people. It is the business, it is the duty, of posterity to rectify the mistakes of contemporary opinion; but happily, as Alexandre Dumas, the younger, has wittily said of this opinion, when it relates to French affairs: "*La postérité commence aux frontières de la France.*"

CHAPTER IV

THE IMPERIAL COURT—THE WAR OF THE REBELLION

The Imperial Court—"Paris the heaven of Americans"—The banquet to General John A. Dix—The American colony—How things have changed—Parisian Society in those days—Causes of its decadence—Its "exoticism"—Sunt lacrimæ rerum—The War of the Rebellion—The Emperor not unfriendly to our Government—Mr. William M. Dayton—How I kept the Emperor informed with respect to the progress of the War—The Roebuck incident—The Emperor is urged to recognize the Southern Confederacy—How he came to suggest friendly mediation—He sends for me to come to Compiègne—The interview and what came of it—My visit to America—Interviews with Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward—Visit to City Point—Conversations with General Grant—His opinion of "political generals"—The Emperor's first words on my return—Why the Imperial Government did not recognize the Southern Confederacy—The Mexican Expedition—The assassination of Mr. Lincoln—The United States Sanitary Commission—The Empress' letter to me.

I HAD the honor of being among the first of the Americans that the Emperor knew intimately, although before I made his acquaintance in Paris he had visited the United States. Having arrived there in March, 1837, with the intention of remaining at least a year for the purpose of studying the institutions of the country, in less than three months he was called back to Europe suddenly by the illness of his mother. Of the few acquaintances he made in this brief visit he retained to the end of his life very pleasant memories; for the most enduring trait in his character, and the one perhaps most strongly marked, was his lively remem-

brance of kindnesses shown him, particularly when he was an exile. He never forgot a person, however lowly, who had been kind to him in England, Germany, Italy, or wherever else he had lived; and he afterward, when Emperor, gave to some of these persons positions of which they were scarcely worthy. He would even go to much trouble to find out what had become of men who made no effort to recall themselves to his memory. It was most natural, therefore, that he should remember his visit to America, under the unhappy circumstances which caused him to leave Europe, and never forgot the attentions he received while in New York and in other cities of the United States, for they were bestowed when he was in the greatest need of sympathy and most susceptible of kindness.

At no court in Europe were Americans more *en évidence* than at that of the Tuileries during the entire reign of Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie. They both spoke the English language perfectly, and the Emperor had that broad way of looking at things, those liberal ideas, that love of progress, which enabled him to appreciate the greatness of our rapidly growing country, the energy of our men, the beauty and elegance of our women, their sparkling wit and self-dependence. In fact Americans were always well received at the Imperial Court, especially if they were men or women of distinction, intelligence, and refinement; and the number of these, particularly of women remarkable for their social accomplishments, who were to be found in Paris during the Empire, either as residents or as occasional visitors, was very large.

Less rigid in its etiquette than most European courts, and at the same time more splendid in its ceremonial forms; the center of political power on the Continent, and the mirror of fashion for the whole world; a stage on which were assembled the celebrities of the day, statesmen, diplomatists, generals, persons eminent in letters and in art, men

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.
From a photograph taken about 1865.

distinguished in every field of human interest, and women as famous for their wit as for the elegance of their toilets and their personal charms, preeminent among whom was the lovely Empress herself, a vision of beauty and grace, always with a pleasant word, or a sweet smile, or a bow of recognition for every one—is it wonderful that Paris, in those days, seemed most attractive to Americans?

It used often to be said, "Paris is the heaven of Americans;" and we were even encouraged by the late Mr. Tom Appleton, of Boston, to be virtuous and pious, by the assurance "that all good Americans when they die go to Paris." And should this assurance be regarded by a few incorrigible skeptics as the language of transcendent metaphor, certainly no foreign visitors to the splendid capital of France were better able than we Americans to understand how a Frenchman, how Sainte Beuve could say: "*O Paris! c'est chez toi qu'il est doux de vivre, c'est chez toi que je veux mourir.*"

Never at any time were the Governments of Europe so splendidly represented at the French Court. The ambassadors, the ministers, and the attachés of the Embassies and Legations were not only diplomatists of great ability, but were men of the world; and their wives were generally equally remarkable for their intelligence and brilliant social accomplishments. Men and women like Lord and Lady Cowley, Count Hübner, the Prince and Princess de Metternich, M. de Goltz, Baron Byens, Count Andrassy, MM. de Stückelburg and Kisseleff, the Count and Countess Hatzfeld, Signor Nigra, and scores of others of equal rank and distinction, could not fail by their presence to add luster to a court already remarkable for its elegance and urbanity.

It was my good fortune to have professional relations with the families of nearly all the diplomats who at different times, from 1852 to 1870, were accredited to the Imperial Government; and I am pleased now to remember a considerable number of those whose acquaintance I first

made in this way, not so much because they were men and women conspicuous in the social life and the political history of the time, as because I have always felt that I could count them among the number of my warmest and truest friends. I think I may say this without indiscretion. At least I hope it may be accepted as evidence that I am not speaking without knowledge of the time of which I am writing.

It is well known that my countrymen, during the last few years of the Second Empire, were in the enjoyment of such privileges at Court as to be regarded with no little envy by the members of all the foreign colonies in Paris. At the splendid receptions given in the winter, in the great salons of Apollo and the First Consul, where the whole world was brilliantly represented, few of the foreign ministers or ambassadors ventured to bring with them more than three or four of their compatriots. But our Minister was generally attended by a full squadron of his fair countrywomen, the delighted witnesses of pageants of which they themselves were one of the chief ornaments. Could it be expected that one should not sometimes hear it said: "Ah, those American Democrats! How they do love kings and princes, the pomps and ceremonies of courts!" And they did love to see them then, and still do, in these days of the triumphant Democracy—not at home, but abroad, where they leave it to their Minister or Ambassador, dressed like an undertaker, to represent the Jeffersonian simplicity of the great American Republic.

Nor can some of us ever forget the gala days and Venetian nights at Saint Cloud, at Fontainebleau, and Compiègne; nor those brilliant scenes on the ice, in the Bois de Boulogne, where all Paris assembled to enjoy the skating, gay and happy in the keen air resonant with laughter, our countrywomen winning the admiration of every one for grace of movement, and elegance of dress, and sureness of foot, leaving it to others to provide the *gaucheries* and the

falls; nor how the Emperor and the Empress joined with the rest in the exhilarating sport, and enjoyed the fun of it all with the zest and enthusiasm of youth.

Large as was the number of Americans almost always present at the concerts and balls given at the Tuileries, who received through the United States Legation their invitations for these as well as for other great official functions, reviews, and festivals, the Emperor—thinking that it might be particularly agreeable to Americans to witness these displays, coming as they did from a country where such spectacles were seldom if ever seen—often asked me to furnish the names and addresses of any of my country people who, being in Paris, I thought might like to receive invitations. And many of them would never have seen some of the most brilliant assemblies and interesting ceremonies that took place during a very remarkable period in French history—a period of unparalleled magnificence—had they not been favored in this way.

Perhaps the most notable of these pageants—those which appealed most strongly to the popular imagination—were the entries into Paris made by the army on its return from the Crimea in 1855, and by the "Army of Italy" in 1859. They were triumphs "such as were formerly accorded by the Roman Senate to its victorious legions"; and when the Imperial eagles "which had conquered for France the rank that was her due," and the captured standards and cannon, and the tattered colors, and the bronzed and war-worn heroes passed in review on the Place Vendôme, before the Emperor, on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant staff drawn up at the foot of the column made of the guns captured at Austerlitz, the scene was most impressive.

I remember, as if it were yesterday, the 14th of August, 1859; the extraordinary display, on this occasion, of flags and banners, and decorative devices and inscriptions, in the Rue de la Paix and the principal boulevards; the triumphal arches; the immense ornamental columns surmounted by

colossal Victories holding in their outstretched hands golden wreaths or crowns of laurel; the rich draperies spread from balcony to balcony across the façades of the buildings that front upon the Place Vendôme; the great tribunes to the right and the left, rising tier upon tier, and filled with thousands of people; and the gallery built over the entrance of the Ministry of Justice, where, under a magnificent canopy of crimson velvet, studded with golden bees and fringed with gold, the Empress sat, surrounded by the ladies of her Court, while all the neighboring windows and balconies were occupied by the great dignitaries of the Empire in their showy uniforms or robes of office, and by ladies in elegant costumes—the very roofs of the houses being covered with spectators. As regiment after regiment passed along the line of march flowers were thrown from every window and cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" arose on every side. Suddenly, as a great body of cavalry debouched from the Rue de la Paix on to the Place, a baby—the little Prince Imperial, now three years old—dressed in the blue-and-red uniform of the *Grenadiers de la Garde,* was lifted up on to the pommel of the saddle in front of the Emperor. The scene that immediately followed is indescribable. The waving of handkerchiefs, the dipping of colors, the flashing of sabers, the storm of *vivas* that rang out from the officers, the soldiers, the tribunes, the whole vast assembly, to acclaim the little Prince on his first appearance in public, appeared to be without end. This union of the future of the nation with the triumph of the army of Solférino and Magenta, at the foot of the monument that commemorated the victories of the founder of the dynasty, seemed most auspicious and touched the hearts of the people. They had been brought in contact with the forces that govern the world, and the contagion of the human feeling set in motion was so strong, so irresistible, that even the most irreconcilable enemies of the Government were carried away by it, and, joining in the demonstration, threw flowers at the feet of

the Emperor and his son, and cried out with all their might: "*Vive l'Armée! Vive la France!*"

Few of those who were present on either of these occasions will ever forget the immense enthusiasm with which the spectacle revived again the glories of the "Grand Army" and the memory of Napoleon.

Say what some Frenchmen may now, there were never prouder days in the history of France than these.

In June, 1869, a banquet was given by the American colony to General John A. Dix, who was about to leave Paris, having just retired from his post as our Minister to the Imperial Court, after he had served his country faithfully, and had won the esteem, the admiration, and the love, I may say, of all who were fortunate enough to have made his acquaintance. Nearly four hundred Americans were assembled together on this occasion, which was the most brilliant of its kind in the history of our colony. A soldier by training, General Dix was widely acquainted with the world, deliberate in his judgments, not inclined to exaggeration, and, withal, possessed a delicate and highly cultivated sense of the true and the beautiful. His reply to the toast offered in his honor was remarkable in many respects; but among the words then spoken by him, none perhaps are better worth remembering and repeating than these:

"The advantages enjoyed in Paris by the American Colony, which has become so populous as almost to constitute a distinctive feature in the physiognomy of the city, can be by none better appreciated than by ourselves. We are living without personal taxation or exactions of any sort in this most magnificent of modern capitals, full of objects of interest, abounding in all that can gratify the taste, as well as in sources of solid information; and these treasures of art and of knowledge are freely opened to our inspection and use. Nor is this all. We are invited to participate most liberally—far more liberally than at

any other Court in Europe—in the hospitalities of the palace. I have myself, during the two years and a half of my service here, presented to their Imperial Majesties more than three hundred of our fellow-citizens of both sexes; and a much larger number presented in former years have during the same period shared the same courtesies.

"In liberal views, and in that comprehensive forecast which shapes the policy of the present to meet the exigencies of the future, the Emperor seems to me to be decidedly in advance of his ministers, and even of the popular body chosen by universal suffrage to aid him in his legislative labors. Of her who is the sharer of his honors and the companion of his toils, who in the hospital, at the altar, or on the throne, is alike exemplary in the discharge of her varied duties, whether incident to her position or voluntarily taken upon herself, it is difficult for me to speak without rising above the common language of eulogium. As in the history of the ruder sex great luminaries have from time to time risen high above the horizon, to break and at the same time to illustrate the monotony of the general movement, so, in the annals of hers, brilliant lights have at intervals shone forth and shed their luster upon the stately march of regal pomp and power. Such was one of her royal predecessors; of whom Edmund Burke said, 'There never lighted on this orb, which she scarcely seemed to touch, a more delightful vision.' Such was that radiant Queen of Bohemia whose memory history has embalmed, and to whom Sir Henry Wotton, in a moment of poetic exaltation, compared the beauties of the skies. And such is she of whom I am speaking. When I have seen her taking part in that most imposing, as I think, of all Imperial pageants—the opening of the Legislative Chamber, standing amid the assembled magistracy of Paris and of France, surrounded by the representatives of the talent, the genius, the learning, the literature, and

the piety of this great Empire; or amid the resplendent scenes of the palace, moving about with a gracefulness all her own, and with a simplicity of manner which has a double charm when allied to exalted rank and station, I confess I have more than once whispered to myself, and I believe not always inaudibly, that beautiful verse of the graceful and courtly Claudian, the last of the Roman poets:

'*Divino semita gressu claruit*'

or, rendered into our plain English and stripped of its poetic hyperbole, 'the very path she treads is radiant with her unrivaled step.'"

The special favors accorded to the members of our colony by the Imperial Court were duly appreciated. They gave pleasure to us, but, in turn, by benefiting the furnishers of all the beautiful things loved and admired by Americans, they gave pleasure to the French also.

The proportion of resident members in the American colony was much greater than at present, and our colony then formed a far more considerable and influential section of Parisian society than it does to-day. And it was all the while, up to the fall of the Empire, constantly growing by the increase of its permanent elements.

During this period, the cost of living in Paris was relatively small. Rents were low, the domestic service nearly perfect, and luxuries of every sort cheap. The educational facilities were ample, not expensive, and of a high order. Paris was not only a delightful place for the rich to live in, but large numbers of Americans with moderate incomes found that they could reside here free from a multitude of cares, in comparative elegance, members of a cultivated and refined society, and at the same time could secure for their children the advantages and accomplishments of a superior education.

New York, Philadelphia, and Boston were always well

represented in our colony. But the Southern contingent was perhaps the strongest. It represented a large constituency and a class of Americans accustomed to spend money freely. If the war of 1861–65 reduced the incomes of these Southern colonists, it greatly increased their number. Moreover, up to 1861 the American Minister to France was generally a Southern man—the series ending with William C. Rives, John Y. Mason, and Charles J. Falkner, all of Virginia.

Owing to the great increase in the population and wealth of the United States, the number of Americans who visit Paris every year is larger now than it was twenty-five or thirty years ago. But few of these visitors remain here long, and those who do have generally preferred to pitch their tents among the nomads of the *Quartier Latin,* rather than live in the more conventional and fashionable *Quartier de l'Étoile.*

How things have changed with us here in Paris since 1870! Who are the Americans that are invited to the official receptions to-day? The members of our Embassy and a few persons on special missions. The relations between Americans and the representatives of the French Government are now wholly official and perfunctory. Left, since the disappearance of the Imperial Court, without a recognized head and arbiter of forms and ceremonies, and procedures and precedents, Parisian society has become broken up into circles and cliques, and small bodies which move about subject to no law, and whose being and coherence would seem to be determined solely by mutual repulsion.

The tone of Parisian society in those days was quite unlike that which has since obtained. It was cosmopolitan and not provincial, and was a reflex of the political prestige of the Empire both at home and abroad. It was a society full of movement and originality, of unconventionality, and gaiety, and charm. The admirable taste,

the artistic sentiment and distinction shown by those who best represented it, especially in everything relating to manners, and dress, and the outward appearance of the person, found expression in a word which was then frequently used to symbolize the sum of all these mundane elegancies. The women of those days were not more beautiful than are the women of the Republic; but the women of the Empire had *chic.* Every one then who was somebody in society—man or woman—was *chic,* if not by nature or by grace, by example and habit. As this word is now obsolescent, at least, it would seem as if the qualities it was intended to express were gradually dying out. Nor is it surprising that it should be so—that with the change in the Government there should have been a social revulsion as well, and that Parisian society under the Republic should imitate the stiff and meager conventionalities and formalisms of the *bourgeois* monarchy; should sneer at "the meretricious splendor of the Imperial Court"; should scoff at the *cocodettes* and *femmes exotiques* of the Second Empire, and cultivate a narrow, repellent, and exclusive Nationalism; or, moved by the Democratic spirit that is now, at the end of the century, sweeping over the world, should be rather proud than otherwise of the cotton umbrellas of Louis Philippe, and the frugalities of M. Grévy.

The generous hospitality extended to foreign visitors by the Imperial Court was often—*sub rosâ*—the subject of envious or cynical comment on the part of those who witnessed it. But the journalists and chroniclers of the day were polite to strangers. Since the fall of the Empire, however, its "exoticism," as it is called, has become a sort of Turk's head with a certain class of writers. "The distinguished but slightly *bourgeois* element that constituted society under Louis Philippe"—to use the language of one of these writers—was shocked by the introduction into France of outdoor sports such as tennis, and

archery, and hunting; and was made inconsolable on learning that "*l'argot britannique des jockeys*" had forced its way into Salons once famous as the *officines* of the degermanised Hegelianism of M. Cousin. These political moralists and incorruptible patriots pretend to have discovered in a fondness for foreigners and foreign ideas the origin of the frivolity, the unbridled license and corruption which, they allege, prevailed during nearly the whole of the Imperial *régime;* and that one of the contributory causes of the present general decadence of French society—which they acknowledge—was the favor accorded by the *Tout Paris* of that time to princes and nabobs from Asia and Africa, and to successful American speculators, and traders in pork and sewing-machines. I have no doubt that there are persons who sincerely believe these things, but they are certainly not those who have most vehemently and persistently asserted them—something much easier to do than to make evident to the world the preeminent excellence and unsullied purity of political and social life in the French capital, during the Monarchy and under the third Republic. Indeed, much of this silly criticism is only a rehash of the gossip of "salons" that under the Empire were *démodés* and had become merely the convenient *rendez-vous* of literary Bohemians, emancipated women and politicians out of business—in short of the uncompromising Opposition. The simple truth is that if foreigners were treated with especial hospitality and courtesy at the Imperial Court, it was only a proper and polite recognition of the homage the whole world was then pleased to pay to France, and to the sovereigns who represented with such distinction a nation which under their rule had gained the ascendency it lost at the Restoration and had become once more, and beyond dispute, the dominant power on the European Continent.

There was a time when all roads led to Rome. But when Rome ceased to be the Capital of the world and be-

came the capital of Italy and the See of a Bishop, roads were built to meet the requirements of the multitude of foreigners who preferred to travel in other directions.

If there is no longer an American society here, if London has captured it—in part, at least—it is because Paris is now socially dead.

The lights that once shone here have been extinguished, the guests—the entertained as well as the entertainers—have gone. The very palace even, where they were wont to assemble, has been destroyed by the torch of the incendiary. The *chef d'œuvre* of Philibert Delorme and Jean Bullant, with its majestic pavilions, its noble galleries and salons, with all their rich embellishments, the work of three hundred years of the genius and æsthetic sentiment of France; the sculptures and paintings, the furniture and the tapestries, the polished bronze and marble, the splendid staircase—on the steps of which at either side the *cent gardes* stood like statues on State occasions; and the magnificent *Salle des Maréchaux*—where the great ceremonies were held—resplendent with mural decorations and velvet draperies, and traceries of gold, and superb chandeliers hanging from the ceiling like vast masses of jewels, and adorned with the portraits and busts of dead heroes; and the brilliant uniforms and elegant toilettes, and the music, and the flowers, and the spectacular effects of the moving and constantly changing scene, which opened to the admiring eyes of the throng a new world of beauty and of grace—all these glories and these pageants have vanished, and the world now knows them, and will know them, no more forever—except as history or legend. *Sunt lacrimæ rerum.*

It has been the habit of Americans to say of Napoleon III. that he was not friendly to our Government during the War of the Rebellion.

At the beginning of this war, it is quite certain that

nearly everybody in Europe felt a sympathy for the South, for it seemed to be the weaker party. Sharing this general feeling, the Emperor may have had, moreover, a passing and chivalric sentiment of admiration for the stubborn, plucky, and gallant resistance which the seceding States offered to the Federal Government. It should be remembered also that a very considerable part of the territory of the Confederacy once belonged to France, and that the largest and richest city of the South—New Orleans—to great numbers of Frenchmen has always seemed to be a city of their own people.

Then, again, commercial interests were deeply concerned, and became more and more so as the war went on. National industries were paralyzed and markets lost. Thousands of working men were idle.* And after great battles had been fought that decided nothing, and apparently tended to no definite conclusion, the people, more particularly in England and France, began to grow tired of hearing of the continued slaughter in what, to them, seemed to be an interminable war.

The French, however, were less interested than the English in the final issue of the war; and the French Press was much more moderate in its tone than the English Press, from which, however, it obtained most of its information

* A bill that opened a credit of five millions of francs in behalf of the working men in the manufacturing districts especially affected by the American war was passed in January, 1863, by the unanimous consent of the French Assembly. But as early as March, 1862, the Emperor had sent as a personal gift to the operatives—principally in cotton-mills—now out of work, the sum of 250,000 francs. "In some departments the sufferings of these men were very severe. In that of the *Seine Inférieure* the number of laborers who were thrown out of work was estimated at one hundred and thirty thousand. Private charity cooperated with the Legislature, and on January 26th two million francs had already been absorbed. The resignation and patriotic attitude of the working men were generally commended; and on May 4th the Legislature voted a new credit of one million two hundred thousand francs in their behalf."—*American Annual Cyclopedia.*

and misinformation with respect to American affairs. Few Americans living, in the present era of good feeling, have any adequate idea of the intense hostility exhibited towards the Government of President Lincoln in English official circles and in the British Parliament, not by the Tory opposition alone, but by the leading representatives of the Liberal Government of the day—Gladstone, Roebuck, Lord Brougham—Blanche, Tray, and Sweetheart—it was the same cry: "Jefferson Davis has created a new nation and the Yankee war must be stopped." *

The Southern Confederacy was ably represented in Europe; its agents were numerous, intelligent, and active. But public sympathy was of little practical service to their cause; what they wanted to secure was the effective aid of the European governments—recognition, at least. In France, especially, their work was principally within official circles—although unofficial. Mr. Slidell, the Commissioner of the Confederate Government, unrecognized at the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, sought to confer with other members of the Imperial Government and directly with the Emperor himself. In this and in all his doings he had the active cooperation of large numbers of Southern men and women who resided in Paris during the war; and the Southern ladies, who formed a brilliant and influential society, vied with each other in their endeavors to enlist in support of their cause every one connected with the Imperial Court. It was most natural, since they were pleading for their homes and their families. Many of them had fathers, brothers, husbands, and sons fighting for what they regarded as birthrights. Their zeal, their strenuous efforts, and continued labor were not in vain, for the Court was almost entirely gained over to their side. The consequence was that the Emperor was constantly surrounded by those who sympathized with the South.

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* See Appendix IV.

I regret to say that there was another reason for this sympathy, there were men at Court holding high official positions who acted entirely from motives of self-interest. There were, to my knowledge, offers of large quantities of cotton made to some of these persons, if by their influence they could induce the Emperor to recognize the Southern Confederacy. The Emperor was, at times, absolutely beset by these people. According to them, the South was sure of success, and the inability of the Federal Government to carry on the war much longer was a constant theme with them. The Emperor listened to these statements in his usual quiet way, occasionally smiling, but whether because he was pleased or incredulous was never known; for he was never betrayed into consenting to an act or giving an opinion inconsistent with an attitude of complete neutrality, although he often expressed his desire, in the interest of humanity, to see the war brought to a close, in order that the suffering and loss of life necessarily caused by this cruel conflict might cease.

But when the real causes that led to the secession of the Southern States from the Federal Union began to be apparent, and it became clear that the leaders in this movement had but one end in view, namely, the creation of a powerful Republic for the perpetuation of human slavery, it grew more and more difficult for the Emperor, as for many others who could not fail to watch this great struggle with intense interest, to reconcile their very natural sympathies for the weak with a desire for the triumph of right and justice, and the advancement of civilization and happiness among men. However brilliantly the commercial benefits to Europe of a great cotton-growing, free-trade American Republic might be set forth, the condition on which alone they could be obtained—a sanction for the servitude of the black race—was intolerable to the European conscience. No man understood this better than Napoleon III. But the opinion of others was unnecessary

in this case, for the thought of servitude was always repugnant to him.

While a prisoner at Ham he wrote: "To-day the object of enlightened governments should be to devote their efforts to hasten the period when men may say, 'The triumph of democratic ideas has caused the extinction of pauperism; the triumph of the French Revolution has put an end to serfdom; the triumph of Christianity has destroyed slavery.'" And when finally he became Emperor, he did not forget his words; for the single object of his own life, constantly in mind to its very end, was to see these ideas realized in history.

I had personally the greatest respect for the American Minister at the French Court, Mr. William M. Dayton. He was an able lawyer, a most honorable and upright man, beloved by all who knew him, and universally esteemed. But Mr. Dayton was an exceedingly modest man, with a fine sense of the dignity of his office, and certainly would not have considered it proper that he should attempt to represent the United States before the French Government in any other than a strictly diplomatic way.

As a simple American citizen, I was free from all official responsibility. I knew that I could be of great service to my country, and whenever I felt that I ought to act or speak, I was restrained by no fear of being too intrusive or too strenuous. At the beginning of the war the Federal Government was unable to arm the soldiers who were called out by the President, and efforts were made to obtain military supplies in Europe. And I am happy to say, that in my capacity of private citizen I was able to obtain from a French company a large quantity of firearms which were sent with other military stores to the United States; and —what is of more importance in this connection—that the transaction was effected with the knowledge and permission of Napoleon III.

With the facilities I had of communicating directly with the Emperor and coming in contact, as I did every day, with the principal personages about the Court, and the most distinguished men in the Legislature, the Army, the Church, and in every walk of life, and with the members of their families, I had very frequent and unusual opportunities of defending the cause of our National Government. Moreover, my relations with my compatriots, my presumed acquaintance with American affairs, the deep interest I took in the preservation of our Union, and the confidence with which I predicted it, caused me and my opinions to be much sought after; and particularly as I, excepting perhaps Prince Napoleon, was the only person with pronounced Northern views having frequent access to the Emperor. I firmly believed in the eventual success of the Federal Government, and, being almost alone in that belief, I was compelled to keep myself well informed with respect to everything that might strengthen it and furnish me with facts and arguments to support and add weight to my assertions. I was constantly on the lookout for the latest news, and took special pains to meet and converse with those persons coming from America who could give me information, so that I might communicate it to the Emperor, who was never unwilling to hear "the other side." It was, therefore, necessary to be always at work to meet the statements, and thwart the designs, and destroy the hopes of the agents, accredited or unaccredited, of the Confederate Government, for "those who hear only one bell hear only one sound." I accordingly, as long as this terrible war lasted, continued to do what in ordinary circumstances is either not done, or is effected through diplomatic channels.

I always let Mr. Dayton know that I was keeping the Emperor informed of what was passing; and he rendered me all the assistance he could, never feeling that I was in any way interfering with his duties or prerogatives. A more patriotic, generous, and unselfish man could not be found.

I particularly endeavored to convey to the mind of the Emperor some idea of the fervent patriotism, the indomitable courage, the inexhaustible patience, and the undying devotion to their cause, of the men of the North. And I never lost an occasion to show him the progress we had made, or to call his attention to what our troops were doing. I supplied him continually with documents and newspapers containing important information relating to the war, and with maps that would aid him in following the movements of the different armies in the field. These were placed in a room at the Tuileries near his private cabinet. Here he frequently went to consult the maps, and to mark, with pins to which little flags were attached, the positions of the opposing armies. At times he was greatly interested in watching the movements of these armies, and made them even the subjects of critical technical study.

Thus he was able to estimate the value of the assertions of those who surrounded him, and sought to bring him to the point of acknowledging the Southern Confederacy; and so it happened that when they felt most sure of accomplishing their purpose they found him to be immovable. His reticence puzzled them. And yet, sometimes, he surprised them by statements showing that he knew more about the war, and its probable duration, and the final result than they had imagined possible. On one occasion, that came within my knowledge, to a person who had reported to him a great Confederate victory, he replied quietly, but with a most crushing effect:

"The facts are quite contrary to what you have been telling me."

One afternoon, in the summer of 1862, while driving in the Bois de Boulogne, I met Mr. N. M. Beckwith, who informed me that on the following evening Mr. Roebuck was to make a statement in the House of Commons relating a conversation he had had with the Emperor at

Fontainebleau a few days before; his purpose being to show that in this interview the Emperor had given him assurances that he would not be indisposed to intervene in behalf of the Southern Confederacy under certain conditions agreed upon with the English Government.

I thought over the matter during the night, and came to the conclusion that if the Emperor had had a conversation with Mr. Roebuck it had not been of such a nature as to authorize him to announce, or even to attempt to foreshadow, in Parliament the Imperial policy with respect to this subject. I knew Mr. Roebuck was interested in giving the conversation such a color that it would seem, to those who heard him, that the Emperor had decided to join with England in this much-desired alliance in behalf of the Confederacy. I had, however, personal knowledge of the views entertained by the Emperor, and was confident that he had no such intention, but was determined not to recognize the Confederacy, to observe the strictest neutrality, and to intervene only in case of our manifest inability to bring the war to an end ourselves. To such a strait he did not believe we would come. And it was for this reason that he had refused all the entreaties, not only of English statesmen, but of those about him, of some of his own ministers, and more especially of M. de Persigny, who never lost an occasion to present the case of the Confederates as favorably as possible, and to insist on the utter inability of our Government to put down the rebellion. Nevertheless Mr. Beckwith's statement was so precise that I resolved to see the Emperor and ascertain what possible foundation there might be for it.

With this purpose in view I started early the next morning for Fontainebleau. I saw the Emperor as soon as he had left his bed, and communicated to him what I had learned about Mr. Roebuck's intention. I asked him if anything in the conversation he had had with that very active member of Parliament could be construed into a

promise to recognize the Southern Confederacy on certain conditions; and if Mr. Roebuck had his permission to make an announcement to that effect in the House of Commons. His Majesty most unhesitatingly denied having given him any assurances or promises whatsoever. The conversation he said had been general and he should be greatly astonished if Roebuck were so to report the conversation that it could be considered as containing a promise or pledge on his part to act in relation to the matter conjointly with the British Government. So anxious was he to avoid any such interpretation of the conversation, that he decided, at my suggestion, to have a telegram sent to a member of Parliament, directing him, in case Mr. Roebuck should make such a statement, to deny immediately that there had been any pledge or promise, or that he was in any way bound by the remarks of that gentleman.

This was done, and when Mr. Roebuck, in the course of a speech, referred to his having seen the Emperor of the French at Fontainebleau a few days before, and began to report the conversation which had taken place on that occasion, he was immediately informed that a telegram had been received from the Emperor stating that the conversation had been entirely private.

Besides the influences the Emperor was continually under, coming from his *entourage* and from interested private individuals, much pressure was brought to bear on him from several foreign governments—especially the English—to induce him to recognize the Southern Confederacy. I am in possession of positive information upon this subject. I have seen and read, and have had in my hands, papers sent to the Emperor, and coming from the English Foreign Office, in which it was proposed that France should join with England in recognizing the Confederacy. This is at variance with the usually received impression. It is generally believed that France and her Government, and the Emperor personally, were anxious to recognize the Con-

federacy; and to that end solicited the cooperation of England. I insist that this was not the case, and that the contrary was true. The Emperor never came at any time to the point of believing, as Palmerston did, that it was best to recognize the Southern Confederacy. After some of the failures and defeats of our army, it is not to be wondered at if, in common with nearly every one in Europe, he had some doubts of the final result.

Those were dark days that followed the failure of the Peninsular campaign and the battles of the second Bull Run. Then it was that Gladstone made his notorious speech at Newcastle, and that even the friends of the Union in Europe began to grow faint-hearted. It was of this time that Lowell spoke when he said of Charles Francis Adams, "None of our generals in the field, not Grant himself, did us better or more trying service than he in his forlorn outpost in London." Then it was, also, that the Emperor expressed the opinion that *perhaps* the Federal Government might be induced to accept the friendly mediation of England, Russia, and France, and consent to an *armistice;* and if so, that the offer of such mediatory services was desirable. But this opinion was suggested by humane rather than by political considerations.* At the outbreak of the War of the Rebellion, the

* The Emperor in his address to the Legislative Body, January 12, 1863, said:

"The situation of the Empire would be flourishing had not the American war come to dry up one of the most fruitful sources of our industry. The unnatural stagnation of business has caused, in several places a state of destitution which is worthy of our solicitude, and an appropriation will be asked of you in behalf of those who are supporting with resignation the effect of a calamity which it is not in our power to bring to an end. Nevertheless, I have attempted to send across the Atlantic counsels inspired by the sincerest sympathy, but the great maritime Powers not having as yet thought it proper to join with me, I have postponed until a more propitious time the offer of mediation, the object of which was to arrest the effusion of blood and prevent the exhaustion of a country whose future cannot be indifferent to us."

relations of the French Government with the Federal Government were very friendly. Our War Department obtained military supplies of various kinds in France without difficulty; and the views expressed by the Emperor in July, 1861, with respect to the blockade of the Southern coast, were entirely satisfactory to Mr. Lincoln. It was even supposed, so marked was the absence in France of the hostile feeling which prevailed in England, that, under certain circumstances, the Imperial Government might give direct assistance to the cause of the Union. Or was the suggestion of such assistance actually made to Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward by Prince Napoleon when he visited Washington in the summer of 1861? Whatever answer may be given to this question, it is quite certain that Mr. Seward entertained the idea of the friendly neutrality of France at the time of the Trent affair; and, if it was among the reasons that led him at first to decline to surrender the Confederate Commissioners, it was also because of the very amicable relations between the French Legation and the State Department that Mr. Seward was disposed to listen to the representations on this subject made to him by M. Mercier at the request of M. Thouvenel, acting at the suggestion of the Emperor. Indeed, it was because the friendly advice given on this occasion had proved so successful—had apparently prevented a disastrous war between the United States and Great Britain—that the Emperor was finally induced to sound the English and Russian governments with respect to the expediency of offering to the belligerents, conjointly with the Imperial Government, their friendly services as mediators.

But while the relations between France and the United States were constantly maintained upon an amicable footing until near the end of the secession war, the relations between the English and the French governments during the same period, if not strained—in the diplomatic sense of that word—were certainly very far from being cordial.

Not only was the hostility then shown by Lords Palmerston and Russell to the policy of the Empire, with respect to nearly every question concerning European politics, a cause of almost constant irritation, but the abusive language employed by the Press and by individuals, who were presumed to represent the English Government, when speaking of Napoleon III.—language which often exceeded in bitterness that with which Mr. Lincoln was bespattered by the same Press and the same persons—was keenly felt by the Emperor, and was frequently the subject of his indignant remonstrance. The Emperor, when his co-operation was desired by the English Government contemplating an intervention in American affairs, was in no humor to listen to the solicitations of the men who were responsible for that Government, and were, at the same time, his personal enemies and the friends of his political enemies. The Emperor never wholly gave up the thought that ultimately the North would succeed. In his opinion it would be a misfortune for the country to be divided. In fact, a division of the United States into separate and independent Governments would have been in conflict with the principle of "great agglomerations," of "nationalities and natural boundaries," which was the foundation of his theory of international relations. It would not only have been contrary to his general political policy, but it would have been unnatural for him to wish to see our Union dismembered. No. That was never his wish.

I could furnish, were it necessary to do so, innumerable proofs to sustain these affirmations. I will here state what took place one day in the summer of 1864, as also its consequence—an episode that brings to my mind delightful reminiscences of men now and forevermore famous in our national history.

I was sent for by the Emperor to come to Compiègne. This was just after the great battles of the Wilderness and

the failure of Grant's first movement against Richmond; when Early's army was in sight of the Capitol, and news of the capture of Washington was expected at any moment. His Majesty informed me that he had received a communication from London, in which he was seriously advised, urged, and even begged to recognize the Southern Confederacy.

The substance of the note was to this effect: "The Washington Government have no chance of getting through with this cruel war. It is now time it should cease, and a stop should be put to it." And the Emperor was told that if he would take the initiative in the work of ending this war, public opinion in England would force the Government to cooperate with him.

"You see how hard I am pressed," the Emperor said, "yet I have not yielded, because of the assurances I have received—and from you among others—that it is only a question of time when the war must end in the complete success of the Federal Government."

I told him the war was certainly approaching an end; that the resources of the South were almost exhausted; that, with nearly a million seasoned soldiers in the field, the military power of the North was irresistible. So I pleaded for hands off; and pleading with the Emperor not to yield to the pressure of private interest, nor to be influenced by communications of the kind he had just received, but to await events, I became warm and was quite carried away by my subject. I told him that the recognition of the Confederacy would only cause much more blood to flow; that foreign intervention would be useless; that the people of the North would never permit any intervention from abroad in their affairs—no matter what sacrifices it might be necessary to make, either of money or of men.

Just at this moment a door, which was hidden with upholstery so as to be invisible, opened as if by magic, and the Prince Imperial, then a beautiful boy of eight years, ap-

peared before us in a most charming and surprised manner —as he did not know that any one was in the private room of his father. He had thought him alone, and began to apologize for his intrusion.

But it furnished the occasion and gave me the courage to say: "Sire, you cannot think of recognizing the Government of Jefferson Davis; for the dismemberment of our great Union founded by Washington would be a crime. No! Were it done by your aid, the States of the North would never forget you nor cease to curse your name. For this boy's sake you cannot act. He is to succeed you, and the people of my country would visit it upon his head, if you had helped to destroy our great and happy Union.

"You cannot think of the miseries it would entail. You cannot think of doing this. Keep our friendship—our ancient friendship that was sealed with the blood of France —for your son." Continuing, I said, "I will go to the United States. I will leave by the very first steamer, and learn for myself what the situation is—what is the feeling of the people, and what is the power of the Government. I will go directly to Washington and see Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward, and I will report to you the exact truth, whether they believe and have reason to believe that the end of the war is not far off." And I entreated his Majesty to suspend all action until I could report to him what I might learn about the war by personal observation and inquiry.

The Emperor, who had listened to me without saying a word, when I had finished speaking said, "Well, Evans, go! I shall be pleased to hear from you and to get your impressions and opinions, and"—smiling as he spoke—"I don't think I shall recognize the Southern Confederacy until you have had an opportunity of communicating to me the results of your visit."

Accordingly I left Paris, with Mrs. Evans, on the 11th of August, for Liverpool, where the following Saturday

we embarked on the *China* for New York, which port we reached ten days later—August 23d.

After a brief visit to my family I proceeded to the Capital, where I was received by Mr. Seward, Secretary of State. I told him the object of my visit was to learn the true state of affairs with respect to the rebellion, and whether there was any prospect of a speedy termination of the war. I was astonished to find Mr. Seward rather gloomy and dispirited. He said things looked bad. I was introduced to other members of the Cabinet, and found that they also were feeling very uneasy. I was the more surprised at this feeling, as the fall of Atlanta had just been announced.

It was not, however, so much the military situation as the political outlook that was troubling them. A Presidential election was to take place in November. The Democratic party had pronounced the war to be a failure; and, with this as the issue before the people, had nominated General McClellan as their candidate for the Presidency. Mr. Lincoln was again the candidate of the Republican party for that office; but his reelection was by no means certain, and his defeat would have been disastrous to the cause of the Union.

I was received afterward by President Lincoln, whom I had met at his home some years before—having been introduced to him at Springfield, in the year 1860, before he was elected President, but after his nomination. Remembering my former visit to him, he greeted me with much affability and spoke of that meeting, and of persons both of us knew. When I told him what I had come to America for, he seemed much pleased, and said I would be given every opportunity to see for myself, and would be supplied with all possible information concerning the situation.

I informed the President of my efforts to convince the Emperor that the North would succeed in suppressing

the Rebellion; and related to him how his Majesty was pressed on every side to acknowledge the Southern Confederacy, how I had told him that such recognition could only lead to complications which might prove disastrous, and that I had entreated him to suspend any action in this direction until I could lay before him the facts as they appeared to Americans who were on the ground, and were most familiar with the conditions of the contest, and most competent to forecast its result.

I had a long conversation with Mr. Lincoln on this occasion; but before the interview ended Mr. Seward joined us, and I was furnished by these eminent men with information that gave me a very clear insight into the situation from the official or governmental point of view. Mr. Lincoln was in much the better spirits and the more sanguine—summing up his forecast of coming events in his homely way as follows: "Well, I guess we shall be able to pull through; it may take some time. But we shall succeed, *I think*," with an emphasis on the last words that was significant.

It was then proposed that I should go to City Point and see General Grant. It was thought that a visit to the head-quarters of the Army of the Potomac, then engaged in siege operations in front of Petersburg and Richmond, might supply me with some of the special facts I was in search of, and prove an object-lesson of great value to me in the accomplishment of my mission.

Arrangements were accordingly made for me to go to City Point on a "transport," the only means of conveyance that could be had. And so, after having been provided with letters of introduction and the necessary passes, on the morning of the 4th of September, accompanied by Mrs. Evans, my niece, and her husband, I sailed for Hampton Roads. The great heat compelled us to remain on deck; the boat was crowded with troops going to the

front; and the mosquitoes, the noise and the confusion, and the want of beds made the night one of the most disagreeable I ever experienced.

Arriving at Norfolk the next morning, I saw for the first time the ruin and desolation wrought by the war. The town was full of soldiers and "contrabands," and nothing was going on but what related in some way to the war. Finding that I should be obliged to leave Mrs. Evans and my niece in this place, I obtained for them, after much searching, lodgings with a private family. The food was coarse and badly cooked, and my wife and niece occupied a room in the garret that during the day was intolerably hot, and where, at night, they were nearly suffocated. This I learned afterward; for before noon I left Norfolk and, taking a boat at Fortress Monroe, arrived at General Grant's headquarters in the evening of the same day.

The General received me in a simple, off-hand way; invited me to dine with him; and made me as comfortable as could be expected in time of war and in camp. I explained the object of my mission, and he seemed pleased that I had come to see him and learn for myself how things were going on. I found the General delightful in conversation. As he was much occupied during the day, our talks were principally in the evening—after his colored boy had made up a large fire in front of his tent; for although the days were hot, the evenings were cool and damp, and the fire kept off the mosquitoes. Then it was that the General took his seat in a camp-chair before the burning logs, with his staff about him, and also his visitors, of whom there were almost always a number at headquarters. Throwing his leg over the arm of his chair, after having lighted a cigar, the General was ready for a talk.

We discussed not only questions relating to the war, but all sorts of subjects, political, social, and personal. I

was astonished to find the commander of so large an army, who had already shown extraordinary talent and had gained great victories, was one of the most simple-minded of men. Of what was passing in Europe and in other parts of the world he was almost utterly ignorant. Concerning the French Empire, its government, and its economical and social life, he had not the slightest idea. But he never seemed tired of hearing about the Emperor and the Court. The Empress, her beauty, and her never-failing kindness to Americans interested him greatly; and it delighted him to have me dwell upon the attractions and pleasures of Paris. On one occasion he remarked: "When I have got through with this war that we have on hand, I hope to go abroad and see for myself all these beautiful things. I shall want rest; my only fear is that I cannot afford it, for I am not rich, and I am afraid I shall be obliged to wait a long time before I can go over to see you, and enjoy all these things we have spoken about."

I replied: "Why, General, when you have finished the war, as you seem to be sure you will, to the satisfaction of your country and the Government that placed you in command, the people will put you up for President; and, if so, I have no doubt you will be elected."

Seeming to hesitate for a moment, he said: "This I doubt, and shall never consent to. I may be successful as a military man, but I know nothing of politics. I never voted but once in my life, and then I made a mistake. I never interested myself in politics. Once when I was going home, after taking a load of wood into town, my friends met me and insisted that I should vote, as it was election day. I was persuaded to do so, and threw my vote for Mr. Buchanan; and that, as you see, was a mistake."

"But, General, other men have risen to the Presidency, having had no more experience in political matters than yourself. Each of our wars has produced a President—Washington, Jackson, Taylor——"

"No," he replied, "I had rather go abroad and see something of the Old World."

He was very positive about the final result of the war. He was frank and unreserved in giving his opinions, and freely expressed to me his hopes. He impressed me with his sincerity, his simplicity, and at the same time his entire confidence in himself. On my asking him when he thought the war would be brought to a close, he said: "Not until we get rid of some of these political generals. It is these men who have kept us so long from putting an end to the war."

During my visit he had long interviews with General Butler. He criticized the works at Bermuda Hundred as designed and carried on by General Butler; and made no secret of his dissatisfaction with much that was done by *political generals*, as he called them.

One day, when General Butler was dining with us, General Grant inquired of him what he was doing over at Bermuda Hundred; he asked him about the canal he was cutting, and many other questions concerning what was passing at his head-quarters. General Butler invited him to come over and see for himself. Accordingly, the next day, General Grant, with his staff, set out to visit the camps around Richmond, and he invited me to accompany him. The General rode a big bay horse, and he offered me for this excursion the black mare that, as he told me, he had taken from the farm of Jefferson Davis in Mississippi, after the surrender of Vicksburg. A very excellent riding horse she was, and the General set much store by her. I was afterward told that it was a great favor for him to lend this mare to any one.

We visited Generals Meade, Hancock, Butler, and others, riding along almost in sight of the city. We were so near that we could see the Confederate pickets, some of whom were reading newspapers; and occasionally a shot came hurtling over our heads. The General never seemed

to think his life was in danger. While visiting the works that had been constructed by order of General Butler, he looked from behind the earthen defenses, and at times exposed himself so much, that his officers called his attention to the risk he was running. Yet he was not a foolhardy man.

We dined at the camp or head-quarters of General Hancock, and I was much impressed with the military bearing of the General.

While I was at City Point, General Grant had a visit from some old friends of his. Among them was Mr. Washburne, afterward Minister to Paris. The General told us that he was having a correspondence with General Sherman concerning a movement he was about to make; and I believe I was one of the first persons who knew something of the plan of campaign agreed upon.* This march to the sea,

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* Dr. Evans is in error here. And yet his statement is interesting. It goes to show that the idea which finally found its realization in the "march to the sea" was in the air, so to speak, at the time of his visit to the head-quarters of the Army of the Potomac. It was about this time that General Grant wrote to Mr. Lincoln and pointed out the importance of getting behind or "south of the enemy." It was then also that he sent to Atlanta an aide-de-camp, Lieutenant-Colonel Porter (now General Horace Porter), with a letter and instructions to confer with General Sherman, and arrange, if possible, for a combined movement. But, in fact, it was as late as October 9th before Sherman seems to have seriously thought it would be possible—as he then wrote—"to move through Georgia smashing things, to the sea"; or to say, "I can make this march and make Georgia howl." And this opinion was expressed only after Hood had moved from Sherman's front, and had occupied or threatened his line of communications with Chattanooga. Grant, at this time, while most anxious to get "behind the army of Northern Virginia," had doubts about making Savannah the objective point of the movement, and particularly about cutting loose entirely from Atlanta. As late as November 1st, he said in a despatch to Sherman—"If you see a chance of destroying Hood's army, attend to that first, and make your other move secondary." The very next day, however, General Grant consented that Sherman should carry out his plan of campaign as he had proposed; and a fortnight later, on the 15th of

the getting behind the army of Northern Virginia, seemed to Grant the one thing that was needed to bring about the end; and he was right in believing it to be so. For, as every one knows, Lee's army was finally crushed between the columns of Sherman and Grant.

During my visit to City Point I had an excellent opportunity of becoming acquainted with many things connected with the maintenance of a great army engaged in actual warfare, such as the commissariat, the transport service, and the provisions made for the care of the sick and wounded. This last subject was one that interested me particularly.

After remaining at General Grant's head-quarters five days, I rejoined Mrs. Evans at Norfolk, and we returned to Washington. It was not long before I discovered the existence of a more hopeful feeling, not only among those who directly represented the Government, but generally among the people. The capture of Atlanta, by Sherman, the final destruction of Early's army by Sheridan in the valley of the Shenandoah, the evident collapse of the political plot to put McClellan in the place of Lincoln, these things encouraged the Government greatly, and filled the minds of the loyal men of the North with hope and confidence—a confidence that was contagious.

Very soon feeling, myself, entirely convinced that the

November, General Sherman began his famous march through Georgia from Atlanta to the sea.

Our recollections of events after the lapse of many years, if sometimes at fault in matters of detail, often bring back into the light important facts that have grown dim with time or have vanished altogether from the record. Every act of man must exist as an idea before it can exist as a reality. To crush the military power of the Confederacy between the two armies of Sherman and Grant was the subject on which the hopes and the thoughts of the North were concentrated in the autumn of 1864. Hood's blunder opened the way and made it possible for General Sherman to realize his dream and to turn the talk of the camp-fires into one of the most decisive deeds in American history.

end of the war was not far distant, I so informed the Emperor.

Upon my return to Paris in November, one of the first remarks he made to me was: "When the plan of campaign arranged between Grant and Sherman was reported to me, I saw by my maps that *it was the beginning of the end* (*ce fut le commencement de la fin*)." These were the Emperor's very words.

How often I have heard him express himself as more than satisfied that he had waited and not acted precipitately during our great internecine war; for to him the friendship of the whole United States was important. Yet he has suffered severely in American opinion through those who believed and gave currency to the false statement that he wished to divide us, and to that end had solicited the cooperation of the English Government.

Americans would do well to remember that if the English Government, represented by Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, did not intervene during the War of the Rebellion, the principal cause was the personal reluctance of the Queen and the Prince Consort to give countenance to such a policy. I do not know that there exists any official proof of this. But that the neutrality of the English Government at this time should be attributed to the friendly feeling of the Queen towards the cause for which the Northern States were contending, has always been firmly believed by the American people.

Now there can be no question that M. Thouvenel and M. Drouyn de Lhuys and other official representatives of the Imperial Government were as ready to intervene in behalf of the Southern Confederacy as were Lord John Russell and his associates. But the Imperial Government did not take one single step in that direction. It did not recognize the *de facto* government established at Richmond. And to the question, Why not? the answer is to be found in the fact—for the truth of which I can vouch—that, per-

sonally, Napoleon III. shrank, as did Queen Victoria, from the thought of actively contributing to the building of a great State whose corner-stone was human slavery. Any one who knows anything of the Emperor or of his opinions knows that he was seldom in accord with his ministers on questions relating to international affairs. This, it may be said, was one of the causes of the apparently uncertain and indecisive character of the Imperial policy; for there were times when, after his Minister for Foreign Affairs had said one thing, the Emperor did not hesitate to say exactly the contrary. Therefore, no one need be surprised that, whatever may have been the wishes of his ministers with respect to the Southern Confederacy, Napoleon III. should never have ceased to be at heart a friend of the North.

Those persons who, careless of the facts, are in the habit of meting out responsibility in accordance with their prejudices and political feelings, and who are guilty of the gross injustice of holding Napoleon III. directly responsible for public opinion in France during these years, should at least be sufficiently open-minded to observe that this opinion was never exhibited in any act of hostility to the Federal Government, either on the land or on the sea. If the neutrality of the English Government is generously attributed to the personal influence of the Queen, it is but fair to give some credit to the Emperor for the neutrality of his Government during our Civil War—a neutrality so strictly observed that no *Alabamas* were allowed to escape from French ports to destroy our commerce.

And yet in these later years I have often wondered that the Emperor did not recognize the Southern Confederacy. It would have been entirely in accordance with our own international policy, which has been, and is, to recognize every *de facto* Government without regard to its origin, and without waiting to become assured of its stability. Within forty-eight hours after the Paris mob had set up a Government at the Hôtel de Ville, this Government was

officially recognized by Mr. Washburne, the American Minister accredited to the Court of the Tuileries.

If there be any Americans who are still inclined to resent the attitude they believe Napoleon III. to have assumed toward our country during the War of the Secession, it is well that they should be reminded of our own public policy in similar cases; and more than this, if they would be just, that they should consider how much—and to his everlasting credit—the Emperor resisted when declining to recognize the Southern Confederacy. No real friend of the Federal Government could have been expected to do more.*

I have not here to speak of the attempt to establish an empire in Mexico, nor yet to be its apologist. This unfortunate affair into which the Emperor allowed himself to be drawn, partly by unwise friends and partly by interested counselors, went far to give Americans the right to believe that he bore us no good-will. It may be well, however, before pronouncing a harsh judgment, to remember the condition of Mexico, suffering from chronic revolution, repudiating its debts and international obligations, and, at the time, in a state of absolute anarchy. Many European Powers hoped to see a responsible, stable Government established under Maximilian. The Emperor's motives were good and his action well meant; only he did not sufficiently take into account the very great difficulties that would have to be met and overcome at home, as well as abroad, in order to succeed in an attempt to create a new empire on the American continent.

* In a private letter written to General James Watson Webb in March, 1863, when referring to this war, the Emperor says: "As regards the war which desolates your country, I profoundly regret it; for I do not see how and when it will end, and it is not to the interest of France that the United States should be weakened by a struggle without any good results possible. In a country as sensible as America, it is not by arms that domestic quarrels should be settled, but by votes, meetings, and assemblies."

The Emperor was deeply moved by the news of the assassination of President Lincoln and Mr. Seward—for it was at first reported that Mr. Seward had been killed also. He was, however, not inclined to attribute to this act any political significance. "The war ended," he said, "with the capitulation of General Lee, and the act, consequently, having no rational purpose, must be regarded as that of a political fanatic. Such men are to be found in all countries and as ready to strike at those who represent the sovereignty of the people as at those who claim to rule by Divine right." The Empress, also, was greatly shocked when she was informed of this dreadful affair, and wrote to Mrs. Lincoln a private letter in which she expressed the sincere sympathy she felt for her in her bereavement under such tragic circumstances.

And here I may say that her Majesty took a most lively interest in the progress of the War of the Secession from its very beginning. Not that she cared to hear about the battles and sieges, and the exploits of armies and commanders, but she was deeply concerned to know what was being done to alleviate the immense amount of suffering inevitable from diseases and wounds in a war carried on over such a vast and thinly inhabited country and on such a scale. As early as 1862—about the time General McClellan opened the campaign that came to its close at Harrison's Landing on the James River—she asked me if I could furnish her with any information respecting the provisions that had been made by our Government for the care of the sick and wounded; and more particularly to what extent, if any, voluntary aid was supplementing the official service. Having inquired into this matter I explained to her Majesty how the medical service of the United States Army was organized; and informed her that a Sanitary Commission had been created, unofficial in character but recognized by the Government, the object of which was to inspect the camps and hospitals, bring to the notice of the

proper authorities any neglect or want therein, and direct the distribution of voluntary assistance, whether in the form of material gifts or personal service. I told her that the people of the North had responded most generously to the calls for contributions issued by the Commission; that its agents were working harmoniously with the regular medical staff; and that never before in any army had such large provision been made for the sanitation of the troops while in camp and the care of the sick and wounded. The Empress asked me to write out what I had told her about this Commission, which I did. A few days afterward I received from her the following letter:

[TRANSLATION]

PARIS, *May 13th*, 1862.

"DR. THOMAS W. EVANS,

"SIR: In reply to your letter, I thank you for the information which you have given me with respect to the organization and the work of the United States Sanitary Commission.

"This institution interests me very greatly, and I love to think that it will not be long before many associations, animated as this one is by the spirit of charity and humanity, will be organized everywhere to give succor to the wounded and the sick—to friends and enemies alike.

"Believe me,

"Yours very sincerely,

"EUGÉNIE."

It was through the encouragement I received from her Majesty, perhaps more than from any other person, that I was induced to prepare a work on the United States Sanitary Commission, which was published in French, in 1865, under the title of "*La Commission Sanitaire des États-Unis; son origine, son organisation, et ses résultats.*"

CHAPTER V

THE INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT OF FRANCE

The importance of the works of Napoleon III.—He created modern Paris; its parks and water-works; its public buildings—Provincial cities reconstructed—Roads and railways extended—Credit institutions founded—Commercial treaties made—The increase of capital; of trade—The interest of the Emperor in the lodgings of artizans and the sanitation of cities—What the Emperor did for agriculture—His interest in the welfare of the industrial classes—How he came to the relief of the people at the time of the great inundations—The Exposition of 1867—A dreadful picture of moral corruption—The greatest work of Napoleon III.

NAPOLEON III. by most political and historical writers is not criticized, but calumniated. If his reign had ended successfully, his personal qualities would have exalted him to the skies; but since his career was destroyed by a reverse of fortune, his faults have been monstrously exaggerated, and few writers have endeavored to remind the world of his public virtues and accomplishments. While, unfortunately, people in general are more inclined to listen to what is said about great men than to see and appreciate what is done by them, it is curious to notice that the purely dramatic and spectacular elements in the lives of the two Napoleons, as persons, have been of such absorbing interest as to make us almost insensible of the importance of the really great constructive works relating to the administration of civil affairs, upon which imperishable foundation the reputation of both, as sovereigns, must ultimately rest.

I have already set forth with some particularity the traits of the Emperor's character that were most strongly impressed upon me during the long period of my personal relations with him; and I shall probably have occasion to refer to them again in the desultory way that reminiscences permit, and as the events and incidents of the narrative may suggest. But I should not feel that I had done justice to Napoleon III. if I failed, in my description of the man, to refer to his merits as a ruler, and made no mention of his work as an upbuilder of the nation. I shall therefore, in this chapter, submit to the reader's consideration a few facts that ought not to be overlooked or forgotten, and which, I trust, will be sufficient to prove that the Emperor not only cherished in his mind noble and generous ideas and purposes, but that he actually did a great deal for the welfare of his people and for the glory of France.

Baron Haussmann, the Prefect of the Seine, when he heard some one express admiration for the magnificent results obtained as the work of reconstructing and embellishing the city of Paris progressed, used to say: "It was the Emperor who marked out all this. I have only been his collaborator."

And if the "Great Baron" recognized the directing mind and the will that created modern Paris, the Emperor himself always most generously acknowledged his obligation to this able and most devoted collaborator.

In 1858, on the occasion of the inauguration of the Boulevard Sebastopol, the Emperor said: "When succeeding generations shall traverse our great city, not only will they acquire a taste for the beautiful, from the spectacle of these works of art, but, in reading the names inscribed upon our bridges and our streets, they will recall to themselves the glory of our armies—from Rivoli to Sebastopol. All these grand results I owe to the cooperation of the Legislative Body, who, renouncing all provincial self-

ishness, have learned that a country like France should have a capital worthy of itself, and have not hesitated to grant the sums which the Government has solicited. I owe them also to the enlightened cooperation of the Municipal Council. But especially do I owe their prompt and judicious execution to the intelligent magistrate whom I have placed at the head of the Department of the Seine, who, while maintaining in the finances of the city an order worthy of all praise, has been able in so short a time to complete enterprises so numerous, and that in the midst of obstacles incessantly arising from the spirit of routine and disparagement."

M. Maxime du Camp says: "If, by a fairy's wand, the Paris of the time of the Revolution of February could be brought back and exhibited to the modern world, people would wonder how a race which loves luxury so much as the Parisians do, could have lived in such a pestilential and unhealthy city as the French capital was before Napoleon III., with the assistance of his intelligent Prefect Haussmann, changed Paris into the attractive place of residence which it has now become." *

The filthy and dangerous lanes of the Montagne Sainte-Genévière, and the ugly wine-shops near the Arc de Triomphe, were, to use an expression of the author mentioned, "the plague-spots" through which the Emperor drew his pencil, erecting in their place broad streets and handsome boulevards. The whole city was reconstructed upon a grand plan. The special aim of the Emperor was to make the several quarters of his capital beautiful, and at the same time healthy, by changing the general style of the buildings, and by establishing a great number of public gardens and promenades, where the children and the aged and infirm could enjoy the benefit of the fresh air and the sun. For if the West End of Paris had its Bois de

* "Paris, ses Organes, ses Fonctions et sa vie." Paris, Hachette et Cie., 1875.

Boulogne, to the East Side, the artisan quarter of the capital, was given the Bois de Vincennes, the disposition of whose spacious grounds, with their broad avenues, superb trees, grassy lawns and fountains, and magnificent vistas, compels the admiration of every one. Nor should we forget to mention the Buttes-Chaumont, that exquisite little park opened in Belleville, in the slums of the city, which, as a work of art, is the most beautiful of all the Paris parks, and yet is so seldom seen by the foreign visitor.

For the same purpose the splendid sewers of Paris were constructed, which are the admiration of foreigners as well as of Parisians, and which by their extent alone create astonishment; for even in the year 1869 they were 518 kilometers (over 300 miles) in length.

In the year 1852 the city was not able to distribute more than 105,000 cubic meters of water per day, while under the Empire the water-works were so improved that, in the year 1869, 538,000 cubic meters were furnished daily. But this was not all. As late as the year 1866, the water used by the inhabitants of Paris, even for domestic purposes, was taken almost entirely from the Seine and the river Marne. It was impossible to preserve it from pollution, and consequently typhoid was endemic in the city and the death-rate was high. The serious defects and the absolute inadequacy of the system employed to supply Paris with water, and especially with potable water, were frequently pointed out. But the great majority of Parisians would appear to have accepted as definitive the pronouncement of the hygienist Parmentier, the discoverer of the potato, who declared, in 1787, that "the water of the Seine unites all the qualities which could be desired to make it agreeable to the palate, light in the stomach, and favorable to digestion; and the Parisians are not wrong if they never end their eulogies of the Seine, and if they contend with assurance that its waters are the best of all waters." In the presence of such a prejudice, and in view

of the prevailing ignorance with respect to sanitary matters, it is not surprising that practically nothing was done to improve a situation that was becoming constantly more and more dangerous to the public health, until the Emperor took up the subject of supplying Paris with drinking-water from uncontaminated sources. For this special purpose work was begun in 1864, and the aqueduct of the Dhuis was completed in 1866, at a cost of 18,000,000 francs; it was 131 kilometers in length, and brought into the city 25,000 cubic meters of water daily.

But in the meantime the ravages of the cholera, in 1865, had again drawn the attention of hygienists to the insufficiency of the water supply, and two years later the construction of the aqueduct of the Vanne was begun. This great work was finished at a cost of 52,000,000 francs; it was 173 kilometers in length, and provided Paris daily with 120,000 cubic meters of spring-water of excellent quality.

The beauty of several of the public buildings erected by the late Emperor is an attraction and a delight to every visitor of Paris. But few Parisians even have any idea of the very large number of these buildings, or of the number of the great monumental constructions that were built in Paris during his reign; for as far as possible the Government of the Republic has carefully obliterated every name inscribed upon them, and every emblem they bore indicative of their origin. I shall therefore remind the reader that it was Napoleon III. who connected the Louvre with the Tuileries, who built the churches of Saint Augustin, La Trinité, Sainte-Clotilde, Saint Joseph, Saint Ambroise, Saint Eugène, Notre Dame-des-Champs, Saint Pierre de Mont Rouge, and many others; that it was he who erected or restored the splendid edifices of the new Palais de Justice, the Tribunal de Commerce, the Hôtel Dieu, the Grand Opéra, the Halles Centrales, and the Temple; that it was he who built the great bridges over the Seine, the Pont Napoléon III., the Pont de Bercy, the Pont d'Arcola, the

Pont Notre Dame, the Pont au Change, the Pont au Double, the Petit Pont, the Pont Louis Philippe, the Pont Saint Michel, the Pont de Solférino, the Pont des Invalides, the Pont d'Alma, and the Pont d'Auteuil; that it was he who surrounded the parks and the gardens with their gilded railings and erected their great entrance gates, and who adorned the French capital with fountains and statues and a hundred other ornamental structures.

On account of the interest which the Emperor took in the arts and sciences, the collections of the Louvre were quadrupled; the so-called Campagne Galleries were purchased; the "Union Centrale des Beaux-Arts appliqués à l'industrie" was founded; the Musée d'Artillerie received rich additions; in the old Palace of Saint Germain the well-known archæological museum was created; the Musée de Cluny and the Tour Saint Jacques were restored; the Hôtel Carnavelet was changed into a museum for a collection of the antiquities of the city of Paris; the Imperial Library received some very valuable additions; and the Bibliothèque Sainte-Genévière was thrown open to the public.

In fact, the city of Paris, as it appears to the visitor to-day, was created by Napoleon III.; for whatever public improvements have been made, since 1870, have been executed only to complete the original plan of the Emperor and his famous Prefect of the Seine.*

"Victor Hugo," says Blanchard Jerrold in his "Life of Napoleon the Third," "dwells in a fashionable quarter of Paris, his beloved city, which had no existence when he went into exile. He tells every foreign visitor who calls on him that there have been three cities of the world—Athens, Rome, Paris; but when he says 'Paris-Urbs,' he forgets the sovereign who made her what she is, and laid

* This statement was absolutely true when it was written; and, excepting the improvements made in connection with the Exposition of 1900, among which the "Metropolitan" subway should be included, is true now, in 1905.

the foundation of that matchless city of the future, which, according to him, will have the Arc de Triomphe for its center."

It should be remembered, also, that these great public works were constructed not merely during the Imperial *régime*, but at the suggestion, and frequently by the command, of the Emperor himself; that they were, in a word, something more than the products of the general social demands and industrial activities and forces of the period. It is impossible to deny this. Who has not heard of the "Comptes fantastiques d'Haussmann"? Indeed, the opposition to nearly all these improvements, on the ground of their uselessness and extravagance, was so noisy and so general, while they were being executed, that its echoes are still to be heard whenever questions concerning public works in the city of Paris are under discussion in the Municipal Council or in the Chamber of Deputies.

But while these improvements and embellishments of the capital were being made, the provincial cities, and the picturesque nooks and corners even, of the Empire were not neglected. Lord Malmesbury, writing in 1863, says: "I stopped a day at Carcassonne, an ancient city so famous for the desperate fighting of the Albigeois and the deeds of Simon de Montfort. The Emperor has had the city and fortifications restored exactly to the state they were in at this time; the streets are just wide enough for a cart to pass, and the towers and battlements are what they were in the thirteenth century. In every part of France he is making archæological restorations, and his active mind seems as much interested in this pursuit as it is in politics; but," he adds significantly, "as far as I can observe, the French do not appreciate his efforts as they deserve."

In the meantime the whole country was greatly benefited by works constructed with direct reference to the development of the national resources; and by the estab-

lishment or enlargement of public institutions, the creation of technical schools and reformations in the universities.

In order to facilitate communication throughout the Empire, 26,846 kilometers of macadamized roads were made, many rivers were rendered navigable, ports were improved, and the docks of Cherbourg were finished.

The shipping employed in commerce, and especially that portion of it which was engaged in the coasting-trade, was considerably increased in tonnage and greatly improved; while the navy, that had previously consisted of wooden sailing-vessels, was transformed into a fleet of armored steamships.

The railways were extended over the whole of France; and in 1869 the total length of these roads amounted to 23,900 kilometers. The new system of telegraphy was inaugurated and rapidly developed.

In order to free property from the burden of debts and to encourage industry, numerous credit institutions were founded, among them the well-known Crédit Foncier. And when the Government wished to borrow money, it did not address itself simply to the great bankers, but gave a chance of profit to persons having little capital, by raising the loan through public subscriptions. In 1847 the public funds were in the hands of 207,000 persons, two-thirds of whom were living in Paris. In 1854 the number of holders of these funds had increased to 664,000, more than half of whom were living in the Departments. This diffusion among the people of the securities of the State was evidence not only of increasing general prosperity, but of public confidence in the stability of the Government.

In 1860 the commercial treaty with England gave to France the benefits of freer trade; and some years later similar treaties were concluded with other countries, and the commerce of the Empire increased largely.

As the colonies were included in the provisions of these treaties, and the markets of the world were thus opened

to them, they were enabled to extend their trade with foreign countries, and to share in the benefits derived by the mother country from the liberal and enlightened commercial policy of the Imperial Government.

Paris, especially, felt the stimulating influence of this policy. Not only was its industrial output enormously increased, but property rose in value on every side. In 1847 the manufactures of the city represented a value of but 1,500,000,000 francs; in 1869 their value was over 6,000,000,000. And while the land within the limits of the city, together with the buildings, in 1851, was taxed on an estimated value of 2,557,000,000 francs, in 1869 it was rated at 5,957,000,000 francs.

In 1851 the revenues of the city amounted to 52,000,000 francs, and already in 1867 they had been increased to 151,000,000 francs.

The improvements affecting trade in general under the Empire were such that the exports and imports, which represented, in 1848, a value of 1,645,000,000 francs, had increased in 1857 to 4,593,000,000 francs, and in 1869 to 6,228,000,000 francs. In 1850 the *per capita* wealth of the nation was estimated at about 2,500 francs; it had reached nearly double that sum in 1870. In a word, France enjoyed, during a period of eighteen years, unbounded and unbroken industrial prosperity.*

Just as the Empress paid especial attention to the needs of the poor and the sick, so the Emperor devoted much time to the consideration of ways and means for ameliorating the situation of the working classes.

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* By one of those chances of dramatic injustice only too common in the world of affairs, by which one man reaps where another man has sown, the credit which justly attaches to this great increase in the national wealth has been given not to Napoleon III., but to M. Thiers, to whose financial ability is attributed the extraordinary facility and rapidity with which the enormous war ransom demanded by Prince Bismarck was paid off by the French Republic.

The sanitary conditions obtaining in the houses and lodgings of the great majority of laborers and artisans seemed to him to be exceedingly defective. He accordingly caused numerous model lodging-houses, as well as model dwellings for single families, to be constructed, and finally introduced into France the English Building Society system. In the year 1859 he contributed 100,000 francs towards the improvement of houses for workmen in Lille; and similar gifts were made for the same purpose to the municipalities of Amiens, Bayonne, and other cities. In the year 1864 the sum of 1,500,000 francs was expended by the Emperor in building 180 workmen's houses; and in 1867–68 he built 42 model houses for working people at Daumesnil.

Sanitary science, we may unhesitatingly say, was, previous to 1852, scarcely known in France outside of Paris; and nearly all the improvements which have since been made in the sanitary condition of French cities were begun not only under the reign, but at the instance and direction, of Napoleon III. His Government voted, in 1852, the sum of 10,000,000 francs for the purpose of improving the public health of manufacturing towns; and the Emperor seldom visited any of the cities of France without making inquiries with respect to the water supply, drainage, overcrowding, and all those matters that concern the health of the inhabitants of cities, or without impressing upon the municipal authorities the importance, and the necessity even, of having in the construction and the administration of public works a strict regard for the requirements of sanitary science.

But it was not the inhabitants of cities only whose fortunes were improved, whose opportunities were enlarged, and who were benefited in many ways by the care of the French monarch. He paid great attention to agriculture and its improvement, and was always deeply interested in all public measures the object of which was

to advance the interests of the tillers of the soil. In the year 1852 he established in every arrondissement agricultural associations; he also encouraged agricultural exhibitions by rich donations. On the 10th of June, 1854, he introduced a law for facilitating the draining of marshes, and a credit of 100,000,000 francs was opened, from which farmers and land-owners could borrow capital to drain their lands, with the privilege of repaying their loans in instalments extending over a period of twenty-five years.

Model farms were erected in many parts of the French Empire; and vast tracts of country, which, previously covered with sand-dunes, had been entirely barren, and moors and fens uninhabited on account of malaria, were transformed into productive forests, healthy territories, rich corn-fields, and beautiful gardens.

The endeavors of Napoleon III. to improve the condition of the poor and to help them in their misfortunes, were once known all over France; at present, however, the world seems to have forgotten them. The time he gave to the study of questions concerning the welfare of the masses of the people, and more particularly of the industrial classes, is truly remarkable. It was a subject that was never out of his mind. A paper on the means of relieving the situation of aged and necessitous working men, without having recourse to public charity, written in his own hand, was found at the Tuileries, bearing the date of July 5, 1870. And six years before—in 1864—he gave instructions that the Opera House which was being erected in Paris should not be finished until the Hôtel Dieu, the great central hospital of the city, had been built and its wards opened to the public. The Emperor felt that human life was worth more to the State than the most splendid products of art, and that it was the duty of a sovereign to satisfy the wants and assuage the sufferings of his people before providing for their pleasures and amusements. "Admitting," he says, "that this ar-

rangement has no practical advantage, from a moral point of view I hold it important that the edifice to be devoted to pleasure shall not be raised before the shelter for suffering."

At the time of the disastrous floods that ravaged the valleys of the Loire and the Rhône, invading Orleans, Blois, Tours, Lyons, Arles, Orange, Avignon, and scores of other cities, sweeping away houses, turning the streets into canals, covering the country for miles around with great lakes—a catastrophe involving not only the loss of many lives but the destruction of a vast amount of property—the Emperor came to the relief of his unfortunate people promptly and most generously. Six hundred thousand francs from his own private purse he gave them at once to meet the most pressing individual needs. And this sum was greatly increased by the gifts made in the name of the Empress and the Prince Imperial. Subsequently 2,000,000 francs were granted by the Chambers to assist the sufferers from those inundations.

But the interest of the Emperor in this great calamity was not limited to a benevolent desire to supply the immediate wants of those who had lost everything they possessed. He wished to see for himself just what had taken place, how it had happened, and what could be done to prevent a repetition of the disaster. With this object in view, he visited personally the departments that were the scene of the calamity, wading in the water or being rowed in a boat for miles across the inundated fields. Then he directed that a detailed report of the damage caused by the floods should be prepared, together with plans for the construction of the works necessary to keep the waters of the two rivers between their banks. The letter he wrote from Plombières shortly after, in July, 1856, to his Minister of Public Works, is no less remarkable on account of the extraordinary knowledge it shows the Emperor possessed of the technical details of hydraulic

engineering, than for the earnestness with which he urges the minister to set about this particular work at once, on the spot, and not suffer it to end in talk and "luminous reports."

And if now, for more than forty years, no similar disasters have occurred in the valleys of the Loire and the Rhône, it is not because the rains have become less torrential there, but because, in accordance with the wishes, and, I might almost say, under the personal direction of the Emperor, provisions were made and works were constructed at the danger points which have proved sufficient to prevent any considerable overflow of the waters of these rivers.

The Exposition of 1867 was a brilliant, if transient, representation of the work accomplished in France since 1855, in nearly every field of human interest and activity, in the sciences, the arts, in morals, in politics, and in charity. All the nations of the world were invited to participate in this great festival, and by their presence to crown the efforts of labor with the idea of conciliation and peace. Its success was immense and well-deserved. The international exhibitions of later years have been "bigger," but not one of them has been so admirably organized, so proportionate in its several parts, so perfectly fitted to facilitate those comparative studies of the materials, conditions, methods, and products exhibited, which increase the sum of useful knowledge and extend the benefits of civilization to distant communities. Nor has any similar international assembly ever contributed more effectively to establish a feeling of respect for each other, and relations of concord and amity among the rulers of the world. This was the supreme purpose of the Exposition of 1867. It was an impressive manifestation of the Imperial will that the sword was to be no longer the instrument upon which France relied for the maintenance of her prestige and influence among the nations. On the

occasion of the distribution of awards on the 1st of July —one of the most magnificent ceremonies which it was ever my privilege to witness—the Emperor closed his address with these words:

"May those who have lived a little while among us carry back with them a just opinion of our country; let them be persuaded that we entertain sentiments of esteem and sympathy for foreign nations, and that we sincerely desire to live in peace with them. This Exposition will mark, I hope, a new era of harmony and progress. Convinced, as I am, that Providence blesses the efforts of all those who wish to do well, as we do, I believe in the definitive triumph of the great principles of morality and justice, which, satisfying all legitimate aspirations, are able alone to consolidate thrones, lift up the people, and ennoble humanity."

It has often been said that the Exposition of 1867 marked the apogee of the Imperial power. All eyes were then turned towards France; never had such a concourse of distinguished visitors, princes, kings, and emperors assembled in the capital of a foreign State to pay homage to its sovereigns. But it marked also, in an extraordinary manner, the progress that had been made by the people under the Empire, materially and socially; for never before had the industrial forces and artistic genius of France been exhibited with such splendor and effect.

But some one may ask: While all these things may have been done by the Emperor, has not the whole period of the Empire often been characterized by contemporary writers as one preeminently devoted to the cultivation of material interests, to inordinate speculation, luxury, and immorality? It certainly has been. And the bill of indictment reads as follows: "The commercial and industrial activity of this epoch, and the over-stimulation which it gives to all the material appetites, have resulted in a frightful competition, the most shocking forms of

stock-jobbing, and a love of dollars more impudent and brazen-faced than under the Regency or the Directory. To get money without work, by the shortest cuts, to invent ways of speculating on the credulity of the public, to find dupes; in a word, to transact business, is the sole thought and occupation of the most influential part of the population, of a society brilliant and corrupt, as destitute of belief as of feeling, and that knows only material pleasures and the enjoyments of luxury."

This is the dreadful picture which has been drawn of the decadence and moral corruption that existed under the Empire. No, I am mistaken. These words were used in describing the state of things under the government of Louis Philippe and his austere minister, M. Guizot.* And they have been used, or words quite like them have been used, and can be found in every account of the life of a great people since history began to be written. Moreover, they will continue to be used by political moralists so long as civilized society exists; for the more splendid its fruits, the more renowned the victories of peace, so the more conspicuous are likely to be some of their undesirable products and accompaniments. In short, as certain social conditions seem to be inevitable, when the rewards of labor are abundant and wealth accumulates, it follows that some of the most serious charges directed against the domestic policy and the morality of the Imperial Government are in reality only a way of saying what I have endeavored to briefly set forth in the preceding pages—that, under the rule of Napoleon III., the French people enjoyed unusual material prosperity.

But the greatest work of Napoleon III. was in the field of international politics, and was performed for the honor, the glory, and the greater empire of France. This was the destruction of the European coalition that

* Lavalles, "Histoire de Paris," tome i, p. 312.

had held, or tried to hold, France in subjection since the overthrow of the First Empire. It was his wisdom in entering into an alliance with England, the prestige gained by the war in the Crimea, strengthened and completed by his successful intervention, in 1859, in behalf of the kingdom of Italy, that restored to France her hegemony on the Continent of Europe. This leadership was lost as one of the consequences of the unfortunate war of 1870–71. But the credit that rightfully belongs to Napoleon III. of having won for France the position of political preeminence which it held during his reign among the great Powers, should not be either cynically or complacently ignored by those who have most keenly felt and bitterly bemoaned the loss of this leadership.

CHAPTER VI

THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR OF 1870–71

A visit to Saint Cloud—The candidature of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern—The Duke de Gramont—The Emperor not inclined to war—The opinion of the Empress—The Emperor's bad counselors—General Lebœuf—An incident—Public feeling—I propose to establish an ambulance—The service it subsequently rendered—The declaration of war—Enthusiasm of the people—The excitement in Paris—The anxiety of the Emperor—He felt that France was not prepared for the war—His interest in the army—The condition *sine quâ non*—Words not to be forgotten—The departure of the troops—The Empress is appointed Regent—The Emperor leaves Saint Cloud for Metz—Misgivings.

IN July, 1870, I invited a large number of Americans, together with a few French friends, to a garden-party at my house in the Avenue de l'Impératrice, in order to celebrate with them the anniversary of the establishment of our Government; and we spent the long afternoon of that splendid summer day confraternally, and in grateful remembrance of the virtues of our forefathers.

Although some of us had been living abroad for many years, it was evident that not one of our number had forgotten how much he owed to his native land; that if national prejudices had disappeared, the love of home and the patriotism of all had not diminished. Indeed, many—too many—of my fellow-countrymen have yet to learn that the flag of our Union is never so beautiful or so glorious as when raised on foreign soil, and that no eyes are so quickly moistened, no hearts so deeply moved by the music of our national airs and melodies, as are those of "expatriated" Americans.

The Emperor, who was one of the most observant men of his time, not only fully appreciated the value and significance of our American institutions, but, as I have already had occasion to remark, took a great interest in all matters that related in any way to the United States. Having seen his Majesty a few days previous to the above-mentioned gathering, I told him of my intention to celebrate the 4th of July by inviting to my house those of my countrymen who were residing in or visiting Paris; and he then expressed a wish to learn, after the fête was over, how it went off. I was so greatly pleased, and, indeed, so proud of the extraordinary success of my garden-party, that, mindful of his Majesty's request, I decided to go, on the morning of the 5th, to Saint Cloud, where the Imperial family then resided.

It was between six and seven o'clock when I left my house, but, although the hour was rather unusual for such a visit, I knew the Emperor would be up, for he was an early riser; and, besides, my duties obliged me to return to Paris before a certain hour.

When I arrived at the palace, I looked up at the balcony on which the windows of the Emperor's dressing-room opened, for I expected that I should find the French monarch standing there, as he had the habit of doing, smoking his cigarette and enjoying the morning air. But there was no one upon the balcony; and I was surprised to see the windows of the suite of rooms which the Emperor occupied standing wide open—a sure sign that he was not present in that part of the palace, and that he had left his chambers unusually early.

Hastening up-stairs, I met M. Goutellard, his Majesty's *valet de chambre*, the expression of whose features confirmed my apprehension that something extraordinary had taken place. On inquiring, I was informed by him that the Emperor had been aroused from his sleep long before daylight, by despatches which had been sent to him from

the Foreign Office, and which seemed to have made upon his Majesty a very great impression.

While I was still wondering what could possibly have occurred, the Emperor himself appeared. He saluted me cordially, although his manner betrayed dissatisfaction and annoyance. Seeing my surprise, he directed my attention to the papers which he held in his hand, and told me in a few words their contents. These despatches related to the candidature of the Prince of Hohenzollern for the throne of Spain, which had been announced by the Press the day before.

The Duke de Gramont, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, from whom the communications had come, had reported the information received by him in a way that made it seem of very great and probably undue importance, as I judged from the Emperor's extreme gravity of demeanor, which struck me forcibly and left upon my mind a painful impression. I could not help recalling at the time the remark made to me by a statesman of European reputation, on the announcement of the appointment of the Duke de Gramont to the office of Minister for Foreign Affairs. "Believe me, the appointment forebodes a Franco-German war."

This remark was based upon a correct estimate of the character of the man. But, unfortunately, the Emperor placed great confidence in the Duke; and I could easily see, from the conversation which ensued on that eventful morning, that although in the judgment of his Majesty a war with Prussia should be avoided, if possible, the influence of this minister, and of others, was so strong that these rash and ill-advised despatches had their full and intended effect. The Emperor was persuaded that France had really been insulted, although at the moment there was perhaps no sufficient reason for such an interpretation of the Hohenzollern candidature.

The Emperor, while I was still present at the palace,

gave orders that a telegram should be sent to Paris, summoning the Duke de Gramont to Saint Cloud; and notwithstanding the early hour, he hastened to the rooms of the Empress to inform her of the communications to which he attributed such great importance. Everything indicated the approach of a crisis; and I left Saint Cloud with many misgivings, because I greatly feared that the bad advisers of the French monarch would lead him to commit mistakes which might have the most serious consequences.

On the same day the Duke de Gramont had, as I heard from good authority, a long conversation with his sovereign, and I felt sure the Duke had used this opportunity to disturb the mind of the Emperor—to insist upon the gravity of the incident, and the necessity of meeting it by a peremptory declaration on the part of the Imperial Government. The result proved that I was not mistaken.

On the evening of this day (July 5th) Prince de Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador, having gone to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, was addressed by the Duke de Gramont as follows:

"I am very glad to see you. I have just come from Saint Cloud, and from a very excited meeting of the Council. You know what has happened?" "I suppose," said the Prince, "you refer to the Prussian candidature." "Ah," replied the Duke, "it is a great affair"; and he added with firmness, and at the same time with emotion: "That will never be; we shall oppose it by every means, even were a war with Prussia the result." *

When the news of the candidature of Leopold, Prince of Hohenzollern, first became known to the French people, few of them considered it to be of any great importance, because almost everybody believed that a diplomatic note

* Despatch of Prince de Metternich to Count de Beust, July 8, 1870.

to the Government of Spain would be sufficient to induce Marshal Prim to withdraw his offer of the throne to a relative of the Prussian King. Such a solution of the question would have been the most natural.

The journals that had been devoted to the Empire from its foundation, saw no reason for taking offense at an act concerning the propriety of which the Spanish people, in fact, were the sole judges. But the Duke de Gramont, with others, took the matter "*au tragique*," and in the Legislative Assembly and through the Press he strove to persuade the world that the candidature of a Prussian prince was an insult to France, and that the Government of the King of Prussia should be called upon to disown this nomination, and to order the Prince to withdraw his unauthorized acceptance of it, otherwise war would be unavoidable.

The Cabinet of the Emperor, in view of the difficult situation that had been suddenly created, became immediately divided. The Duke de Gramont, General Lebœuf, Rigault de Genouilly, and Maurice Richard showed an inclination to make this candidature a *casus belli;* on the other side, Chevandier de Valdrome, Louvet, Segris, and Plichon threatened to lay down their portfolios in case war should be declared; while Ollivier, de Parien, and Mège wished to temporize.

The Emperor, personally, was not at all inclined to precipitate a war with Germany. Not but that he recognized the serious character of the situation which had been created—that it would be impossible for his Government to permit Prince Leopold to accept the offer made by Marshal Prim. But he saw no necessity for making a *casus belli* of an incident which, in his opinion, could be and ought to be disposed of by intelligent diplomacy. "If we can only get this candidature out of the way," said he, "*no matter how it is done,* there will be no war." And it was with this object in view that, without con-

sulting his ministers, the Emperor requested the King of Belgium to use his personal influence at Sigmaringen to obtain a withdrawal of Prince Leopold's candidature, and thus close the incident and preserve the peace of Europe. When, on the 12th of July, the Emperor heard that Prince Antoine had telegraphed to Marshal Prim announcing the withdrawal in his name of his son's acceptance of the Spanish crown, he sent immediately for Signor Nigra to come to the Tuileries. Greeting the Italian Ambassador most cordially on his arrival, the Emperor told him the news, and said: "This despatch of Prince Antoine means peace. I have requested you to come here for the purpose of having you telegraph the news to your Government. I have not had time to write to the King. I know very well that public opinion is so excited that it would have preferred war. But this renunciation is a satisfactory solution, and disposes, at least for the present, of every pretext for hostilities."

The same day he said to General Bourbaki, with evident delight, "It will not be necessary for you to get ready your war-gear, for every cause of conflict is now removed."

And meeting a number of officers shortly afterward, he said before them all: "This news is a great relief to me. I am very glad that everything has ended in this way. War is always a big venture."

At one of the very last Cabinet councils, while Marshal Lebœuf continued to assert that "we are now ready," and that, "if we do not strike immediately, we shall lose an opportunity which we shall never have again," the Emperor proposed that the whole subject of the controversy should be submitted to arbitration. And this proposition was accepted—but too late.

Lebœuf had issued his orders for mobilizing the army; and the falsified despatch published that very day in the *North German Gazette,* by the direction of Count Bis-

marck, produced its intended effect—in the picturesque language of its author, "the effect of a red flag on the French bull." In a word, peace was no longer possible.* Ever since 1866 the Emperor had known only too well the completeness of the German military organization, and the feeling of hostility towards everything French that prevailed at Berlin. General Ducrot, who was in command at Strasbourg, had kept him well informed upon these subjects in letters addressed to him personally. He had read the comprehensive and precise reports of Colonel Stoffel, the very able French military attaché at the Prussian Court. He had listened to what some of the cleverest observers and interpreters of German opinion had to say on these subjects. But even he had been nearly all the while optimistic; for he believed the destiny of France, and his own destiny, to be in his own keeping.

When the Countess de Pourtalès, who had been visiting relatives in Prussia not long before the war, said to him, "If you only knew what is said there, and could only see what is being done on every side to be ready for a war that is imminent!" the Emperor, smiling at what he evidently regarded as an exaggerated portrayal of the actual facts, replied: "Through what clouds have those fine eyes been looking at the future? You forget, my dear Countess, that to have a war requires the consent of two. And I don't wish it!" This was the Emperor's greatest mistake. In July, 1870, his consent was not necessary. The people were then sovereign. When he discovered this, the gravity of the situation began to bear down upon him.

In his reply to M. Schneider, who, immediately after the declaration of war, addressed him on behalf of the Legislative Assembly, and assured his Majesty that he would have the patriotic cooperation of this body, the Em-

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* See Appendix V.

peror said: "The real author of this war is not the one who has declared it, but he who has made it necessary. I have done all that I could to prevent it; but the whole nation by an irresistible impulse has dictated my resolution." And it should not fail to be observed that he justified himself in yielding to this dictation by affirming that the object he hoped to gain was not glory, nor national aggrandisement, but the realization of those humanitarian sentiments and ideals which formed the bedrock of his whole political philosophy—the peace of the world and a general disarmament. "We seek," said he, "a durable peace, and to put a stop to that precarious state in which all the nations are squandering their resources in arming themselves one against the other." *

Having frequent occasion to see the Emperor between the 5th and 15th of July, I became convinced that he listened only reluctantly to those who tried to prove to him that a Franco-German conflict had become unavoidable; and I am certain that when he at last yielded, and gave his consent that the Legislative Body should be called upon to "take immediately the necessary measures for the protection of the interests, the security, and the honor of France," it was not done heedlessly, but with a full sense of his own responsibilities, and with a clear understanding of the possible consequences of a war with Germany. He was perfectly aware that he and King William would not engage in a war on equal terms; that the King

* Nous ne faisons pas la guerre à l'Allemagne, dont nous respectons l'indépendance. Nous faisons des vœux pour que les peuples qui composent la grand nationalité germanique disposent librement de leur destinées.

Quant à nous, nous réclamons l'établissement d'un état de choses qui garantisse notre sécurité et assure l'avenir. Nous voulons conquérir une paix durable, basée sur les vrais intérêts des peuples, et faire cesser cet état précaire où toutes les nations emploient leurs ressources à s'armer les uns contre les autres."—*Proclamation de l'Empereur, Juillet* 29, 1870.

might lose many battles, and keep his crown; but that for him defeat would be destruction.

The Empress Eugénie also had more than once expressed, in my presence, her opinion that a war with Germany was not by any means desirable; and although the enemies of the Napoleonic dynasty have never ceased to maintain that it was the Empress who was the most insistent in persuading the Emperor to enter upon that disastrous campaign, I believe that she, on the contrary, was not only disposed to do, but as a matter of fact did do, all in her power to preserve peace, so long as peace was possible.* What her real opinions were with respect to this war are set forth in the following note which she sent me soon after she arrived in England. It is in her own handwriting, and is now published for the first time.

TRANSLATION

"It is said that the war was desired and made in a dynastic interest. Common sense only is needed to prove the contrary. The Plebiscitum had given great strength to the Empire; the war could add nothing to it. Were it fortunate, it might give glory, doubtless; but if unfortunate, it might overthrow the dynasty. What man in his senses would stake the existence of his country, and his own life, on a toss-up? No; the war was neither desired nor sought by the Emperor; it was submitted to. After the reforms of the 2d of January, parties acquired

* The expression "*c'est ma guerre*," attributed to the Empress by Gambetta, who gave as his authority M. Le Sourd, the first secretary of the French embassy at Berlin, is a miserable fiction. M. Le Sourd has denied over his own signature that he ever heard the Empress utter these words, or that he had ever repeated them. The phrase belongs to a notorious class of alleged sayings that it is almost impossible to successfully contradict, for the very obvious, if paradoxical, reason that, before they are heard of, or even exist, they are believed to be true by most of those persons who believe in them at all.

in France new power; they urged the Government on to war by manifestations and through the Press. Since 1866 the Opposition had never ceased to say to France that she was humiliated. Then—in 1866—the personal influence of the Emperor alone was able to avoid the conflict. But in 1870 he was overridden (*débordé*) having no longer the power in his hands."

Unfortunately, at this most critical moment, when prejudice and passion were creating public opinion and determining the national will, the advisers of the Emperor were neither intelligent enough nor conscientious enough to give him such counsel as would have been of service to their country. The Minister of War, especially, Marshal Lebœuf, an impetuous and indiscreet man, was guilty of having greatly deceived not only his sovereign, but the public, and perhaps himself, in regard to the real strength and efficiency of the French army, and its chances of success in case of a contest with Prussia. He told every one who came in contact with him that the French army was in an excellent condition, and that everything was prepared for immediate action. "I am ready," he said. "Never have we been so ready; never shall we be so ready; the war, sooner or later, is inevitable. Let us accept it." An expression of his of a similar kind, namely, "Not even a gaiter-button is wanting," has become known all over Europe. Unfortunately, there were many persons who could not see how exaggerated were these assertions of the Minister, and who therefore believed in their correctness.

Marshal Lebœuf not only gave the Emperor a wrong impression as to the general efficiency of the French army, but he also made averments concerning the armies and military resources of Germany, of which he knew but little, that were entirely erroneous.

Having myself traveled, at various times previous to 1870, in different parts of Prussia, and also in Southern

Germany, I had everywhere observed with surprise the large place the army held in the daily life of the people. There was no town, no village, where military exercises could not be witnessed; nor could I fail to remark the splendid physical condition of the German soldier, how perfectly he had been trained, and how admirably prepared he was to face the contingency of war. Indeed, every one who had visited Germany shortly before the war of 1870, and who was not blind to the truth of things, received the same impression as myself; and I could not refrain from communicating my views to the Emperor, during some of the conversations which I had with him.

A few days before the declaration of war, while with the Emperor in his cabinet, reference having been made to the Prussian military organization, I ventured to remark that, in my opinion, Germany would prove to be a very formidable antagonist to meet. At the request of his Majesty, I repeated this opinion to Marshal Lebœuf, who just at this moment joined us. The Marshal listened to my words, but seemed to doubt their truth, and gave me to understand that he had quite different views with regard to Germany. I asked him if these views were based upon personal investigation; if he was acquainted with those countries which seemed of so little importance to him, and whether he had been himself in Germany. His answer was that he had been in Germany, but that he had not seen much of it. I could not help retorting courteously, that he had possibly made his studies of Germany in Wiesbaden, Homburg, and Baden-Baden. While laughing at my remark, he acknowledged that, during his sojourns in Germany, he had generally limited his visits to the places mentioned, and to the borders of the Rhine. Of this I was persuaded in advance. Notwithstanding, however, his insufficient information with respect to the actual state of things in the enemy's country, the French Minister of War was foolhardy enough to speak

to his sovereign of a march to Berlin and the conquest of Germany, with an assurance which would not admit of any possible doubt.

After having breakfasted at the Palace of Saint Cloud that morning with his Majesty, Marshal Lebœuf, and several other officials of the Empire, the Marshal and I descended the stairs together and passed out into the court, where, before he entered his carriage, an incident happened which I shall never forget, as what the Minister on this occasion said was so characteristic of the hyperbolic expressions used by him when speaking of the French army.

In front of the main entrance of the palace there stood a sentry on guard, who presented arms when the Marshal approached. The latter, evidently not noticing the person of the soldier, but carried away by the sight of the uniform, laid his hand upon the shoulder of the sentry, and, with his usual military enthusiasm, proudly exclaimed: "With such soldiers as this France is invincible!"

How ridiculous the exclamation was, and how difficult it was for me to suppress a smile, one may judge on learning that the sentry thus honored by his general was a young fellow far below the average height, and apparently destitute of every physical quality requisite to make a good soldier.

The day, however, was not far off when the over-confident Marshal had brought home to him the full weight of his personal responsibility for the disasters that overwhelmed his ill-conditioned and insufficiently equipped army. After the war, having retired to his estate in the country, he disappeared from view only to reappear in public as a witness before a parliamentary commission; and again, for the last time, on the 12th of January, 1873, at Chislehurst, when standing before the body of his Emperor, dethroned, and now rigid in death, he fell upon his knees, and sobbing violently, cried out in a voice choked with grief, "Oh, pardon me, Sire!"

With Marshal Leboeuf as Minister of War, and with the Duke de Gramont as Minister for Foreign Affairs, the destinies of France were in the keeping of men altogether incompetent to deal with a dangerous political situation—one from which no successful issue could be found without knowledge and the exercise of wisdom and tact. This was the thought which at that moment crossed my mind; and it is my belief that, in the year 1870, this thought was shared by many unprejudiced persons.

The Duke de Gramont insisted that an excellent opportunity had arrived to avenge France for having been deceived by Prussia after the battle of Sadowa; and the result was that, from the 5th of July until the 15th of that month, there passed no day on which some blunder was not committed by the Foreign Office. Telegram after telegram was sent to M. Benedetti, the French Ambassador at the Prussian Court, urging him, against his own good judgment, to make proposals to the Prussian King which, as could be foreseen, were not likely to be accepted. And the manner in which the Duke de Gramont, unwittingly and passionately playing into the hands of Count Bismarck, who cunningly led the game, finally succeeded in precipitating the rupture between France and Germany, is now well known.

I recognize that it is extremely easy to criticize acts in the light of subsequent events. Had the Duke de Gramont known before the declaration of war what everybody knew very soon after it, his policy would certainly not have been a bellicose one. And it is just as certain that the particular indiscretions of the Duke's policy would have been less remarked, if discovered at all, had the French met with the success they all confidently expected at the beginning of the war, or had the honors of battle been nearly equally divided between the combatants—in a word, had his Government possessed sufficient military strength to support him. He fully supposed—and he had

reason to suppose—that the armies of France were not inferior to those of Prussia, or even of any probable German combination. To use his own words: "I resigned myself to the war; I made it (it was my only mistake) with absolute confidence of victory. For twenty years I have represented my country abroad; I believed in its greatness, in its strength, and in its military virtues, with almost as much confidence as I believe in my holy religion. What did I find on coming to Paris? A confidence equal to my own. The men who were the most competent in the Senate and in the Legislative Assembly believed, all of them, that France was invincible. And if a few solitary voices formulated a doubt or a fear, they failed to do it in season. I do not intend to say by these words that it was a blind confidence in victory that inspired at the last hour the resolution of the Government. No, the war was inevitable; it was declared at Berlin, and in the Prussian determination there entered as its principal element an exact knowledge of the military forces of France and of the military forces of Germany." * The confidence of the Duke in the "invincibility" of France was but the natural consequence of the representations and assurances of Marshals Niel and Lebœuf, made without an exact knowledge of the military forces of either France or Germany.

It is but just, moreover, to remember the excited state of public feeling in France at this time, that it had a powerful influence on the Government, and that the action of the Duke was taken in compliance with the demands of the representatives of the people, and expressed the sovereign will of the nation.

Singular as it may seem, the Radical journals from the very beginning exceeded, if possible, in the violence of their language, those attached to the Government.

* "Enquête Parlementaire," tome i, p. 108.

The *Temps* said: "Should a Prussian prince be placed upon the throne of Spain, we should be thrown back to the times not of Henry IV., but of Francis I."

The *Siècle* declared that "France, surrounded on every side by Prussia, or States subject to its influence, would be reduced to that isolated situation which led our ancient monarchy to those long wars with the House of Austria. The situation would be much worse than immediately after the treaties of 1815."

François Victor Hugo cried out in the *Rappel:* "The Hohenzollerns have reached such audacity that they aspire to dominate Europe. It will be for our time an eternal humiliation that this project has been, we will not say undertaken, but only conceived."

And such things were said before the candidature of Prince Leopold had been officially announced by the Government.

Stirred by these explosive manifestations of popular feeling, pushed on by the wild clamor that arose on every side, the Government, on the 6th of July, declared before the Chamber its intention to oppose the placing of the Spanish crown on the head of a Hohenzollern prince. This announcement of the Government's policy was unanimously approved by the Press.

Perhaps the best evidence of the extraordinary state of exasperation and passion into which Frenchmen managed in the course of a few days to mutually and foolishly excite themselves, is to be found in the effect on the people of the announcement made by M. Ollivier, on the 12th of July, that Prince Antoine of Hohenzollern had, on account of the opposition to the candidature of his son, withdrawn the acceptance given. Foreshadowing, as this act did, a pacific solution of a most difficult and dangerous question, one might presume that it would have been welcomed by the whole nation with intense satisfaction. On the contrary, it was received by the people with jeers, and

among the crowds assembled in front of the cafés along the line of the boulevards, "*La dépêche du père Antoine*" was repeated from one to another as the joke of the day, or only to provoke a fresh explosion of rage.

A Government journal having affirmed that "it is all we ask; it is a great victory, which has not cost a tear, not a drop of blood," the *Presse* answered: "This victory will be for us the worst of humiliations and the last of perils." And the *Opinion Nationale* wrote: "Since yesterday, all the journals friendly to the Government are eagerly repeating that peace has been made, that the quarrel has come to an end, and that we ought to rejoice. Nevertheless, no one is happy; we are sad, disappointed, and anxious."

The *Soir* said: "Were war declared to-day, the applause would shake the National Assembly. If war is not declared, it will be something more than a decéption—it will be an immense burst of laughter, and the Cabinet will be drowned in its own silence."

The *Gaulois* wrote: "A great nation is stupefied. Hearts are bursting; the masses, ten times more intelligent than our rulers, know that this 'pacific victory' will cost France more blood than pitched battles."

The *National* said: "It is a peace of ill-omen, the peace that has been talked about for the last twenty-four hours."

And M. Émile de Girardin shouted out, in the midst of the general uproar: "If the Prussians refuse to fight, we will force them to cross the Rhine and to clear out from the left bank, by clubbing their backs with the butts of our muskets."

When, finally, on the 15th of July, the Legislative Assembly was asked by the Government whether it should be war or peace, out of 257 votes, 247 were for war and but ten for peace. And this result, on being announced, was followed by indescribable manifestations of enthusiasm.

Nothing could more clearly indicate the general infatuation with respect to the issue of a war between France and Germany than that the very opponents of the Government in the Legislative Chamber expected nothing less than the final triumph of the French arms. Indeed, it was to prevent this, and what seemed to them its inevitable consequence—the consolidation of the Empire—that they refused to be convinced that there was a *casus belli;* but after having thrown all the responsibility for the situation upon the Government, with few exceptions they voted with the majority for war; for they, too, were unable to withstand the passionate appeals that came from the press and the people.

So deep was the feeling of indignation at the conduct of the Cabinet of Berlin, so universal the demand for vengeance, that Lord Lyons, in a despatch to Lord Granville, said:

"It is doubtful if the Government would have been able to resist the cry raised for the war, even had it been able to announce a decided diplomatic success."

The statement made in the French Legislative Chamber by the Duke de Gramont, on the 15th of July, 1870, was virtually a declaration of war; it then became evident to the world that hostilities between France and Germany had become unavoidable.

Those who were personally interested in the success of either the one or the other nation thought, of course, of little else but the desired victory; but those who, being neither Germans nor Frenchmen, were uninfluenced by patriotic sentiment, or national prepossessions and prejudices, at once foresaw the great sacrifice of life and the fearful suffering which a war would cause both to the victor and the vanquished, and recognized how deplorable, from a humane point of view, this conflict must be. Happily, there were not a few among them who felt it to

be a duty to endeavor to mitigate its sad and painful consequences.

It was for this reason that I determined to render assistance, in every way in my power, to the sufferers of both armies, although my heart leaned naturally towards the French; for France had been my home for many years.

I desired also to avail myself of the opportunity which a war would offer of introducing the improved methods of transporting and treating the wounded and taking care of the sick which had been adopted in my own country during the great war of 1861–65, and which I had been laboring for many years to bring to the knowledge of the friends of army medical reform throughout the world.

In the year 1867, during the Exposition Universelle in Paris, I exhibited a number of ambulance wagons, and models of field and post hospitals, together with a collection of the excellent hospital and sanitary appliances which, after careful trial, had been adopted in the United States Army, or been used or approved by the United States Sanitary Commission. To this exhibit was awarded one of the eight grand prizes given at that exhibition. It was the only "Grand Prix" obtained by an American. Indeed, I found that my endeavors to make this apparatus known to European surgeons and army officials, as well as to introduce in camps the new methods used for the hospitalization and treatment of the sick and wounded, were greatly appreciated in military circles. At that time, however, no one imagined how soon there would be an opportunity in Europe to make a practical test of the value of these new appliances and methods.

The Emperor, after a visit to this exhibit, which interested him greatly, said to me that he hoped the day was very far off when they should have occasion in France to make use of these interesting inventions.

Not only had the time now suddenly arrived for organizing assistance in behalf of the victims of war, but there were serious reasons for believing that it would be found necessary, very soon, to provide accommodation for the treatment of the wounded in the capital itself of the French Empire.

I proposed, therefore, to establish an ambulance in Paris, where the wounded could be treated, so far as possible, under conditions similar to those which had been attended with the best results in the United States—in short, to give a practical demonstration of the great advantages to be secured by making extensive use of field hospitals "under canvas," instead of crowding the wounded into churches and public and private buildings, as has been the custom in all armies and in all times.

The apparatus which I had shown during the Exposition, and which I still had in my possession, formed a good basis for the establishment of such an ambulance; but as there was much wanting to complete it, I undertook to procure more tents and additional medical and surgical supplies from the United States.

On the 18th of July a meeting of Americans was held at my office, for the purpose of considering what we, representing the Paris American colony, and also to a certain extent our countrymen at home, ought to do in view of the approaching conflict and its impending and fearful consequences. About twenty-five persons were present.

At this meeting I stated that while, by contributions of money, we might furnish the means of relieving much suffering, and at the same time give expression to our feelings of humanity and international sympathy, it seemed to me that the most effective way in which we could use our money and give our assistance, under the existing circumstances, would be by establishing, in connection with the French and German armies, working examples of the

American system of taking care of sick and wounded soldiers; and I insisted that such an addition to the sanitary knowledge of Europe would be far more valuable than any mere donation of material aid to either French or German ambulances, though it were possible to collect thousands of dollars for that purpose.

All of the gentlemen present at that meeting agreed with me, and promised me their cooperation in establishing one or more field-hospitals with the necessary accessories, to be constructed and managed in accordance with those principles which had received the sanction of American experience as being most suitable in war. A committee was thereupon appointed, under my presidency, with full power to carry on the work of "relieving the wants and sufferings of soldiers during the war which is now anticipated between France and Prussia."

I may remark, *en passant*, that such an ambulance was subsequently established in Paris, and that a large number of wounded were there taken care of during the siege, in the winter of 1870–71, in a way that realized in every respect my intentions and my hopes. It attracted the attention not only of the surgeons connected with the *Service de Santé* and the military hospitals, but of the principal officers of the army and the members of the Government. The surgical results reported by those in charge of this ambulance were surprising. The Press was filled with commendatory notices concerning its organization and management. Other ambulances were opened in Paris by the French *Société de Secours aux Blessés*, in which the same system and the same appliances were closely copied. And the Government of the *Défense Nationale*, at the end of the siege, as an expression of its appreciation of the services rendered by this model American field-hospital, conferred the decoration of the Legion of Honor on no less than *seventeen* Americans, members of the staff employed in the general direction of the establishment, or in the

service of its several departments, and raised me to the rank of Commander in the same order.*

While preparations were being made for the execution of my plan for ameliorating the condition of the sick and wounded during the impending war, the political events became from day to day more important and more exciting.

The Declaration of War created the greatest enthusiasm all over France, and the Press was nearly unanimous in applauding the resolution taken by the Government and by the Legislative Assembly. Even the most radical journals proclaimed their approbation of the decision of the Ministry. Some extracts from the papers of the Opposition will be sufficient to prove this assertion.

The *Univers* said: "The war in which we are about to engage is, on the part of France, neither the work of a party nor an adventure imposed by the sovereign. The nation undertakes it willingly. It is not the Emperor Napoleon III. who of his own accord has declared this war. It is we who have forced his hand."

The *Liberté* said: "For several days we have not ceased to call for war. We have asked for it in all our prayers. The future, and the near future, will tell whether we have been right or wrong. Our soul and our conscience tell us that, in acting thus and in demanding war, we have obeyed the duty which, outside of all other considerations, the dignity and the honor of France impose upon us."

The *Monde* wrote: "The Chamber was stupefied when it saw some of its members—let us hasten to say a feeble minority, however—protest by their votes against the war, the most just, the most necessary, and the most opportune. . . . The Keeper of the Seals expressed

* "History of the American Ambulance," by Thomas W. Evans. London: Sampson, Low, Marston, Low & Searle, 1873.

the sentiment of France when he showed astonishment on account of the long debates on a question which is so clear, and when he called upon the Chamber to pass from words to acts. Yes, this mourning which has already commenced, these tears which are already shed, all this has become a necessary and unavoidable evil. . . . The Government of the Emperor recognized this political truth when it yielded nobly, admirably, to the inmost desire of France. If the enemy is ready before we are, then the useless and scandalous discussions heard last Friday in the Palais Bourbon have been the cause of its being in advance."

The *Opinion Nationale* said: "And we Republicans, Democrats, Socialists, citizens of an ideal fatherland, let us return to our real fatherland, and let us sustain it in its struggle, without troubling ourselves about the persons and things that divide us. A truce at this moment to all intestine disputes!"

The *Presse* had under the heading, "The National War," an article which contained the following words: "The cries of war, which resounded yesterday on our boulevards, will now fill France, and sustain our army in the heroic struggle to which the insolence of Prussia provokes us. The resolutions of war which we are about to take do not emanate from the Government. The Government has been irresolute; it allowed itself, by some of its chiefs, at least, to be drawn into making absurd concessions. These resolves go out from the very soul, so to speak, of the country itself. They are the result of all the irritation of national sentiment against the system of slavery which threatened to weigh down Europe," etc.

Perfectly in accordance with the conclusions and the language of the Paris Press was the feeling of the majority of the nation at that time. "It is now," said M. Émile Ollivier, on receiving Bismarck's falsified despatch,

"beyond the power of man to avert this war." The question at issue from that moment ceased to be a diplomatic affair, or a matter that concerned only the Imperial Government. The two nations, Prussia and France, had been thrown in collision, and were immediately in flames. A war of races was now inevitable. When M. Gambetta, on the morning after the publication of this famous despatch, said, in the Chamber of Deputies, "The purpose of this war is to settle forever between the French and Germanic races the question of *preponderance*," his words only expressed what every Frenchman then felt. To the challenge "*Qui vive?*" the answer came in a voice of thunder, "*La France!*" The French capital was seized with irrepressible enthusiasm and wild excitement. Every night, for more than a week, after the resolution of the Government became known, the boulevards were filled by the populace, whose numbers were so great as to make it impossible for carriages to proceed along the roadway. All the people of Paris seemed to be possessed with a species of contagious hysterical insanity. The spectacle presented by these nocturnal demonstrations was most extraordinary. The foreign visitors in Paris looked on from the windows of their hotels, or other stations of vantage, with wonder and astonishment. They were manifestations not so much of patriotic feeling, as of rage and an irrepressible desire for vengeance. The dominant cry, the one that rose above and drowned all others, was "*À bas la Prusse!*"

But while the populace gathered by night in the streets, marching in columns a thousand strong, and crying "*À bas la Prusse!*" "*À Berlin!*" other crowds of people assembled during the day before the windows of the money-changers, in order to read the last quotations. The Bourse, and the square in which it stands, could not hold the enormous number of persons who wished to ascertain as quickly as possible the value of stocks and

bonds; from the Rue Vivienne as far as the Boulevard des Capucines, the streets presented that peculiar spectacle, a swaying, surging mass of gesticulating, vociferating humanity, which in times of peace was only to be seen on the floor, or in the perlieus of the Stock Exchange. Nor was the depreciation in value limited to French securities. Stocks and bonds of nearly every description were affected. British consols and United States bonds fell off almost as many points as French *rentes*. The incalculable consequences of the conflict that was imminent between the two greatest Powers on the Continent of Europe unsettled prices everywhere, and disturbed profoundly the money-markets of the world.

Everywhere were loud voices, wild exclamations, and dense crowds. The omnibuses could not pursue their usual route along the boulevards, but had to take parallel streets, and even there they could proceed only with difficulty.

The Prefect of Police, after the declaration of war, authorized the singing of the "Marseillaise" at the café-concerts, and liberal use was made of this permission.

Even those places where, in times of peace, great ceremony was observed, and where a breach of etiquette would have been regarded as intolerable, became, from the 15th of July, scenes of the most extraordinary manifestations of patriotic feeling.

At the Grand Opera one evening, after the "Marseillaise" had been wildly applauded, some persons gave expression to their desire to hear Alfred de Musset's long-forgotten "Rhin Allemand."

This desire was seconded at once by the whole audience present in the theater, and loud calls for the "Rhin Allemand" were heard on every side. The *Régisseur* appeared on the stage and announced that none of the opera-singers knew the words. This, however, did not satisfy the excited crowd; and in order to quiet the

tumult, which had become unbearable, M. Faure finally agreed to sing the "Rhin Allemand" from the notes. After that evening, this song, as well as the "Marseillaise" was sung every night at the Opera until the threatening prospect of a siege put an end to the amusement.

Not only the capital, but every city, every village, of France, was seized with military enthusiasm; and there were but few Frenchmen that were not carried away by the popular excitement. Among these was the Emperor.

"Napoleon III.," says a contemporary writer, "had no part in the general intoxication; his enthusiasm was that of a soul inspired by great subjects. He did not know that enthusiasm of the imagination which darkens reason and gives birth to illusions."

The Emperor's heart was full of anxiety, because he had seriously studied the chances of the war. He foresaw the possible consequences to himself, his dynasty, and his country; but he believed in his destiny and had confidence in his army. And if he was mistaken with respect to its ability to promptly and successfully execute the plan of campaign that had been agreed upon, it was largely on account of the incorrect information which he received from his ministers. No monarch, no head of any great institution, can make sure of everything by immediate personal investigation; he must study carefully the reports of those whom he has charged with the examination of the details of his affairs, and do his best to learn their opinion. Napoleon III. did this, and even more.

The Emperor seldom relied exclusively upon the opinion of his ministers, but made himself well acquainted even with many of the details of the administration, and especially with those concerning the military affairs of the country. He was continually instituting inquiries with regard to the condition and serviceableness of the war *matériel*, and concerning the different kinds of arms in use;

and not only spent a great deal of his time in improving the artillery, which in modern wars has become of such great importance, but he also tried to obtain a correct knowledge of the general state and efficiency of the army.

Thus, for instance, in the year 1867, after the trouble with Prussia with respect to the Duchy of Luxembourg, he said to General Lebrun, "We have escaped. But from this moment we ought to think of the future, and in peace to be always ready for war; so that, should an event occur similar to the one we have just had to deal with, we may not be found living in a fool's paradise, and absolutely unprepared to defend ourselves."

And thereupon, in order to obtain a clear insight into the existing military organization as a working mechanism, he himself thoroughly investigated it, and gave particular consideration to plans for the formation of independent armies on French territory; the object being to obtain thereby an organization of the national forces more mobile and effective, and more in accordance with the requirements of modern war. The results of his studies were subsequently (in 1867) published in a memoir which he submitted to Marshal Niel, then Minister of War.

Indeed, the Army was always a special object of interest and solicitude with the Emperor, and nothing that might in any way contribute to the health, comfort, and efficiency of the French soldier ever failed, when brought to his notice, to find in him an earnest advocate.

I have already spoken of the interest taken by the Emperor in the War of the Rebellion of 1861–65, and of my efforts to keep him well informed with respect to its progress. But it was not information relating only to questions of strategy and tactics that he wished to have; he wanted to know all about the organization of the commissariat and the quartermaster's department, and particularly about the kind of food and the quality of the clothing issued to the soldiers. At his request, I sent to the United

States for samples of the clothing, the daily rations, and other supplies furnished by the Federal Government to the army while in active service. Many of these articles —such as desiccated vegetables, desiccated eggs, condensed milk, and so forth—were either American inventions or were used in the United States army on a scale vastly greater than had ever before been known. All these things interested his Majesty very much; and I remember now how, after examining with considerable care a specimen of the famous blue overcoats worn by the Federal soldiers, he exclaimed, "*C'est très bien.*" In making his inquiries, no new facts seemed to be too trivial to be disregarded; and he liked to see the facts that he believed to be important stated in writing, if not in print. And while informing himself about the instruments made use of, or the means taken to increase the efficiency of the army in my own country, I observed that he always appreciated these things in proportion to the extent to which he thought they might, perhaps, be adopted or employed with advantage in the French army.

The reports which the military authorities gave to the Emperor just before the war began, in July, 1870, were such that he was forced to believe France was sufficiently prepared to enter into a war with Germany without incurring any extraordinary hazards.

It is true that he was aware there existed a considerable difference in the numerical strength of the armies of the two countries; but this difference was, as the best French strategists maintained, not sufficient to prejudice the success of the French, provided the regiments could be mobilized and concentrated quickly enough to make an immediate attack upon the enemy.

General Changarnier gave his opinion on the subject of numerical inferiority in war in the following words: "Do not let us try to make the number of our soldiers equal to that of our eventual adversaries; even by exhausting

all our resources we should not succeed in doing so, but this should give us no anxiety. It is difficult for 3,000 men to fight successfully against 5,000; but it is not so difficult for 60,000 to fight against 100,000. The more the numbers themselves increase, the less dangerous is a numerical inferiority." *

This opinion was shared by most of the French military authorities, among others by the Prince de Joinville, by Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, and by Marshal Lebœuf. But, of course, the *conditio sine quâ non* was that Marshal Lebœuf's statement in regard to the perfect readiness of the army to move should be correct. And this, as will be seen later, was not the case.

That the Emperor well understood the seriousness of the war which he was forced to undertake, may be seen from the significant reply which he made to the long and optimistic address pronounced by M. Rouher in presence of the Senate, which on the 16th of July had assembled at St. Cloud to express to his Majesty their patriotic sentiments. "We begin," said the Emperor, "a serious struggle. France will need the assistance of all her children."

These words of the Emperor should not be forgotten now, after the apprehensions of Europe have been verified. An impartial mind must recognize the fact that the defeat of the French in the war of 1870 was not due to any neglect on the part of Napoleon III., but that, on the contrary, the Emperor did all in his power to insure the victory to France. Had the people, on their part, not deserted him, after forcing him to declare war, and had they still maintained the character attributed to them by Cæsar, when he wrote, "*Nefas more Gallorem est, etiam in extremâ fortunâ deserere patronos*" (It is considered shameful by the Gauls to desert their leaders, even in the greatest adversity), it is but fair to suppose that the issue of this

* "La Vérité sur la Campagne de 1870." Giraudeau, p. 191.

war might have been very different from what it was. The strength of Germany lay in its unity, and in the loyalty of its inhabitants; the weakness of France in its want of unity, and in the disloyalty of its citizens at a moment when all party interests and dynastic considerations should have been forgotten. Interior dissensions encourage and strengthen the common enemy; while even with the feeblest government success is possible in case the people unite all their efforts. In the discord which reigned in France in the year 1870, and in the action of certain men who had been, and were then, willing to sacrifice the army, the country, everything, to gratify their political hatred or satisfy their personal ambition, the direct cause of the defeat of the French is to be recognized. *France was in need of the assistance of all her children.*

The French nation had wished for war, and now the preparations for the contest began. On the 16th of July, at nine o'clock in the morning, a bill containing the following announcement was posted on the walls of the Eastern Railway Station:

"From this date (July 16th) the passenger service upon the lines of the Eastern Railway will be partially suspended. Travelers are requested to apply to the station-master for information regarding the departure of trains."

This proved that the advance of the army to the frontier had been decided upon.

On the same day, towards noon, thousands of people hurried to this station in order to witness the departure of the troops. At three o'clock the Ninety-fifth Regiment of the Line, which had been stationed at Fort de Bicêtre, arrived. It was accompanied by a large crowd singing the "Marseillaise" and crying "*Vive l'Armée.*" The number of spectators assembled between the entrance-gates and the station was so large that the soldiers could only proceed with difficulty.

The Eighty-first Regiment arrived at nearly the same time, led by a band playing the "Marseillaise."

The appearance of these soldiers was far from reassuring; and although, under the circumstances, the cries of "*A Berlin*" and the noisy anticipations of victory were pardonable, and more or less confusion was to be expected, the unprejudiced witness could not fail to be struck with the want of discipline, solidity, and seriousness which was plainly visible in their ranks.

A still greater disappointment was produced by the appearance of the *Gardes Mobiles*. No real patriot who looked at these young men, some of whom appeared on the street in a partially intoxicated state, accompanied by women in the same condition, could help having grave apprehensions as to the success of the war; and many a face was saddened when companies of these ill-conditioned levies were seen to fill the trains that were leaving Paris.

Darker and darker grew the horizon, and it became plainer from day to day that the tempest of war was approaching.

On the 26th of July the Emperor Napoleon III. began to make his arrangements to leave the Palace of Saint Cloud for the purpose of assuming the command of the army; perhaps the most important of these was the appointment of the Empress, by special decree, Regent of the Empire.

For seventeen years the sovereign who was thus called to represent her country, in the midst of the vicissitudes of a great struggle, had shared the prosperous government of the Emperor; she had adorned the most splendid court in Europe by her intelligence, the brilliancy of her wit, by her grace and her beauty; and her ardent patriotism, and ever-present sympathy for the poor and suffering, justly entitled her to the confidence and love of the people.

Her noble character well qualified her for the position she was now to hold, and her knowledge of the affairs of

government which she had obtained through the interest she had always taken in them, and by means of the instruction which she had received, rendered her perfectly competent to govern the country she loved so dearly. She had often taken part in the Cabinet councils during the years of peace, and the Emperor had explained to her the mechanism and initiated her into all the mysteries of State affairs; for he wished that the mother of the Prince Imperial should be able, in case of necessity, to educate her son for the serious tasks which the future might devolve upon him.

That her Majesty fully comprehended her responsibility and well understood her duty, must be acknowledged by all who have studied the history of the Regency; and few would blame her for anything that happened during the short period of her administration, were they to consider under what difficulties it was entered upon and conducted. Even the most excellent qualifications of the Regent could not remedy the organic defect in the Government, which consisted in the restriction of her power at a time when it should have been concentrated in her person alone, and when she should have been subject to no other will or opinion than that of the Emperor and his ministers.

In the year 1859 she was able, as Regent, to discharge her duties easily and successfully, for she was free; while in the year 1870, under the "liberal Empire," her initiative was destroyed, and she was unable to act with any freedom on account of the interference of the Legislative Assembly, which, instead of simply maintaining its place as a coordinate power, tried to usurp the functions of the Executive, and thus hampered all her movements. The most perfect, the most democratic Republics that have ever existed, have concentrated authority in times of war. The Roman Commonwealth, for instance, placed the supreme power, in times of danger, in the hands of one man, a

Dictator, while the French nation, although ruled by a constitutional monarch, tried to limit the power of the Regent by establishing an oligarchy that interfered directly and constantly with her duties. If these facts are considered, the results will not be wondered at.

The Emperor decided to leave Saint Cloud on the 28th of July, and I went to the palace on the morning of that day to bid him farewell. Clouds covered the sky, and there was a heaviness in the atmosphere that seemed to forebode evil. The evening before, the Emperor, the Empress, and the Prince Imperial, as I learned, had partaken of the Communion at the hands of Monseigneur Darboy, the venerable Archbishop of Paris, who was assassinated by the Communists a few months later. Soon after I arrived, the Emperor, with the Empress and Prince Imperial, came out of the apartments of her Majesty into the great salon, where those who had come to bid him good-by had gathered together. With a kind word or a pressure of the hand for every one, he passed on. As he took leave of those whom he knew intimately, and of his ministers and the members of the Imperial household who were present on this occasion, it seemed to me that there was an unusual tone of tenderness in his voice, and an expression of sadness on his face such as I had never seen before. To some one saying, "In a fortnight your Majesty will be in Berlin," he replied solemnly, "No, don't expect that, *even* if we are successful." He doubtless still believed in his destiny; but certainly no longer with assurance in his good fortune. Although apparently perfectly calm, it was evident that he was profoundly agitated. I noticed that he was smoking a cigar, something quite unusual for him to do.

About ten o'clock he got into his carriage to go to the station at the extremity of the park, where he was to take the train; the Empress being at his side, nervous, striving

to look cheerful, and holding in her hand the hand of the young Prince, whose eyes had filled with tears at the thought of leaving his mother. The carriage started immediately—the Emperor, after bowing to the people assembled in the Court, looking straight ahead, but seemingly observing nothing.

Together with many others I went to the station, where for the last time the Emperor received us, bidding good-by to those with whom he had not before spoken, until the signal was given for the train to leave. Then, turning to the Empress, he embraced her tenderly, and, after stepping into the carriage reserved for him and his suite, he looked back and waved his hand toward her; while we stood watching, in silence and with deep feeling, this really touching separation of the Imperial family.

As the train moved slowly away, all heads were uncovered, and the cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" rang out, weak in volume but sharp and clear. In a few moments the Emperor and the Prince Imperial were out of sight, and the Empress, struggling to suppress her sobs, was on her way back to the palace, where she had spent so many happy days, where the first weeks of her married life had been passed, and which, beautiful and enduring as it then seemed to be, as if having served the purpose for which it had been created, and associated in some mysterious way with the fortune of the Imperial Government—for here it was, in 1804, that the Empire of Napoleon was proclaimed—a few months later was only a shapeless heap of twisted iron and calcined marble.

I could not fail to be profoundly impressed with the difference there was between the *morale* of those connected with this departure, whether as principals or witnesses, and that exhibited on the occasion of the Emperor's leaving Paris in 1859, to join the army in Italy. Then, the streets filled with immense crowds, flags everywhere, the Emperor left the Tuileries in a carriage driven by postilions, sur-

rounded by the great dignitaries of the Court, officers in brilliant uniforms, and the *cuirassiers* of the Guard, and was received all along the route to the Lyons Railway Station with the wildest enthusiasm, he himself saluting the vast assemblage, calm and confident. The popular exaltation carried with it a presage and an assurance of victory that gave to that departure the appearance of a triumph. Now, attended by a few members of his Government, his personal staff, and his official household, avoiding the capital, silently, almost secretly, the Emperor goes off to meet his destiny.

In these later years many sayings of the Emperor have been reported revealing his sense of the very doubtful result of the war; but the most conspicuous proof of his full appreciation of the gravity of the situation was the care with which, when leaving for the head-quarters of his army, he avoided the demonstrations of enthusiasm with which he would have been greeted by the people of Paris had he appeared among them, and to which in his own soul he could find no response.

As I returned to Paris, mingled thoughts of fear and hope crossed my mind, but the feeling of anxiety prevailed. To an unprejudiced person, the future of France could look but dark and uncertain, and I was quite prepared to hear that the French army had met with a repulse at the frontier. The campaign, however, proved to be far more disastrous than I had anticipated or even thought possible.

On the evening of the 28th of July, the Emperor, accompanied by the Prince Imperial, arrived at Metz for the purpose of taking the chief command. He had left Saint Cloud, as we have said, troubled with doubts and with sad misgivings. The chief cause of his uneasiness was that he knew his army might have to contend with an enemy superior in numbers, and reported by his own most highly credited agents to possess great military qualities; but he

knew also that he had done all he could to make the armies of France efficient, and that, if his country had to suffer on account of not having enough men under arms, or from insufficient preparation for this emergency, the blame could not justly be placed upon him.

CHAPTER VII

THE FRENCH ARMY—SEDAN AND BISMARCK

The efforts of the Emperor to increase the strength of the army—His proposals are denounced by the Opposition—Favre—Thiers—Magnin—Jules Simon—State of the army when war was declared—On arriving at Metz the Emperor finds nothing ready—Misled by incorrect reports—A fair example—The situation becomes more and more difficult—A change of commanders—Sedan—A vivid account of the battle written by the Emperor—Further resistance impossible—The flag of truce—The letter of the Emperor to the King of Prussia—De Wimpfen meets Von Moltke and Bismarck at Donchéry—Interview between the Emperor and Bismarck described by Bismarck in a letter to the King of Prussia—Two letters—"Conneau."

NAPOLEON III., during the years immediately preceding the war of 1870, had earnestly advised reorganizing the army, so that France might be strong enough to preserve peace, or to protect itself against any of the neighboring countries in case of invasion; but the nation did not listen to him.

On the 12th of December, 1866, at his suggestion, a proposition was laid before the Legislative Assembly asking that the numerical strength of the army might be raised, when on a war footing, to 1,200,000 men—the number at the disposal of the King of Prussia. This was to be brought about with a very slight increase in the charge on the Treasury, by changing the system of recruitment and by means of a reorganization of the military service that would place about 500,000 men of the National Guard at the disposal of the Government, to be called into any field of military op-

erations in the event of war. The proposition was denounced and strongly fought against by the leaders of the Opposition in the Legislative Assembly. It furnished a splendid subject for the phrase-makers. "What," said Jules Favre, "after reigning fifteen years, after the public debt has been increased by 8,000,000,000 francs, after we have been forced into the wars that you know about—it is to be decreed that the whole population is to be delivered over to the drill-sergeant, and that France, instead of being a workshop, shall henceforth be only a barrack!" And M. Garnier Pagès, while arguing to show that liberty had more to gain by defeats than by victories, declared that the boundaries of States were no longer fixed by mountains, or rivers, or by armies, and loftily proclaimed that "*la vraie frontière c'est le patriotism.*"

M. Thiers spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen, you forget one thing. It may be said that there is only the National Guard to defend the country, and that, unless you create the *Garde Mobile*, France is open to the enemy. I must, however, ask you of what benefit to us is our admirable active army, which costs from 400,000,000 to 500,000,000 francs annually? Or, do you suppose that it will submit to the first shock, and that France will be immediately without defense? Some days ago it was mentioned in this place that several Powers could oppose to you 1,200,000, 1,300,000, and even 1,500,000 men under arms. I do not say that these figures have influenced your votes; but, after all, these figures, when quoted, made upon you a very vivid impression. Well, then, these figures are altogether chimerical. According to the statement of the Honorable Minister, Prussia is able to oppose to us 1,300,000 men. But I must ask him, When has any one seen these formidable numbers? How many men did Prussia send into Bohemia in 1866? About 300,000. . . . Therefore, gentlemen, we must not give the least credit to these fanciful figures. They are fabulous,

and have never had any existence in fact. Let us, then, be assured our army will be sufficient to stop the enemy. Behind it, the country will have time to breathe quietly and to organize its reserves. Will you not have always two or three months—that is to say, more time than you need—for the organization of the *Garde Mobile* and for the utilization of the popular zeal? Besides, there will be volunteers in abundance. You have far too little confidence in your country." *

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* But on the 12th of August, 1870, after hearing of the first reverses that befell the French army, this adroit politician, with characteristic versatility, declared in the Chamber of Deputies he had never ceased to warn the Government that its preparations for a war with Germany were altogether insufficient: "There is not a minister," he affirmed, "who has not heard me say we were not ready; the country has been deceived." And this was said notwithstanding the fact that on the 30th of June—only *sixteen* days before the declaration of war—he had said in that same Chamber (I quote from the official journal): "If we are at peace, if we are threatened by no one, it is because we are known to be ready for war. This is as clear as the light—yes, evident to all those who know the situation in Europe. Do you know why peace has been preserved? It is because you are strong."

M. Thiers was always in opposition when not in power; he had no political convictions of any kind. He was true to but one party, that of Adolphe Thiers. In 1848, when Louis Napoleon was a candidate for the Presidency of the Republic, the *Revue Comique* asked M. Thiers, "Why do you support Prince Louis?" and answered the question for him as follows: "Because his incapacity is notorious; because he is impossible; because it is the Revolution over again; with Prince Louis the struggle will recommence; and with the contest there will be all the uncertainties, but *also all the hopes of the future!*" No analysis of a character could be more exact. M. Thiers' love of leadership was such that he was never known to be, in American political parlance, "on the fence" on any subject but once in his life. When M. de Belcastel one day asked him, "What are your relations with God?" he replied: "On that matter I think we shall be able to understand each other, for I am neither of the Court nor of the Opposition."

Many, perhaps most, Frenchmen are disposed to forgive and to forget a great deal in M. Thiers' political life, not so much on account of his wonderful intellectual alertness, his marvelous gifts of speech, his wit,

These were the words of M. Thiers when this proposition to increase the army and its efficiency was brought before the Legislative Assembly; and the speeches of his colleagues of the Opposition were to the same effect; and

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his diplomatic skill, the ingenious versatility with which he was able to adjust himself to every political situation, as in remembrance of his undaunted efforts, in the winter of 1870–71, to obtain the intervention of Europe in behalf of France, and the rapidity with which he subsequently, when "*Chef du pouvoir*," freed his country from the presence of the hated enemy.

The fact nevertheless remains, that on this "liberator of the territory" will forever rest a very large part of the responsibility of having pushed France into an abyss, from which it could only be extricated after its dismemberment, and liberated at the cost of a prodigious pecuniary ransom.

The Hon. Andrew D. White, our late distinguished Minister and Ambassador to St. Petersburg and Berlin, an acute and yet most unprejudiced observer of men and events, in his "Autobiography" recently published, refers to M. Thiers in a paragraph which I am quite sure foreshadows the judgment of Frenchmen themselves, when with the lapse of time they shall become able to write and to read their own history without passion and without prejudice.

Mr. White says: "I have studied M. Thiers as a historian, observed him as a statesman, and conversed with him as a social being, and he has always seemed, and still seems to me, the most noxious of all the great architects of ruin that France produced during the last half of the nineteenth century; and that is saying much. His policy was to discredit every Government which he found existing, in order that its ruins might serve him as a pedestal; and while he certainly showed great skill in mitigating the calamities which he did so much to cause, his whole career was damning. . . . In his writings, speeches, and intrigues he aided in upsetting not only the rule of the Bourbons in 1830, but the rule of Louis Philippe in 1848, the Second Republic in 1851, the Second Empire in 1870, and, had he lived, he would have doubtless done the same by the present Republic."

It would be hard indeed for any judicious, unbiased person familiar with recent French history, to come to any other conclusion. And the final judgment of the world is almost sure to be that if there was any man living in France at any time during the nineteenth century to whom the epithet of "*l'homme néfaste*" could be justly applied by his countrymen, that man was Adolphe Thiers.

as they met with considerable support on the side of the majority the consequence was that the Emperor's plan for reorganizing the army could not be carried out.*

Nearly two years later, during the session of 1868, this measure was resubmitted to the Chamber of Deputies, but only after it had been modified. The Emperor now proposed that France should have at least 750,000 men under arms, including the reserves; but even this moderate demand met with the most violent opposition.

M. Magnin (afterward one of the members of the Government of the 4th of September, and one of those Deputies who voted for the war) said in the Chamber:

"You remember what an outburst of discontent was heard all over France at the announcement of the former project for increasing the army. Nobody would or could accept it. It was submitted to the State Council, which examined it in the Session of March; and, later, it was placed again before us, with an introduction explaining its motives, and with its most obnoxious points modified.

"In fact, the project in its new form reduced the time of service. There were still, however, 160,000 men required. In the active army the service was to be of five years' and in the reserve of seven years' duration. Those who did not serve in the active army were to serve four years in the *Garde Mobile*. . . . This still created a very violent and very ardent opposition, which was shared partially by your Commission, and I offer you my congratulations thereupon.

"The public did not look more favorably upon the new project than upon the preceding one; and the Emperor now announces to you that other modifications will be made. 'It is,' he says, 'not a question of militarizing the country, but of modifying certain parts of the law of 1832.'"

M. Jules Simon (a member of the Government of

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* See Appendix VI.

the 4th of September, and who also voted for the war) said:

"Gentlemen, the chief aim of the project first presented was to ask for an army of 1,200,000 men. . . . I insist, before going farther, upon drawing your attention to the enormous figure—*1,200,000!* . . .

"After considerable changes which are due to public opinion, to the zeal of the members of the Commission, and the concessions made by the Government, we have finally come to the present project. But it is plainly to be seen that you still wish to have an army of 800,000 men, and, in order to obtain this, you wish to create the *Garde Mobile.* The law which proposes this is not only a hard law, but an unmerciful one; one that weighs heavily upon those who are called to serve, and at the same time upon the whole population; because quartering the *Gardes Mobiles* in the houses of the inhabitants will be adding a new tax to those which already oppress us. In the end, the political consequences of the new system will be still more disastrous than the material consequences; and the law proposed is especially bad, because it will increase the *almightiness of the Emperor.* . . .

"The important point is not the number of soldiers, but the cause they have to defend. If the Austrians were beaten at Sadowa, it was because they did not wish to fight for the House of Hapsburg against the German fatherland. Yes, gentlemen, there is only one cause which makes an army invincible, and that is liberty."

Strangely enough, many of the very men who were systematically opposing any increase of the army were most violent in their denunciations of the pacific policy of the Imperial Government with respect to Germany. "The soldier is a white slave," said M. Émile de Girardin one day; and the next day he claimed the Rhine as the rightful frontier of France, and, working himself into a frenzy over his theme, finally shrieked out: "If, to obtain it, it

is necessary to give Europe a shower-bath of blood, let the shower-bath be given to Europe."

The proposed law in its modified form was at last adopted in 1868. By this enactment the regular army was increased to a total strength of 744,568 men, including the reserves (329,318); and provision was made for the mobilization of 500,000 National Guards for the defence of the fortresses. But the Opposition voted against it; and among those who opposed it were Messrs. Bethmont, Magnin, Glais-Bizoin, Dorian, Jules Favre, Carnot, Thiers, Jules Simon, Ernest Picard, Garnier-Pagès, and Pelletan. Had the will of these gentlemen been accomplished, the army would have been much smaller than it was when the war began.

But while the army was thus officially increased in number, its effective strength was, at the same time, actually reduced by the extension given to a pernicious system of furloughs subservient to certain political interests, and by virtue of which large numbers of soldiers were permitted to be absent from the ranks. On the 20th of March, 1868, Marshal Niel reported to the Senate that of the regular troops in the second year of their service, *twenty-five* per cent. were absent on a *six-months'* leave; that of those in the third year of their service, *a third* were absent; that of the fourth year's men, *two-fifths* were absent; and that of the troops in the last year of their service, *one-half* were absent on a *six-months'* furlough.

When war was declared in July, 1870, more than a third of the French regular army was absent on leave. And, more extraordinary still, it was discovered that the cavalry horses had been "furloughed" to the farmers in about the same proportion. And these furloughs had been granted notwithstanding the repeated warnings the Emperor had given of the consequences that might follow.

If, therefore, France had too small an army at the beginning of the war of 1870 (415,000 men, not counting

the reserves), and the rapid mobilization of this scattered army was impossible, it was certainly not the fault of the Emperor. On the contrary, the responsibility belongs to those politicians who prevented him from doing what he earnestly wished to do.

Nor does the responsibility rest entirely or even principally upon the political opponents of the Government. The Deputies at this time were nearly all Imperialists, nominally at least; and if the Emperor's proposition to reorganize and strengthen the army failed to obtain the support of the majority in the Legislative Chamber, it was because some of these Deputies honestly believed it to be unnecessary and inexpedient, and others were more anxious about their own personal popularity with their taxpaying constituents than mindful of the interests of the Government and of the nation.*

The time now had suddenly come when many patriots recognized the serious mistakes that had been made, and deeply regretted that the number of French soldiers was not greater. But the nation desired war; and the Emperor considered that he had no right, even had he the power, to

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* These statements are true; but they fail to set forth the whole truth. Many of the friends of the Government regarded the project as one that endangered the stability of the Empire. A majority even of the Members of the Emperor's Cabinet considered it to be politically inexpedient, whatever may have been their opinion of its desirability from a military point of view. They knew that the people generally were strongly opposed to increasing the number of men liable to be called into active military service; and, especially, to any law that diminished the number of exempts. So very unpopular was this measure that after it was finally passed, with numerous amendments and ameliorations, Gressier, the reporter, failed to be reelected in his Canton. "I like you very much," said an old farmer to him, "but I shall not vote for you—you have taken my son from me and made him a soldier." The Imperial Government could count upon the solid vote of the "rustics"—but only on certain conditions. "*Un jour,*" said M. Jules Ferry, "*les masses agricoles montrèrent qu'elles pouvaient* VOULOIR." The Emperor knew this; but he wished also to do his duty.

refuse to submit to the national will. His only desire, as the representative of this will, was to do the best that could be done under the circumstances. These made a rapid movement forward imperative, if the campaign was to succeed. His plan was to attack the German troops on German soil, to cross the Rhine at Maxau, and to separate North Germany from South Germany. But the passage of the Rhine had to be effected before the enemy could concentrate near that river, otherwise the execution of his plan would be impossible without risking great losses. All, therefore, depended upon the precision and quickness of the mobilization of the French army, and upon its readiness for action.

How fearful, then, must have been the disappointment of his Majesty, when, on his arrival at Metz, he found that nothing was in readiness, and that the reports which he had received at different times from his chief military officers were incorrect and misleading.

In the year 1868 Marshal Niel sent a report to the Emperor, in which he said that all the orders had been prepared for a very speedy calling out of the soldiers of the reserve, and that, thanks to the measures taken, the several corps which were to form the active army could be made up ready for service, in case of an emergency, within a space of nine, or, at the most, of fourteen days. On the 9th of April, 1869, Marshal Niel, speaking in the Senate on the state of the army, made use of words still more assuring. He then said: "Our situation is such at the present time that, if we will maintain it, we can never be surprised." And two or three days later, in the same place, he declared: "To-day, whether we are in peace or at war is not of the slightest consequence to the Minister of War; he is always ready." Marshal Lebœuf, who was the successor of Marshal Niel as Minister of War, confirmed these statements, and also insisted that the armies would

be ready to act within a fortnight, should they be called out.

On the 6th of July, 1870, Marshal Lebœuf submitted to the Emperor a schedule of the military forces at the disposition of the Government. According to this statement there should have been 350,000 regular troops on the frontier within fourteen days after the calling out of the reserves, and 100,000 *Gardes Mobiles* besides. This was the force to begin with; but before a month should have elapsed, 400,000 troops were also to be ready for action. To this force, the Marshal said, Prussia would only be able to oppose 390,000 men, and that, counting the soldiers of the Southern States, the German army would have a strength of only 420,000 men. (In fact, the three German armies of invasion numbered at first but 338,000 men.) Relying upon the correctness of these reports, the Emperor might have had good reason to hope for success, especially as his plan was to attack the Prussians before the armies of the Southern German States could be united with them. When, however, he arrived at his head-quarters three weeks later, he found, to his great dismay, that the eight French army corps sent to the frontier numbered only 220,000 men.

This state of things was very serious; but the most alarming discovery made was the fact that important instructions which the Emperor had given with regard to the distribution of military stores of every sort, even to the baggage train, had not been obeyed, although Marshal Niel had reported to the contrary. As the result of this neglect, the mobilization was paralyzed at the most critical moment.

The letters sent by the Emperor to the Empress at this time were most discouraging. "He was," she said, "*navré*. Nothing was ready; the confusion indescribable; the plan of the campaign must be abandoned on account of the inevitable delay."

The details of military organization are not very interesting to the general reader, but I think I may count upon his indulgence, if I give the facts in a single case that is a fair example of many others, and which will show plainly what reason the Emperor had for believing his army ready for action in July, 1870; as also that the non-execution of his orders was among the causes of the defeat of the French.

In the year 1868 the Emperor inquired at his War Department how long it would take to have in readiness the Government wagons that were stored at Vernon. The answer was that this operation would take several months. Surprised to hear such a reply, he immediately gave orders to have the wagons distributed over different parts of the country; and the Minister of War reported shortly afterward, in the following words, that these orders were in the way of execution.

"The concentration of all the baggage wagons at Vernon is dangerous in case of a war, as the length of time necessary for making ready so much *matériel* (6,700 wagons, 10,000 sets of harness, etc.) might interfere very much with a quick mobilization of the army. To remedy this difficulty, the following measures have been adopted:

"Barracks are to be erected in the Parc de Châteauroux for about 1,200 wagons, so that the squadron of the baggage train, which is quartered there, will find its wagons handy, without being obliged to send to Vernon for them.

"Use is to be made of the circumstance that a detachment of artillery and engineers is quartered at Satory, by placing there all those wagons which have to be furnished to the staffs and to the different corps of these troops. . . .

"Sheds are to be constructed at the camp of Châlons for about 600 wagons, which are to serve for the baggage train accompanying the first divisions.

"The regimental wagons which are to serve the First

Corps are to be distributed in the military posts of the East.

"According to this plan, the First Army will be able to find, between the camp at Châlons and the frontier, all the wagons that it will need for the march.

"The Army of Lyons will have its means right at hand; transportation for the Army of Paris will be at Satory, and, at the same time, the parks of Châteauroux and Vernon will furnish the wagons necessary for the Second and Third Armies.

"At this moment the small depots of the East are being constructed; the wagons for one division are at Metz; at Strasbourg there are wagons for one brigade, and at Besançon for one regiment. The depot of Toul will be opened in a few days.

"The constructions to be made at Châlons, according to the above plan, will probably be finished within one month.

"Lyons has the wagons necessary for one division of infantry and one division of cavalry; it will receive within a short time the wagons for another division of infantry—when the *matériel* which has come back from Civita Vecchia has been repaired.

"The barracks which are at present being erected at Satory will hold all the regimental wagons.

"It is to be hoped that the distribution of the *matériel* will be accomplished before spring, with the exception of that to be sent to the Parc de Châteauroux, as the works there cannot yet be commenced on account of the condition of the ground."

From this report it will be seen that the Emperor had a right to believe that no considerable delay would occur with respect to the distribution of the army wagons. When the war of 1870 began, almost two years had elapsed since the arrangements indicated above were, according to the official report, to be immediately completed. What,

then, will the reader say when I inform him that these wagons were still stored up at Vernon and Satory on the outbreak of hostilities in the year 1870, and that it was a long while before the greater part of them could be sent to the different corps, thus hampering the mobilization enormously?

There is a point in the preceding statement which should not be allowed to pass unobserved, namely, the wagons were apparently sufficient in number to meet the requirements of the service. In fact, the rigid parliamentary inquiry instituted by the Government of the Republic, after the war, has made it perfectly clear that the French War Department in 1870 was well supplied with nearly all the *matériel* necessary for a campaign, with the troops then at the disposal of the Government. The fatal error—the unpardonable blunder—of Marshal Lebœuf, and of his predecessor, Marshal Niel, consisted not so much in overestimating the number of "gaiter buttons" or other military stores *en magazin*, as in underestimating the time necessary to deliver these supplies where they were needed, and to provide for their regular distribution.* The want of something somewhere put a stop to every effective movement everywhere. As we have seen, it was the opinion

* Unpardonable to every one but to him who was the principal sufferer. When preparing the article entitled "Projet d'organisation de l'armée du Rhin," published in the "Oeuvres posthumes de Napoleon III," his collaborator, Count de la Chapelle, inserted a note addressed to the Emperor by Marshal Lebœuf, in July, 1870, in which the Marshal says: "In fifteen days I can at any time throw upon the frontier an effective force of 400,000 men." But the Emperor would not consent to have it published. Writing to the Count on the subject he said: "Although the first document under the name 'note of the Minister of War' is of the greatest importance, as regards my own responsibility, I prefer to strike it out as it accuses too clearly poor Marshal Lebœuf who is already so unfortunate. Consequently I pray you to suppress it." Indeed, the Emperor in the kindness of his heart, was willing to pardon nearly everything and everybody.

of both these war ministers that a *fortnight* would be time enough in which to equip and place the whole French army upon a war footing. Not only was it found to be impossible to do this, but it was not done at the end of a month. Nor would it have been possible in a much longer time, even under the conditions of peace, to have effectively mobilized the French army, and got its whole rather complicated machinery into good working order.

But, strange as it may seem, perhaps in no particular was the French army less prepared to enter upon a campaign than on account of the general ignorance of the geography of the country to be invaded and the absence of maps even of France itself. Detachments and whole Divisions of the army wandered about, not knowing exactly where they were or where they were going. The ignorance of the French general staff with respect to the topographical features of the ground upon which the battles of the war were to be fought would have been incredible, had not the greatest disasters been directly precipitated by the lack of such specific information and knowledge. There were generals who believed Wissembourg was in Bavaria; who did not know that the Meuse and the Moselle were two separate rivers, or that Sedan was a fortified place. And why should they be expected to know more than their superiors, if the story be true that is related of one of the marshals who was as conspicuous during this war as he was unfortunate in his leadership? Having occasion to send a letter to Sydney, New South Wales, the Marshal, so it is reported, asked a member of his staff if he could tell him where Sydney was. "In England," was the answer. "No," replied another member of the staff, "you are mistaken; it is in the United States." Perplexed by this contradictory information, the Marshal cried out, "Send for de H——" to whom, when he entered the room, the Marshal said, "Tell me, de H——, in what country is this place, Sydney?" "In New South Wales," was

the reply. "But where is New South Wales?" "In Australia, your Excellency." "And in what country is Australia?" "In the Indian Ocean," promptly replied M. de H——.

"*Sapristi!*" exclaimed the Marshal; "*ce diable de H—— il connaît tout!*" (he knows everything).

The discovery of this state of unreadiness, that it was no longer possible to execute his plan of campaign, must have given a severe shock to the monarch, who foresaw what evil consequences would inevitably arise from it; and it is reported that on the day of his arrival at Metz, when he recognized the situation of the army and in what manner his orders had been executed, the perspiration came out upon his forehead in great drops, and that he exclaimed, "We are lost!"

And, as if the disorder and absence of preparation visible on all sides were not sufficiently discouraging, the Emperor found lying on his desk at the Prefecture some thirty anonymous letters denouncing the incapacity of his generals, and demanding that they should be superseded or discharged. Certainly one of the most extraordinary things that ever happened to a sovereign on the eve of battle!

That the delay required to prepare the army for active service was the proximate cause of the French reverses in the first battles of the war has since been universally acknowledged.

Napoleon III. therefore stated the case with absolute accuracy when he wrote, on the 29th of October, from Wilhelmshöhe, to a distinguished English general: "Our disasters have arisen from the fact that the Prussians were ready before we were, and that we were taken, so to say, *en flagrant délit de formation.*"

As one might have expected from the manner in which the campaign was opened, so it went on. The Germans gained one victory after another, and the situation of the French troops grew from day to day more difficult.

When the news of the first defeats became known in Paris, it created general consternation. Public opinion recognized the incapacity of Marshal Lebœuf, and the Parisians began also to mistrust the capacity of his Majesty as Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Rhine. The Emperor therefore considered it wise not only to accept the resignation of the Marshal, but also to lay down his own military command. There now remained for him nothing but to choose an able successor.

In a council of the chiefs of the Army Corps, stationed at that time near Metz, it was finally decided that Marshal Bazaine should be appointed Commander of the Army of the Rhine, assisted by Marshal MacMahon, who was to take command of his own army corps, as well as of the corps of Generals de Failly and Félix Douay, and of the new columns which were being formed at Châlons.

On the 16th of August his Majesty made another concession to public opinion. At the suggestion of some of his generals, and at the urgent request of Prince Napoleon, he appointed General Trochu Governor of Paris—an appointment which, as will be seen in the following chapters, had very serious consequences.

Napoleon III. unselfishly yielded to the wishes of his people, by entrusting the most responsible posts to men whom the military experts and public opinion had declared to be the most capable;* but the concessions which his

* These appointments were at the time unanimously commended. When Count de Palikao announced to the National Assembly that the Army of the Rhine was under the command of Marshal Bazaine, that the Marshal was the only General-in-Chief, the applause was great. "Then," cried M. Barthélemy Saint Hilaire, "Marshal Bazaine is Generalissimo. That will give confidence to the country." Jules Ferry declared that this appointment gave full satisfaction to the Chamber and would be approved by the whole country. Gambetta afterward spoke of the Marshal as "our glorious Bazaine"; and the anti-Imperialist faction even claimed the honor of having forced the Government to place the command of the army in the hands of this

Majesty made proved fatal, for they led swiftly to the disaster of Sedan.

The events which took place during those last fateful days of his reign, are vividly described in a paper written by the Emperor shortly before his death. The following pages contain a translation of a part of this narrative:

"On the 30th of August, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the Emperor and the Duke of Magenta were on the heights of Mouzon, where the Twelfth Corps was in position. Both had alighted from their horses. The artillery of General de Failly was heard in the distance, and General Pajol, who had made a reconnaissance in order to judge how matters stood, had brought back the news that the Fifth Corps was retiring upon Mouzon. The Marshal then told the Emperor that the whole army would soon have passed to the right bank of the Meuse; that he himself did not wish to leave Mouzon before the operation was completed, but that all was going well. He advised the Emperor to repair to Carignan, where the First Corps must already have arrived, and where the head-quarters were to be established.

"Napoleon III. therefore departed full of confidence as to the result of the day. But scarcely an hour after his arrival at Carignan, General Ducrot came to him with the most alarming news: the Fifth Corps had been thrown back in disorder on Mouzon, along with the brigade that was sent to its aid; and the Marshal begged the Emperor to go as quickly as possible to Sedan, to which place the army

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general officer. M. de Kératry, while admitting that this appointment was the work of the anti-Imperialists, justifies their act, and, by implication, gives to the Emperor all the justification in the matter that the truth of history requires. M. de Kératry says: "The Opposition, in presenting to the Regent the name of the Marshal for the post of Commander-in-Chief, was moved only by a pure sentiment of patriotism, having in mind but one thing, the thoroughly tried military talent of the Marshal."

would retire. The Emperor could not believe that the scene had so completely changed within a few hours; he therefore wished to remain with the First Corps, but at the solicitation of General Ducrot he decided to take the train, and arrived at eleven o'clock in the night at Sedan. Here he was urged to continue his route as far as Mézières while the railway was still free. He could there rally the corps of General Vinoy, and establish a new center of resistance in one of the strongholds of the North; but he thought that, in this case, he would be accused of seeking his own personal safety, and he therefore preferred to share the fate of the army, whatever it might be. The equipages and escort having been left behind at Carignan, the Emperor, alone and on foot, followed by his aides-de-camp, in the silence of the night entered the city of Sedan, which was about to be the theater of such terrible events.

"Sedan, classed among the fortified places, is situated upon the right bank of the Meuse; only the suburbs of Torcy lie upon the left bank. They are covered by advanced works which form a vast *tête de pont*. Formerly the city, owing to the feeble range of the cannon then in use, was protected by the hills which surround it. At the present time it is exposed to the artillery of the enemy when placed upon the heights which rise upon both sides of the Meuse. Moreover, in the year 1870 it was incompletely armed, badly provisioned, and possessed no outworks. On the right bank of the river are two tributaries, which form right angles with it—the Floing below and the Givonne above the city. One of these little streams runs out from the village of Illy to that of Floing, and the other from the village of Givonne to that of Bezailles; they surround the territory where the battle was about to take place. The prominent points of the battle-field are the Calvary of Illy, near the village of the same name, and the forest of La Garenne, situated west of the village of Givonne. The only route upon which a free communication with Mézières

was possible was the highroad passing through the villages of Floing, Saint Albert, Vrigne-aux-Bois, and Tumécourt.

"In order to secure a retreat upon Mézières, the narrow defile which extends from Floing, in the direction of Vrigne-aux-Bois, should have been strongly occupied, the place itself should have been abandoned, and the left wing ought to have rested upon the heights of Illy and of the Givonne.

"General Ducrot, it must be recognized, had correctly estimated the position. It was at the Calvary of Illy that he wished to establish the center of resistance. On the 31st of August, however, the troops were placed in position around the town; they were distributed in a semicircle, from which Sedan as a center was distant some 3,000 meters, the extremities touching the villages of Bazeilles and Floing.

"From this semicircular position it was inevitable that the line of retreat must be toward the center; and that if the troops were repulsed, they would, by a natural instinct, precipitate themselves toward the city, which thus became an *entonnoir* (a funnel) to engulf them. To the north of Sedan are the remains of an abandoned entrenchment called the Old Camp, which overlooks the surrounding ravines; and all the ground which extends to the south of this camp is covered, as General Ducrot says, 'with stone walls, with gardens and hedges, and with a certain number of houses, which, joining those at the lower end of Givonne, made of this spot a veritable labyrinth. Defended by a few solid troops, it would have been very difficult to dislodge them; but, on the contrary, if a large body of soldiers, repulsed and in disorder, should retire here for shelter, it would be impossible to rally and reform them.'

"It was upon this uneven ground which we have just described that on the 1st of September, in the morning,

the battle began. The enemy attacked simultaneously our two wings, evidently intending to surround us and cut off our retreat.

"The Marshal, Duke of Magenta, at once repaired to the outposts, and the Emperor, to whom he had sent news of this movement, mounted his horse and followed him, accompanied by his staff and a troop of guides.

"It is easy to understand his state of mind. No longer exercising the functions of General-in-Chief, he was not sustained by the feeling of responsibility which inspires the soul of him who commands; nor did he feel the uplifting excitement of those who are acting under orders, and who know that their devotion may lead to victory. The powerless witness of a foregone defeat, convinced that on this fatal day his life, as well as his death, was useless for the common safety, he advanced to the field of battle with that stolid resignation which faces danger without weakness, but also without enthusiasm.

"On departing from the Sub-Prefecture, the Emperor met Marshal MacMahon, who was being brought back wounded in an ambulance wagon. After having exchanged a few words with him, he proceeded in the direction of the village of Bazeilles, where the division of marines was hotly engaged. At Balan, General de Vassoigne gave him an account of the position of the troops. As every group of officers immediately attracted the fire of the enemy, the Emperor left his escort and most of his aides-de-camp, with a battalion of chasseurs that was screened by a wall, and went forward, followed only by four persons, towards an open height from which a view of the greater portion of the field of battle could be obtained.

"At this moment General Ducrot, to whom Marshal MacMahon had transferred the command, was executing a retreat, which under the existing circumstances was the best course to take. The Emperor sent to him one of his orderly officers, Captain d'Hendicourt, to ascertain the

direction he wished to give to the troops. This promising young officer never reappeared; he was probably killed by a shell. The entire ground upon which the party stood was plowed by the enemy's projectiles, that were bursting around them on every side.

"After remaining several hours between La Moncelle and Givonne, the Emperor wished to go over to the lines of infantry which could be seen to the left, on the heights, but were separated from him by an impassable ravine. In order to reach them, he had to make a circuit, which brought him upon the ground cut across by hollows, hedges, and garden walls, that formed the labyrinth mentioned above. In the ravine, called the 'Bottom of Givonne,' the roads were crowded with the wounded, who were being carried to the ambulances; and a park of artillery blocked the avenues, through which Goze's division could proceed only with the greatest difficulty. When the Imperial party arrived near the old entrenched camp, a farther advance became impossible, as they met the infantry that occupied this place in the act of retiring in good order towards the town. It was now evident that every line of retreat was cut off by the enemy, who occupied the circumference; for the projectiles directed toward the center struck the troops both in front and in the rear. Many of the soldiers, alleging that they were without cartridges, were hurrying towards the only gate of the town which remained open.

"After having been during nearly five hours the witness of a struggle the end of which could be foreseen, the Emperor, despairing of being able to reach the heights of Illy from the place where he was, decided to go back to the town to confer with the wounded Marshal, and in the hope of leaving it again through the gate that opens on the departmental road to Mézières. Three officers of his staff had been wounded at his side and carried away by the soldiers; these were the circumstances under which

he returned to the Sub-Prefecture, several shells bursting in front of his horse, but without harming him.*

"The road by which he wished to pass out, he ordered to be reconnoitered at once; but he was informed that the Mézières gate was barricaded, that it was impossible to get through it, and that the streets through which he had just come were already blocked by a confused mass of men, horses, and wagons. It was necessary, therefore, to remain in the town and await events. Toward three o'clock an aide-de-camp of General de Wimpfen, who, as senior officer, had taken the command-in-chief, succeeded with great difficulty in making his way to the Sub-Prefecture. He came to propose to the Emperor to place himself at the head of such troops as could be rallied, and to make an attempt to cut through the enemy's lines in the direction of Carignan. The first impulse of Napoleon III. was to accept the proposal; but he soon saw that, not to speak of the difficulty of getting through the crowded streets on horseback, it would be unbecoming for him to sacrifice, in order to save himself, the lives of a great many soldiers, and to escape with the Commander-in-Chief, abandoning the rest of the army, and leaving it without a head, exposed to certain loss. He refused, therefore, to accept General de Wimpfen's offer.

"During this time the situation had assumed a more and more serious character. The heroic charges of the cavalry had not been able to arrest the advances of the enemy. The brave General Margueritte, mortally wounded,

* With that forgetfulness of everything which was strictly personal to himself, so characteristic of him, the Emperor makes no allusion to the physical tortures he was all this time suffering. After he had dismounted, when no longer able to sit in the saddle, he was compelled several times, while walking over the ground he here describes, to stop and take hold of a tree to support himself, to keep from falling. "Finally," says M. Paul de Cassagnac, "I helped him into a carriage; and on arriving at the Sub-Prefecture, he walked some thirty yards leaning on my arm, scarcely able to drag himself along."

had just been brought at his request beside the Emperor. At this moment the surrounding hills on both sides of the Meuse were lined with several hundred pieces of artillery, which by a converging fire threw their projectiles into the city. Houses were on fire, roofs were crushed in, and death made many victims in the crowded streets, in the barracks which were transformed into hospitals, and in the courtyards, where soldiers from every branch of the service had taken refuge.

"In the meantime the commanders of the three army corps, Generals Lebrun, Douay, and Ducrot, came one after the other to declare to the Emperor that further resistance had become impossible; that the soldiers, after having fought for twelve hours without rest or food, were discouraged; that all those who had not been able to get into the town were huddled together in the trenches and against the walls; and that it was necessary to come to some decision.*

"From the day of leaving Châlons up to this time the Emperor had considered it to be his duty not to interfere in any way whatsoever with the arrangements and decisions of the Commander-in-Chief; but at this supreme moment, when, by an unheard-of fatality, 80,000 men appeared to be exposed to certain death without being able to make any resistance, he remembered that he was the sovereign; that he had charge of souls; and that he ought not to let men be massacred before his eyes who on some future occasion might be able to serve their country.

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* "The streets were full of the wounded and the dead. All the superior officers had either been killed or wounded. As for our batteries, they were fought against ten times their number, superior also in range and accuracy of fire. These batteries were served until they were silenced or destroyed; in some of them not a horse, not a man was left. The caissons blew up like fireworks. The cavalry of Margueritte, those grizzly old *chasseurs d'Afrique,* those heroes, charged three times, and three times were dashed to pieces. They did their duty. But human strength has its limits; and when we entered into Sedan we were helpless—nothing more could be done."—*General Ducrot-Wimpfen versus de Cassagnac.*

"Napoleon III. accordingly sent one of his aides-de-camp up to the citadel in order to assure himself of the state of things. The officer with very great difficulty succeeded in passing through the streets and in reaching the citadel, which itself was filled with soldiers who had taken refuge there. The report which this aide-de-camp brought back confirmed the words of the corps commanders. The Emperor, in consequence, sent General Lebrun to General de Wimpfen with the advice that he should ask for a suspension of hostilities, which would give time, if it were accorded, to collect the wounded and to consider what it was best to do. General Lebrun not returning, and the number of victims increasing every moment, the Emperor took it upon himself to order that a flag of truce be hoisted. Napoleon III. fully understood the responsibility he thereby incurred, and he foresaw the accusations which would be brought against him. The situation appeared to him in all its gravity; and the remembrance of a glorious past, in its contrast with the present, increased the bitterness of the moment. Who would ever admit that the army of Sebastopol and Solférino could be forced to lay down its arms? How would it ever be possible to make the world understand that, when confined within narrow limits, the more numerous the troops the greater must be the confusion, and the less the possibility of reestablishing the order indispensable for fighting?

"The prestige which the French army so justly enjoyed was about to vanish in a moment; and, in the presence of a calamity without precedent, the Emperor, although having had no hand in the military movements that led to it, was to remain alone responsible in the eyes of the world for this great disaster, and for all the misfortunes which the war might bring in its train! And, as if at this last hour nothing should be lacking to increase the gravity of the situation, General de Wimpfen sent his resignation to the Emperor; thus leaving the overwhelmed and disbanded

army without a chief, and without guidance, at a time when the greatest energy was necessary to establish a little order, and to treat with the enemy with a better chance of success. The resignation was not accepted; and the General-in-Chief was made to understand that, having commanded during the battle, his duty obliged him not to desert his post in these very critical circumstances.

"While the white flag was being hoisted, a Prussian officer asked permission to enter head-quarters.

"Through him it was learned that the King of Prussia was at the gates of the town, but that he was ignorant of the presence of Napoleon III. in Sedan.

"Under these circumstances, the Emperor believed that the only thing which remained for him to do was to address himself directly to the ruler of Northern Germany.

"It had so often been repeated in the journals that the King of Prussia was not making war against France, but against the Emperor only, that the latter was persuaded he might, by disappearing from the scene and putting himself into the hands of the victor, obtain the least disadvantageous conditions for the army, and might give, at the same time, an opportunity to the Regent to conclude a peace in Paris. He therefore sent by General Reille, one of his aides-de-camp, a letter to the King of Prussia, in which he announced that he would surrender to him his sword.

"The King, surrounded by his staff, received General Reille, and taking in his hand the letter which he brought, opened it and read the following words:

"'MONSIEUR MON FRÈRE:

"'N'ayant pas pu mourir au milieu de mes troupes, il ne me reste plus qu'à remettre mon épée entre les mains de votre Majesté.

"'Je suis de votre Majesté le bon frère,

"'NAPOLEON.'

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GENERAL REILLE PRESENTING TO KING WILLIAM THE LETTER OF NAPOLEON III.

From a photograph of the painting by A. von Werner.

("' My Brother:

"' Having been unable to die among my troops, the only thing I can now do is to place my sword in the hands of your Majesty.

"' I am, your Majesty's good brother,

"' Napoleon.')

"At first King William seemed astonished that the letter did not announce the capitulation of the town and army; but having been informed that General de Wimpfen was the French Commander-in-Chief, he requested the presence of this General at the Prussian head-quarters that evening." *

The meeting took place late in the evening, in the village of Donchéry, the persons present being, on the one side, General von Moltke, Count Bismarck, General von Blumenthal, and a number of officers; and, on the other side, General de Wimpfen, General Castelnau, and General Faure. General de Wimpfen opened the conference by asking what conditions the King of Prussia wished to impose upon the French army were it to surrender. "They are very simple," replied General von Moltke; "the whole army are to be considered as prisoners, with their arms and baggage. We will allow the officers to retain their arms, as a testimonial of our esteem for their courage; but they will be held as prisoners of war, like the troops."

General de Wimpfen at first tried to obtain concessions by appealing to the generosity of the German commander. When he, however, saw that the latter remained immovable, he broke out as follows:

"Well, if you cannot offer us better conditions, I will appeal to my army—to its honor; and I will succeed in breaking through your lines, or I will defend myself in Sedan."

* "Œuvres Posthumes de Napoléon III." E. Lachaud, Paris, 1873, p. 325 ff.

Whereupon the Prussian General, who was perfectly informed as to the situation of both armies, explained so clearly the actual state of things to the French commander, that General de Wimpfen, seeing that from a strategic point of view his threat was without weight, turned to the political side of the question, and said:

"You are going to conclude peace, and doubtless you wish to do this at once. The French nation is more generous and chivalrous than any other nation, and consequently it knows how to appreciate the generosity which is shown to it, and is grateful for the consideration that is bestowed upon it. If you accord to us terms which are flattering to the *amour propre* of our army, the nation will be equally flattered; and then the bitterness of the defeat will be diminished in the hearts of the people, and a peace that is concluded on such conditions will have a chance of being durable.

"If you, on the contrary, insist upon rigorous measures against us, you surely will excite anger and hatred in the heart of every soldier, and the pride of the whole nation will be grievously wounded; for it considers itself in fellowship with the army and shares its emotions.

"You, therefore, will awaken all the dangerous instincts that are slumbering under the cover of an advanced civilization, and you may kindle the flames of an interminable war between France and Germany."

Moltke remained silent, but Count Bismarck answering, said:

"At the first glance, General, your argument seems serious; but, in fact, it is only specious and cannot stand discussion. One ought to count, in general, very little upon gratitude, and never upon the gratitude of a nation. There are times when the gratitude of a sovereign may be expected; in some cases, also, that of his family; in some exceptional cases, entire confidence even may be placed in the gratitude of these. But I repeat it, one must expect

nothing from the gratitude of a nation. If the French nation were like any other nation; if it had solid institutions; if, like our own, it lived in the reverence and respect of these institutions; if there sat upon its throne a sovereign firmly established, then we could take into account the gratitude of the Emperor and his son. But in France, the Governments, during the last eighty years, have been so little durable, so multitudinous, they have changed with such extraordinary rapidity, and so entirely against all expectation, that one cannot count upon anything in your country. If a neighboring nation were to found hopes upon the friendship of a French sovereign, it would commit an act of craziness—*it would be like building in the air.*

"Moreover, it would be folly to imagine that France could pardon our success. You are an irritable people, envious, jealous, and proud to excess. Within the last two hundred years, France has declared war *thirty times* against Prussia, [correcting himself], against Germany; and this time you have declared war against us, as always, through jealousy, because you are not able to pardon us our victory of Sadowa. And yet Sadowa cost you nothing, and could diminish in no way your glory; but it has seemed to you that victory was a possession uniquely reserved for yourselves, that military glory was a monopoly of yours. You could not support by the side of you a nation as strong as you are; you have never been able to pardon us for Sadowa, where neither your interests nor your glory were at stake. And you never would pardon us the disaster of Sedan! Never! If we were to make peace now—in five years—in ten years—as soon as you could, you would begin the war over again. This is all the recognition we could expect from the French people! But we, we Prussians, just the opposite of you, are an honest and peaceable people; we are never disturbed by the desire of making conquests; and would like nothing better than to live in peace,

if you were not constantly exciting us by your quarrelsome and domineering disposition."

It was not difficult to see, from these words of the German diplomatist, that, notwithstanding his remarks, he might have been willing to treat with the Emperor, and that only the fear of a change of Government decided him to insist upon those severe terms which would guarantee peace of themselves, even in case of such a change.

Had General de Wimpfen, therefore, tried to remove this fear and to defend the loyalty of the nation, or had Count Bismarck been convinced of the loyalty of the General himself, then the Count might have been induced to qualify his statements and to moderate his demands. But the French General made no adequate reply; and when the German statesman, who evidently had desired to sound the opinion of General de Wimpfen, saw that the French plenipotentiary did not think for a moment of protesting against the idea of a possible insurrection in Paris and of an eventual dethronement of the Emperor, he continued his attacks upon the unreliable character of the French people.

"France has not changed. It is she that has desired war. . . . We know very well that the reasonable and healthy part of France was not inclined towards this war; nevertheless, it also finally accepted the idea of it willingly. We know, too, that it was not the army which was most hostile to us. The party in France which forcibly desired war was the one which creates and destroys governments. In your country, this is the populace; it is also the *journalists* [and he put a stress upon this word]; it is these we wish to punish; we must therefore go to Paris. Who knows what will happen? Perhaps there will be formed in your country one of those governments that respect nothing, that make laws for their own pleasure; that will not recognize the capitulation you will have signed for the army; a government which perhaps may force the officers to violate

the promises they have given us; for, of course, they will say that they have to defend themselves at any price." *

These words characterize plainly enough the reasons which made the German authorities distrust the expediency of concessions they otherwise might have granted, and led them to insist upon a surrender on the severe conditions which they had at first demanded. General de Wimpfen, as will be seen, was finally compelled to accept them.

"On the morning of the 2d of September, Napoleon III., attended by the Prince de la Moskowa, stepped into a 'droschke' drawn by two horses, and drove to the Prussian lines. General Reille preceded him, on horseback, in order to inform Count Bismarck of his coming. The Emperor, counting upon returning to the town, did not take leave of the troops of the line, nor of the battalion of Grenadiers; nor of the *Cent Gardes*, who were his habitual body-guard. When the drawbridge of the southern gate of Sedan was lowered, the Zouaves, who were on duty there, saluted him again with the cry of '*Vive l'Empereur!*' It was the last adieu he was ever to hear.

"Having arrived within a quarter of a league of Donchéry, and not wishing to go to the Prussian head-quarters, the Emperor stopped at a little house on the side of the road, and waited there for the Chancellor of the Confederation of the North. The Chancellor, informed by General Reille, arrived soon after." †

Count Bismarck, in a report which he sent to the Prussian King, has described what then took place. The following is an almost literal translation of his words from a French text:

DONCHÉRY, *2d September.*

"Having gone, last evening, by order of your Majesty, to this place, to take part in the negotiations for the sur-

* Cf. "La Journée de Sedan, par le Général Ducrot," pp. 53 ff.

† "Œuvres Posthumes de Napoléon III.," p. 245.

render, these were suspended until about one o'clock at night, in compliance with a request on the part of General de Wimpfen. Already General von Moltke had declared in the most categorical manner that no other condition would be admitted than that of laying down arms; and that the bombardment would recommence at nine o'clock in the morning, if at that hour the surrender had not been made.

"About six o'clock this morning the arrival of General Reille was announced. He informed me that the Emperor wished to see me, and that he was already on his way hither from Sedan. The General immediately returned to announce to his Majesty that I was following him; and shortly after, about half-way between here and Sedan, near Frenois, I found myself in the presence of the Emperor. His Majesty, with three superior officers, was in an open carriage, and by the side of the carriage there were three other officers on horseback, among whom were Generals Castelnau, Reille, Vaubert, and Moskowa (the last appearing to be wounded in the foot), who were personally known to me.

"When I came to the carriage I dismounted, and going up to his Majesty and putting my foot on the step of the carriage, I asked him what were his commands. The Emperor immediately expressed a wish to see your Majesty, being under the impression that your Majesty was in Donchéry. After I had replied that your Majesty was at that moment in the head-quarters at Vendresse, two hours' distant, the Emperor asked if your Majesty had appointed a place to which he should proceed, and, if you had not, what was my opinion on the subject. I replied that I had come here late at night, in the dark, and that the locality was unknown to me. I offered for his accommodation the house I myself occupied at Donchéry, which I was ready to leave at once. The Emperor accepted the offer, and the carriage proceeded at a walk toward Donchéry.

"About a hundred yards, however, from the bridge over the Meuse, at the entrance to the town, he stopped before the house of an artisan, lonely in its situation, and asked me if he could descend there from his carriage. I requested Count Bismarck-Bohlen, Counselor of Legation, who had in the meantime overtaken me, to examine the house; and, although he informed me that it was small and poorly furnished, the Emperor got down from the carriage and requested me to follow him. There, in a small room which contained but one table and two chairs, I had about an hour's conversation with him.

"His Majesty insisted particularly upon obtaining favorable terms of capitulation for the army. I declined from the outset to discuss this matter with him, because the purely military questions were to be settled between Generals von Moltke and de Wimpfen. On the other hand, I asked his Majesty if he was inclined to enter into negotiations for peace. The Emperor replied that, as a prisoner, he was not now in a position to do so. And when I further asked who, in his opinion, actually represented authority in France, his Majesty referred me to the Government then existing in Paris.

"After this point had been cleared up—about which one could not form a definite opinion from the letter sent yesterday by the Emperor to your Majesty—I recognized, and I did not conceal the fact from the Emperor, that the situation to-day, as yesterday, presented no practical side but the military one; and I dwelt upon the paramount necessity, in consequence, of having in our hands, through the surrender of Sedan first of all, a material guarantee that would assure to us the military advantages that we had now gained.

"I had on the previous evening, with General von Moltke, discussed and examined every side of the question whether it would be possible, without injury to the interests of Germany, to concede to the military honor of an army

that had fought bravely, conditions more favorable than those already demanded. After due deliberation, we were both compelled to persist in our negative opinion. If, therefore, General von Moltke, who meantime had joined us, returned to your Majesty to lay before you the wishes of the Emperor, it was not, as your Majesty knows, to speak in their favor.

"The Emperor then went into the open air, and invited me to sit beside him before the door of the house. His Majesty asked me if it was not possible to let the French army cross the Belgian frontier, so that it might be there disarmed and interned. I had discussed this contingency also with General von Moltke on the previous evening, and, for the reasons already alluded to, I declined to consider the suggestion.

"The political situation I, on my part, did not broach, nor did the Emperor either, only in so far as he deplored the misfortunes of the war. He declared that he himself had not wished for war, but that he had been compelled to make it by the pressure of French public opinion.

"In the meantime, after inquiries in the town, and in particular through reconnoiterings by the officers of the general staff, it was decided that the Château of Bellevue, near Frenois, which was not occupied by the wounded, was a suitable place for the reception of the Emperor. I announced it to his Majesty, saying that I would propose Frenois to your Majesty as the place of meeting; and I asked the Emperor if he would not prefer to go there immediately, since a longer stay at this small house was not becoming to him, and as he perhaps was in want of some repose.

"His Majesty readily accepted the suggestion, and I conducted him, preceded by a guard of honor chosen from your Majesty's regiment of body-guards, to the Château of Bellevue where the staff and the carriages of the Emperor, coming directly from Sedan had already arrived.

I found there also General de Wimpfen; and, while waiting for the return of General von Moltke, General Podbielski resumed with him the negotiations concerning the capitulation that had been broken off yesterday, in the presence of Lieutenant-Colonel von Verdy and the chief of General de Wimpfen's staff, the last two drawing up the official report.

"I took no part in these negotiations except, at the beginning, by reciting the political and legal aspects of the situation, in conformity with what the Emperor himself had said to me. But at this instant I received by Rittmeister Count von Noslitz a notice from General von Moltke that your Majesty did not wish to see the Emperor until after the capitulation had been signed. This announcement extinguished on both sides the hope that any other conditions than those already stipulated would be agreed to.

"I went after this to Chehéry to see your Majesty in order that I might announce to you the position of affairs; and on the way I met General von Moltke, with the text of the capitulation as approved by your Majesty; which, after we came together at Frenois, was, without discussion, accepted and signed.

"The conduct of General de Wimpfen, like that of the other French generals on the preceding night, was very dignified. This brave officer, however, could not refrain from expressing to me his profound distress at being called upon, forty-eight hours after his arrival from Africa, and six hours after his receiving the command, to sign his name to a capitulation so cruel to the French arms. But the want of provisions and ammunition, and the absolute impossibility of any further defense, had, he said, laid upon him, as a General, the duty of sinking his personal feeling, since more bloodshed could not make any change for the better in the situation.

"Our agreement to let the officers depart with their

arms on parole was received with lively gratitude, as an indication of the intention of your Majesty—exceeding even the demands of our military and political interests—to spare the feelings of an army that had fought so bravely. To this sentiment General de Wimpfen has given emphatic expression in a letter in which he has returned his thanks to General von Moltke for the considerate and courteous manner in which the negotiations on his side were conducted.''

After the capitulation had been signed, General de Wimpfen submitted the document to the Emperor, who was in a room on the floor above. Soon after, the King of Prussia and the Prince Royal came up to the château on horseback, accompanied by a small escort.

The meeting between the sovereigns was most painful. Both the King and the Prince Royal expressed for the Emperor the deepest sympathy, and assured him of their readiness to do everything in their power to ameliorate the sadness of his situation. The King then assigned to him the Palace at Wilhelmshöhe as a residence, and permitted him to send in cipher a despatch to the Empress. In this despatch the Emperor announced briefly the disaster at Sedan, and advised the Empress to endeavor to negotiate a peace.

How profoundly the Emperor was affected by the disastrous end of the campaign is made painfully evident in the two letters which he wrote to the Empress immediately after the capitulation of the army. They are as follows:

TRANSLATION

"QUARTIER IMPÉRIAL, *2d September*, 1870.

"MY DEAR EUGÉNIE:

"It is impossible for me to express to you what I have suffered and what I suffer. We have made a march contrary to all principles and to common sense. This could

NAPOLEON III.

From his last photograph taken by W. and D. Downey in 1872.

not fail to bring on a catastrophe. In fact, it has done so. I should have preferred death to the pain of witnessing so disastrous a capitulation; nevertheless, it was, under the circumstances, the sole means of avoiding the slaughter of 80,000 persons.

"Would that all my torments were centered here! But I think of you, of our son, of our unhappy country. May God protect it! What will become of Paris?

"I have just seen the King. He spoke to me with tears in his eyes of the distress I must feel. He has put at my disposal one of his châteaux near Cassel. But what does it matter where I go! . . . I am in despair. Adieu. I kiss you tenderly. NAPOLEON."

TRANSLATION

"BOUILLON, *September* 3, 1870.

"MY DEAR EUGÉNIE:

"After the irreparable misfortunes that I have witnessed, I think of the dangers you run, and I am awaiting news from Paris with intense anxiety.

"The present catastrophe is what might have been expected. Our advance was the height of imprudence, and, moreover, very badly managed. But I could never have believed that the catastrophe would prove so frightful. Imagine an army surrounding a fortified town and itself surrounded by far superior forces. At the end of several hours our troops made an entrance into the town. Then the town was filled with a compact crowd, and upon this dense mass of human heads the bombs were falling from all sides, killing the people who were in the streets, bursting through roofs and setting houses on fire.

"In this extremity the generals came to tell me that all resistance was impossible. There were neither regular troops, nor ammunition, nor provisions remaining. A charge was attempted, but was unsuccessful.

"I remained four hours upon the field of battle.

"The march to-day in the midst of the Prussian troops was veritable torture. Adieu. I kiss you tenderly.

"NAPOLEON."

The Emperor had yet two years to live; but at Sedan he was struck with death. Humiliated and overwhelmed with grief on that day, his heart was broken by the outrageous accusations that continued to pursue him without respite. He harbored little bitterness of feeling toward his accusers. He even made excuses for some of those who, forgetting his entire past, believed the charges preferred against him; but they caused him no less suffering. His responsibility he accepted, but it was never out of his mind. Often a broken phrase escaping his lips, as if in spite of himself, betrayed to those about him the persistence of that fixed idea which haunted him to the tomb. "Conneau," said he, in a weak and barely intelligible voice, the instant before he expired, "Conneau, were you at Sedan?" These words, the last that he uttered, plainly revealed the ever-open wound.

CHAPTER VIII

THE FALL OF THE SECOND EMPIRE

Effects in Paris of the news of the first reverses—"*Nous sommes trahis*"—The resignation of the Ministry—General de Palikao—A new Ministry is formed—General Trochu is appointed Military Governor—An unsuccessful mission—The announcement of the disaster of Sedan—A Cabinet Council is convoked—General Trochu is requested to come to the Palace—The night of September 3d at the Tuileries—The morning of September 4th—The council of Ministers—A deputation is sent to the Empress—Her Majesty is advised to resign—Her reply—The proposition of M. Thiers—The Palais-Bourbon is invaded by the mob—The conduct of General Trochu—The Emperor pronounces it "flagrant treason"—The simple facts—A pandemonium—The last session of the Senate—"I yield to force."

WE have now to return to the French capital, where we saw the population so hopeful and exultant at the outbreak of the war.

How changed is everything here! The first bad news had effected a revulsion in the popular feeling; and the general intoxication was followed by a sudden and complete reaction, as soon as the defeats of the French arms at Wissembourg, Froeschwiller, and Forbach became known.

If the misfortunes of their country had merely sobered the minds of the people, and produced among them a clear understanding of the actual state of things, and the consciousness of having been themselves the cause of the disasters, the result might have been highly beneficial, and all the mistakes might perhaps still have been repaired. As it was, the first reverses only prepared the way for

new ones; for in the panic that followed, the people, instead of strengthening the hands of the Government, madly strove in every way to weaken its hold on the country and to paralyze its efforts to meet the requirements of the situation.

On the 8th of August, the Empress issued a proclamation.

"Frenchmen," said she, "the beginning of the war is unfavorable to us; we have met with a check. Be firm in the presence of this reverse, and let us make haste to repair it. Let there be among us but one party—that of France; but one standard—that of the national honor. I am here in the midst of you; and, faithful to my mission and to my duty, you will see me the first in the place of danger to defend the flag of France."

But she appealed in vain to the patriotism and the chivalry of the nation.

Before the beginning of the war the opposition of the people to the will of the sovereign had prevented him from making the necessary preparations; and as a consequence the army had been defeated; but those who had violently opposed every proposal to increase the efficiency of the army, far from blaming themselves, now accused the Government of negligence, and held it responsible for the loss of the first battles.

To abolish the existing Ministry, therefore, became the chief desire of the demoralized and discontented people. There was a great discordance of opinion, however, with regard to the persons by whom it should be replaced. All were clamoring that something should be done, but no one seemed to know what ought to be done. Some believed it would be sufficient, in order to obtain the immediate triumph of the French arms, simply to write the word "Republic" upon the flag; others proclaimed that the presence of the Count de Chambord upon the throne would have that effect—by securing for France alliances; but on

one point all the enemies of the Empire agreed, viz., that the Deputies should be called together, and that the Ollivier Cabinet should be overthrown.

The people, dazed or stung to madness by defeat, forgot their own interests and the welfare of their country; while an unscrupulous Press, instead of trying to aid the Government in its difficult task, by urging the population to keep calm, and by informing them that the safety of the State, that even the integrity of France, depended on the union of its citizens in the defense of their fatherland, took special pains to incite their readers to a revolution, by appealing to their political animosities and prejudices, and, finally, by telling them that they had been betrayed.

Among a people essentially democratic, the national vanity is a force that is apt to dominate the public intelligence and to silence conscience. The people can do no wrong; they are always wise and blameless. If they meet with disasters and defeat, it is never through any fault of theirs, but is attributed to the ignorance and folly, or treachery even, of their official representatives.

To the foreigner knowing something of the organization of the French army sent into the field in 1870, and of the causes which had determined that organization, nothing could sound more pitiful or contemptible than the cries of "*nous sommes trahis*" with which wounded vanity filled the air of the capital, while courage and self-abnegation, and all that was noblest in France, were yielding up their lives in a desperate struggle with overwhelming numbers to defend the honor of the country and protect and preserve the patrimony of the people.

Betrayed! Yes. The French were betrayed; but not by Napoleon III., nor by the generals, whose misfortune it was to lead the armies of France to defeat; but by the men who persistently refused to give to the Emperor the military organization which he had called for, and who, with an ignorant incomprehension of the political aims of

the Prussian Government, and stupidly refusing to recognize the military power of Germany after it had been clearly revealed to the world, were incessantly clamoring for war and a compensation for Sadowa, and boasting of the invincibility of the French army.

If the French people were betrayed in 1870, it was by political demagogues in the Chamber of Deputies or speaking through the press, who on the one hand magnified the burden of the war budget, talked of vast and needless expenditures, and denounced the army as a menace to liberty; while on the other hand they flattered the people with phrases until they actually believed they were unconquerable.

The French people were rudely awakened from this illusive dream by the German guns at Woerth and Forbach. But it was their own fault if they began to pay the penalty then, which they never since have ceased to pay, in armies surrendered, provinces lost, the horrors of the Commune, immense indemnities, the public debt doubled, taxes enormously increased, a remorseless conscription law that forces every able-bodied Frenchman to serve in the army for three years, and, most humiliating of all—for as Renan has said, "*La France souffre tout excepté d'être médiocre*"—in being compelled to witness and to acknowledge the fall of their country from its ancient position of leadership among the great Powers of Europe. And all this through the failure to make, for the contingency of a war that was imminent, such provision as common sense should have recognized as necessary for the national security.

What a warning of the danger of being caught unprepared for war! The Franco-German War of 1870 exhibited once more to the world the irreparable consequences of a nation losing its instinctive consciousness of its military needs—of permitting itself to be enticed away from all thought or concern for the public welfare by the demands of individual and private interest, the accumulation of

wealth, the love of luxury, and the display of personal possessions.

For it must be admitted that not the least among the indirect causes of the disasters that overwhelmed the French armies, as well as of the final collapse of the Imperial *régime*, was the extraordinary commercial prosperity of the country from 1852 to 1870. This was the period of the greatest industrial activity that France had ever before known. Vast fortunes were rapidly made and as rapidly dissipated, and Frenchmen amused themselves. It is in such times, when "*tout bourgeois veut bâtir comme les grands seigneurs,*" that the solidarity of society is lost sight of, and the State is exposed to the dangers that follow in the train of a sordid and incoherent individualism.

Since the Emperor, before leaving for the field, had unfortunately promised that the National Assembly should be convoked in case the nation desired it, the Empress Regent had to give way to the general clamor, and the session of the Legislative Body was accordingly fixed for the 9th of August.

At the very first meeting of the Deputies, the Ministers recognized that they would have to resign. Her Majesty could not help accepting their resignation; and she consequently was compelled to choose a new Cabinet. The wishes of the Radicals were thus fulfilled, and a ministerial crisis was added to the perils of the situation.

The Empress, after a short deliberation with her Counselors, sent a message to Count de Palikao, summoning him to come without delay to the capital.

The Count arrived in Paris on the morning of the 10th, and immediately hastened to the palace. Notwithstanding the fact that he had been somewhat neglected at the beginning of the war, and that younger officers had obtained important positions and commands in the army in the field, while he was obliged to remain at Lyons, he was anxious

to do all in his power to aid the Regent and to defend his country.

When his arrival was announced, the Empress, who at the time was with her ministers, rose, and, stepping forward to meet him, said: "General, I have sent for you because I have a great act of devotion to ask of you." Count de Palikao answered: "I am ready to show all my devotion to the Empress and to my country. Will your Majesty please indicate what you desire of me?"

"I ask of you to be our Minister of War," the Empress replied.

That was not exactly an enviable position. Nevertheless, after having hesitated for some moments, and after having stated that he had little experience in political affairs, that he was a soldier, and not accustomed to speak in public, Count de Palikao accepted. His patriotism was, however, to undergo a still more serious test.

"General," said the Empress, "since you have submitted, you must sacrifice yourself entirely. You must form a new Ministry." *

Such a mission was exceedingly difficult for a man who had spent nearly all his life in camp, and the responsibilities connected with it might have deterred many men. As, however, the Empress and her Counselors insisted, and maintained that there was no other man who could form a Cabinet that would have any chance of permanency, he finally agreed also to this proposition.

Count de Palikao was one of those old soldiers who never discuss a point when there is a duty in question, but who go right to work without phrases. After some hours of labor, thanks to his patriotism, he was able to present to her Majesty and the Chamber the list of persons whom he proposed for the new Cabinet. It was constituted

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* Cf. "Enquête Parlementaire sur les Actes du Gouvernement de la Défense Nationale," tome i, p. 164 ff.

as follows: Count de Palikao himself had the portfolio of War; Henri Chevreau became Minister of the Interior; Magne was named Minister of Finance; Granperret, Minister of Justice; Clément Duvernois, Minister of Commerce; Admiral Rigault de Genouilly kept his place as Minister of the Navy; Baron Jérôme David was appointed Minister of Public Works; the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne became Minister for Foreign Affairs; Brame, Minister of Public Instruction; and Busson-Billault was appointed President of the State Council.

It now devolved upon this new Ministry to satisfy the popular feeling with regard to the command of the army. How this was accomplished we have seen. The Cabinet granted the wish of the Opposition, and the result was that General Lebœuf resigned, and the Emperor laid down his military command.

This change in the general administration proved disastrous; for, however unfit General Lebœuf may have been, it was he who had made all the preparations for the campaign; and to depose him, and entrust his position to any one else, however capable, necessarily brought about confusion; since it was impossible for his successor to efficiently discharge the duties of his most important office without becoming acquainted not only with the general state of things, but with a great multitude of essential details as well. And for such studies there was no time, in the midst of the serious events which were then following each other in quick succession.

Other circumstances, moreover, aggravated the situation. General Trochu, who, as already mentioned, had been appointed by the Emperor Military Governor of Paris, entered the city at the head of an enormous army of *Gardes Mobiles*, and soon assumed there a position which was altogether exceptional.

When he presented himself before the Empress Regent, in order to announce to her his nomination, her Majesty

was at first very much startled. She accepted, however, the appointment, and finally became reconciled to it, because a number of persons about her seemed to have confidence in the new Governor.

The events which followed proved that in selecting the Governor a great mistake had been made; and to the Emperor, as well as to the Regent, who had been induced to believe in the loyalty of the man, it was soon to be revealed with startling effect that the sympathies of General Trochu were not what they should have been, but that at heart he was with the enemies of the Imperial dynasty.

During the evening of the 2d of September there were rumors of a disaster at Sedan, and M. Jérôme David, a member of the Cabinet, received a private despatch announcing that the Emperor had been taken prisoner. But in the absence of official news, Paris at the time was full of the wildest rumors. Nevertheless, the Empress was greatly moved by these reports, and they produced upon the public in general a state of excitement or consternation that was paralyzing and fatal to any well-conceived intelligent effort to assist the sovereign to meet the impending crisis. One of the first thoughts that occurred to some of the friends of her Majesty was, that M. Thiers might perhaps be induced to come to her assistance, or, at least, to consent to aid her with his counsel. And, curiously enough, a precedent for this idea was found in the course taken by Marie Antoinette, who, in circumstances in some respects similar, had appealed to Mirabeau and had obtained from him the reply, "*Madame, la monarchie est sauvée.*" And then, again, had not M. Thiers sent word to the Emperor, only a few weeks before, that the time might come when he could be of service to the Imperial Government? And so it was that M. Prosper Mérimée, a friend of the Empress from her childhood, was requested to see M. Thiers and ascertain if he would consent to give to her Majesty the benefit of his counsel. And, M. Mérimée

failing to obtain a satisfactory reply, immediately afterward, on the same day, M. Ayguesvives was entrusted with the same mission, but equally without success; for M. Thiers, whatever may have been the quality of his patriotism, was altogether too astute to embark his political fortunes in a sinking ship.

The Empress herself had no knowledge of this proceeding. Nor is the incident of any special consequence, except as it throws a vivid light upon the disarray and demoralization existing at the time about the Court and in official circles.

It was about half past four o'clock on the 3d of September, when M. de Vougy, the Director of the Telegraphic Service, brought to the Tuileries the despatch in which the Emperor announced to his consort the disaster of Sedan. M. Chevreau, when he had read the communication, pale with terror and struck dumb by the calamity, hastened to the Empress and handed to her the ominous paper that contained only two lines, but two lines of the most terrible significance:

"*L'armée est défaite et captive; n'ayant pu me faire tuer au milieu de mes soldats, j'ai dû me constituer prisonnier pour sauver l'armée.—Napoléon.*"

(The army has been defeated and captured. Having been unable to get killed in the midst of my soldiers, I have been obliged to give myself up as a prisoner in order to save the army.)

With a cry of anguish, the Empress, who had risen to meet her Minister, sank back into her seat. The weakness of the woman succumbed to this fearful blow of fate, and the hot tears came rushing into her eyes. For a few painful moments she remained silent; her distress was too acute for speech or thought. She then arose and retired to her private cabinet. But after a little while she revived, and becoming conscious of her responsibilities as Regent,

and stimulated by the hope that even yet all was not lost, began to think what it was her duty to do, in view of the new situation that had been created, and what measures should be taken to limit, or prevent, if possible, some of its most appalling and disastrous consequences. A Cabinet Council was called by her, and half an hour later the Ministers met together for the purpose of considering what should be done to check the advance of the Prussians and safeguard the interests of France. The sitting lasted until nearly nine o'clock.

A new *coup-d'État* might have saved the dynasty; but the Regent, as well as the majority of her Ministers, was decidedly against such a measure. When the question arose whether the Tuileries and other public buildings should be defended by an armed force, in case of necessity, the Regent, while she consented that the Chamber of Deputies should be protected by troops, positively refused to have the Tuileries protected except by the usual guard. She expressly insisted that orders should be given to the soldiers not to fire upon the people, whatever might happen, and she declared it to be her wish that not a drop of French blood should be shed for the preservation of her life.*

The only means which now remained for saving the Government was to try to obtain the spontaneous assistance of all its forces; and it was recognized that General Trochu alone, on account of his position and his popularity, would be able to exercise the desired influence upon the troops in Paris. Should he show himself resolute to defend the Government, then it was certain he would carry along with him the National Guards and defeat the hopes of the Republican agitators. Her Majesty therefore sought to obtain the assistance of the Governor of Paris, whose special mission it was to defend the Government and provide for the security of the capital, and upon whose loyalty and

* "Enquête Parlementaire," tome i, p. 154.

support she confidently counted. For this purpose she requested Admiral Jurien de la Gravière to inform General Trochu that she wished very much to see him. General Trochu sent back word that he had just returned from a visit to the forts, that he was very tired, and had not yet dined. The Empress expressed her surprise on being told the reason given by General Trochu for not immediately complying with her request. "He has not had his dinner!" she exclaimed; "neither have I had mine. Is it becoming, at an hour like this, to think first of our dinners?" And then she sent M. Chevreau, the Minister of the Interior, to him, to announce the contents of the telegram which she had received from the Emperor, and to request him to come at once to the palace, in order to deliberate with her in regard to the necessary preparations for an emergency.

M. Chevreau hastened to the Louvre and delivered this message to General Trochu. He described to him the anguish and despair of the Regent. "She has received the most cruel blow," he said, "as a sovereign, as a wife, and as a mother; there is no portion of her heart that does not bleed. She needs to have near her devotion and friendship. Go to her; your presence will do her good."

The General answered that he had just dismounted from his horse; that he was tired; that he had not yet dined, but that he would come in the evening, after his dinner, to see her Majesty.*

M. Chevreau left General Trochu very much astonished at his trivial excuses, but in the persuasion that the Governor would, nevertheless, go to the Tuileries. In fact, how could any one believe that a soldier would refuse to meet his sovereign, who had appealed to him for counsel, were it only as a mark of sympathy for a woman in misfortune, especially when he had taken upon himself the duty of

* "L'Empire et la Défense de Paris," par le Général Trochu, p. 82.

aiding and defending her? General Trochu, however, did not go to the palace that evening. Again and again he was sent for, but could not be found.

Until late in the evening of Saturday, the 3d, the *entourage* of the Empress had not lost their confidence in the ability of the Imperial Government to maintain itself. It was reported that, the Radicals having approached General Trochu, he had replied: "Don't count on me. I shall remain faithful to the duty I have accepted"; and that, on the other hand, General de Palikao had said openly that he would not hesitate a moment to send the Governor of Paris to Vincennes, if he suspected him to be a traitor. But with the declining day the occupants of the Tuileries began to grow anxious. The reports received became more and more alarming. All night long the Empress was occupied in opening despatches that came in from every side, some communicating the poignant details of the recent battles; others reporting the openly hostile manifestations that were taking place in the streets of Paris; that a plot, even, had been laid to seize her as a hostage; but not one word of good news, not one word of encouragement, came from without to brighten the sinister story of misfortune that was breaking her heart, or to lighten the burden of official duties that was overwhelming her. That night there was a sitting of the Chamber of Deputies. But not a Minister, not a person, came to inform her Majesty what resolutions had been taken, or to report to her the proceedings at this important meeting. Bravely she strove to support, without faltering, the cruel blows that were falling upon her, and with admirable fortitude devoted every energy of her being to the defense of the nation. After a night passed without a moment's rest, at seven o'clock the Empress retired to the little chapel attached to her apartment, there to fall upon her knees and invoke the Divine compassion and assistance. Half an hour later, as a Sister of Charity, she visited the hospital that had been established at the

Tuileries, in the great Salle des Spectacles, near the Pavillon de Marsan, and which was filled with the wounded who had been brought back to Paris.

Amid all these occupations and distractions, she found time to send a despatch to her mother, the Countess de Montijo, who was in Madrid, announcing the disaster at Sedan, and closing with words that revealed a spirit undaunted, and her indomitable resolve to do her duty, let come what might:

"Keep up your courage, dear mother. If France wishes to defend herself, she is able to. I shall do my duty. Your unhappy daughter, EUGÉNIE."

At half past eight o'clock the Council was to meet. Just before this meeting it was suggested to the Empress, by one of her friends, that General Trochu could not be trusted. But her Majesty would not listen to what was said; had not the Governor given his orders that cavalry be posted at the Palais-Bourbon, and the Tuileries guarded? and had not General Trochu also sent word that he would be present at the meeting of the Council?

When the hour fixed for the meeting had already passed, and General Trochu had not yet arrived, M. Chevreau asked the Empress to let the Ministers wait for the Governor, contrary to all usage, so necessary was his presence at this Council. At last the General made his appearance, and saluted the Empress with the vague bombastic phrase: "*Madame, voilà l'heure des grands périls! Nous ferons tout ce que nous devons.*" (Madame, behold the hour of great perils has come! We shall do everything that we ought to do.) *

After this the General had some private conversation with her Majesty, which, whatever may have been his

* "L'Empire et la Défense de Paris," p. 428.

protestations of devotion and his promises to protect her person, could scarcely have reassured the Empress with respect to his purpose to use the influence and means at his disposition to uphold and maintain the Government; for when she reentered the Council-room, and when M. Chevreau, anxious to know how matters stood, approached her with the words, "*Eh bien, madame?*" her Majesty made no reply except by an appealing look and gesture, which indicated that there was little hope.*

The Council of Ministers then examined the situation on all sides, and deliberated upon the means which might possibly prevent the danger that seemed to be rapidly approaching. For, the night before, Jules Favre had already proposed to the Deputies that Napoleon III. be deposed, and his dynasty overthrown; while, judging by the reports which arrived from the Prefecture of Police, it could not be doubted that an insurrection might take place that very day.

Some of the persons present gave expression to the opinion that it would perhaps be wise to transfer the seat of the Government from Paris to one of the cities in the provinces. But it was remarked that were this done the capital would be at the mercy of the mob; that the Parisians would undoubtedly set up a new Government, and that, through interior disorder and dissension which must necessarily follow, the city would be delivered into the hands of the enemy. In consequence of considerations of this nature, the idea of changing the seat of Government was rejected by most of the members of the Cabinet Council, and also by her Majesty herself, who concluded her remarks on the subject with the words: "*Il faut tomber sans encombrer la résistance.*" † (Let me fall without being an encumbrance to the defense).

It was finally agreed that a proclamation should be pub-

* "Enquête Parlementaire," tome i, p. 267.

† Ibid., op. cit., tome i, p. 156.

lished informing the people of the military situation and appealing to their patriotism, and that the Government should be strengthened by the participation of the two Chambers. But opinions differed as to the manner in which this cooperation ought to be obtained.

One of the Deputies, M. Buffet, had advised the Ministers to persuade the Regent to place all her powers in the hands of the Legislative Assembly, in order to put this body in a position to elect a new Executive power; but this advice was rejected because it was alleged that, in case the Regency should declare itself void of power, the Legislative Assembly would also, at the same time, lose its legal authority.

The Ministers finally proposed to present to the Assembly a law by which a Council, consisting of five members elected by the Deputies, should receive the power to assist the Regent, and by which Count de Palikao should be appointed Lieutenant General, and President of this Council.

This proposition was submitted to the Deputies at the sitting which was opened a few hours later—at 1 P.M.—but did not meet with the approval of the majority; it was rejected, with many others, and the project of M. Buffet was declared to be the only acceptable one. This gentleman, therefore, accompanied by MM. Daru, Kolb-Bernard, Genton, d'Ayguesvives, Baron de Pierres, and M. Dupuy-de-Lôme, was sent to the Tuileries, in order to request her Majesty to renounce her power and to hand it over to the Legislative body.

The Empress received the Deputation graciously, yet with great dignity, and without apparent agitation. The interview took place in the *Salon Bleu,* adjoining her Majesty's private cabinet. M. Buffet spoke first, explaining the project in the name of his colleagues. This he did at considerable length, setting forth its purpose with clearness and force, and exhibiting deep feeling. He was followed by M. Daru, who spoke strongly in favor of the measure.

The Empress listened calmly to the speeches of the Deputies, and then, as if under the influence of a sort of inspiration, she replied:

"Gentlemen, you say the future can be insured on condition that I now, and at an hour of the greatest peril, abandon the post that has been confided to me. I must not, I cannot, consent to that. The future occupies me to-day the least of all things—I mean, not, of course, the future of France, but the future of our dynasty. Believe me, gentlemen, the trials through which I have passed have been so painful, so horrible, that, at the present moment, the thought of preserving the crown to the Emperor, and to my son, gives me very little anxiety. My only care, my only ambition, is to fulfil to the utmost the duties which have been imposed upon me. If you believe, if the Legislative Body believes, that I am an encumbrance, that the name of the Emperor is an obstacle, and not a source of strength in the attempt to master the situation and organize the defense, then you ought to pronounce the dethronement; and if you do, I will not complain, for then I shall be able to leave my place with honor. I should not, in that case, have deserted it. My honor, my duty, and, above all, the interests of the country in the presence of a triumphant enemy, require that the integrity of the Government should be maintained. I shall remain till the very last moment where I have been placed, faithful to my office. Were I to do otherwise, like a soldier who deserts his post in the hour of peril, I should betray the trust the Emperor has confided to me. I am persuaded that the only sensible and patriotic course the Representatives of the country can take, will be to gather around me and around my Government, to leave aside, for the moment, all questions of party, and to unite their efforts strictly with mine in order to meet the invasion."

After these words, the Empress recalled to the Deputies the noble behavior of the Cortes of Spain in Cadiz, who

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.

From a photograph taken by W. and D. Downey in 1871

remained true to their captive King, and who were rewarded for their unchangeable devotion and their energetic perseverance by the final triumph of their cause.

"As for myself," she continued, "I am ready to meet all dangers, and to follow the Legislative Body to any place where it may decide to organize the defense; and even should a defense be found impossible, I believe I might still be useful in obtaining the most favorable terms of peace.

"Yesterday the Representative of a great Power proposed to me to secure the mediation of the neutral countries upon these two grounds: 'Integrity of the French territory, and the maintenance of the Imperial dynasty.' I answered that I was disposed to accept a mediation upon the first basis, but I energetically refused it upon the second. The preservation of the dynasty is a subject which regards France alone, and I will never permit foreign Powers to interfere with our interior affairs."

Although these words of her Majesty made a great impression upon the persons present, M. Daru insisted that the Empress should leave her post, and he undertook to prove that, if her Majesty did not willingly resign her place, sooner or later she would be forced to do so; while by her spontaneous resignation, he argued, strength would be given to the Legislative Body as well as to the new Government, and thus the country might be saved.

The objection of the Empress to the plan proposed was that she could not accept it without seeming to desert her post at the moment of danger. "In case it is considered that the retention of the Executive power in my hands is an obstacle to the union of the French people, and prejudicial to the defense, do you think, gentlemen, that it would be a great pretension, on the part of a woman who should voluntarily give up a throne, to ask of the Chamber permission to remain in Paris—in any place that might be assigned to her, provided she might be permitted to share the

dangers, the anxieties, and the suffering of the besieged capital?

"Do you believe then," she continued, "that it is agreeable to me to hold on to the powers of the Government?" and, hesitating for a moment, she added, in a voice expressing deep feeling, "Yes, you have seen me the crowned sovereign of your holidays. Nothing hereafter can soften the bitter memory of this hour. All the mourning of France I shall carry forever in my soul."

Pressed on all sides, yielding rather than persuaded, her Majesty finally declared that if the Council of the Regency and her Minister of War approved of the act, she would resign.

"You desire it, gentlemen," she said; "it is not the way I have regarded it; but I leave aside all personal considerations; only I wish to act in a regular manner. I wish that my Cabinet should be consulted. If my Ministers agree with you with respect to the course you propose that I should take, I shall make no opposition.

"Speak to M. de Palikao, gentlemen. If he agrees to my resignation, and if he thinks it necessary, I will tender it."

"Then you do permit us," said M. Buffet, "to announce this decision to the Assembly, and to M. de Palikao?"

"Yes," answered the Empress, "you may go and do so."

The Delegates now rose to retire, each one of them bowing low before her, who was still their sovereign, and who took leave of them, extending her hand to each, which they kissed with emotion. "My eyes were filled with tears," said M. Buffet, "as I came away after having witnessed such magnanimity and disinterestedness." *

The perfect calmness and self-possession maintained

* "Enquête Parlementaire," tome ii, p. 143 ff.

by the Empress from the beginning to the end of this interview greatly impressed all the members of the Deputation; and especially when, in the midst of the interview, a young man came into the salon without having been previously announced, and cried in a loud voice, "They are there in the Place de la Concorde!" The members of the Deputation were startled by this sudden, sharp cry of alarm; but her Majesty remained unmoved.

When the Deputation reentered the Palais-Bourbon, the sitting had just been suspended, and the committees had retired to their bureaus in order to deliberate upon three different propositions: one made by General de Palikao, another by M. Thiers, and the third by M. Jules Favre. It was therefore too late for the President to submit a new proposal to the Chamber, and the Delegates, in consequence, had to report separately, in their respective committee-rooms, the result of their conference with the Empress.

When the decision of the Empress became known to the members sitting in committee, the last cause for hesitation was removed, and the proposition of M. Thiers was, with a small amendment, adopted by the majority. This proposition, after its modification, read as follows:

"In view of the circumstances, the Chamber will proceed to choose a Government Commission for the National Defense. It shall consist of five members, to be elected by the Legislative Body. This Commission will appoint the Ministry. As soon as the circumstances shall permit, the nation will be called upon to elect a Constituent Assembly, the duty of which shall be to decide upon the form of Government."

A little after two o'clock the Deputies reentered the Audience Chamber, but, to their astonishment, they found it occupied by the mob. The galleries of the Chamber had, ever since noon, been crowded with agitators from the faubourgs; and when, at 1.30 P.M., the Deputies retired

for deliberation, these individuals went out upon the peristyle of the building, in order to put themselves in communication with the throng that filled the streets around the Legislative Palace, and had gathered on the Bridge and on the Place de la Concorde.

About twenty minutes later, a band of rioters, led by "Pipe-en-Bois," a burlesque celebrity of the time, forced its way into the building; and, in spite of the firmness of M. Schneider, the President, who kept his seat and tried to maintain order, the Audience Chamber was soon filled with insurgents, some armed and in uniform, and some in blouses, a motley mob of men and boys, screaming "*Vive la République!*" "*Déchéance!*" and rending the air with their clamor. They even pushed in among the benches of the Deputies, so that when the latter returned they found most of their seats occupied.

The tumult increased from moment to moment. Notwithstanding the efforts of M. Schneider, and the appeals of Gambetta and other leaders of the Opposition, the order necessary for the transaction of business could not be restored; the voices of the speakers were drowned by the hooting of the mob, and the president, putting on his hat, was compelled to suspend the sitting.

The reader naturally will be astonished to learn that no military force was used to protect the Legislative Body; that no guard had been kept there as a precautionary measure, and that when, the mob having assembled, the Governor of Paris was sent for, he did not appear. In fact, General Trochu did not make the least effort to interfere with the invasion of the Palais-Bourbon; nor with that of the Tuileries, which, as will be seen, was the object of a formidable demonstration shortly afterward.

It is not necessary that I should give my opinion with respect to the conduct of General Trochu on this occasion. Napoleon III. described it as "flagrant treason."

In a pamphlet published shortly before his death, en-

titled "Les Principes par un Ancien Diplomate," the Emperor speaks of General Trochu as follows:

"There we have a military man who has sworn allegiance to the Emperor, and who receives from him at a moment of supreme importance the greatest mark of confidence. He is appointed Commander-in-Chief of all the forces assembled in the capital. His duty is to watch over the life of the Empress. And this man, who on the morning of the 4th of September declares to the Regent that any one attempting to approach her will have to pass first over his body, permits the Palais-Bourbon and the Tuileries to be invaded; and, but a few hours after his solemn protestation, usurps the power, and declares himself President of the Government of the National Defense.

"Never has there been a treason committed more black, more flagrant, more unpardonable; for it was committed against a woman, and at the time of a foreign invasion. And this man, who must be called a traitor—for this name he deserves—seems nevertheless to enjoy general esteem. He is elected in several departments to the National Assembly by ignorant voters, and people do not blush to shake his hand; they even make him President of the Commission that has to decide upon points of honor.

"Does not this fact plainly demonstrate that we have lost our moral sense? What a contrast between this and an event which happened in the sixteenth century!

"When the Constable of Bourbon, who had conspired against Francis I., went to Spain, Charles V. obliged one of the gentlemen of his Court, the Marquis of Villena, to lodge the Constable. The Marquis obeyed. But when his guest had departed, he burned down his house, declaring that he had no wish to preserve a house which had given shelter to a traitor."

These are the words of the Emperor. And in order that the reader may decide whether they contain a just judgment, I will give an account of the proceedings of General

Trochu on the 4th of September, basing my narrative upon official documents.

In the Cabinet Council that was held on the morning of the 4th, and which I have mentioned above, General Trochu had been warned by the Empress that an insurrectional movement would in all probability take place. At half past one o'clock he was informed by M. Vallette, the Secretary-General to the President of the Legislative Assembly, that M. Schneider feared there might be an outbreak. Toward two o'clock, General Lebreton, Questor of the Assembly, feeling very great anxiety on account of the attitude of the *Gardes Nationaux* and the indications of unusual popular excitement, went personally to the Governor of Paris in order to inform him of the gravity of the situation. When he arrived at the Louvre he was at first told that the Governor could not receive him, as he was very busy. M. Lebreton, however, insisted, and was finally admitted into his presence. He stated to General Trochu that the mob were surrounding the Palais-Bourbon, and that some of the leaders had already entered the building. He implored him to go at once to this place of danger, as his presence was necessary, and for the reason that he alone, by his immense popularity, would be able to keep order and protect the national Representatives. General Trochu answered that it would be impossible for him to do so, alleging that for several days his popularity had been decreasing, and that General de Palikao, the Minister of War, had succeeded in annihilating him completely.

"At present it is too late," he said; "I cannot do anything." To which M. Lebreton replied, "No, it is not too late; but there is not a moment to be lost"; for he was perfectly persuaded that the presence of the Governor would be sufficient to prevent all trouble.*

* "Enquête Parlementaire," tome ii, p. 149.

At last General Trochu agreed to go; and when the Questor saw him off, he had no doubt that he would go to the Palais-Bourbon to deliver the Assembly from the threatening danger.

In fact, General Trochu, accompanied by two officers, started on the way towards the building where the Representatives were sitting. He passed through the Court of the Tuileries, went to the Place du Carrousel, from there to the Quay, which he followed until he arrived at the Pont de Solférino, and then stopped and waited; because, as he said, "the crowd was too dense at this point for anybody to pass." M. Lebreton, who had left the Louvre at the same time, passed through this crowd without difficulty, and reentered the Palais-Bourbon. M. Jules Favre and several other Deputies were, at about the same time, also able to push through the crowd, and succeeded in making their way from the Palais-Bourbon to the Louvre.

Soon after the mob had broken into the Audience Chamber of the Legislative Assembly, Jules Favre, Jules Ferry, Kératry, and several other members bitterly hostile to the Imperial Government, decided to go to the Hôtel de Ville, there to proclaim the Republic and seize on the supreme power; and M. de Kératry remarked to M. Jules Favre "that he was certain he would meet on the way to the Hôtel de Ville, General Trochu, whose assistance would be necessary." * How M. de Kératry was sure that he would meet the General, we do not know, but the fact is that he and his associates did find the General waiting. "We met him," says M. de Kératry, "on the Quay of the Tuileries, in front of the Conseil d'État, on horseback, surrounded by his staff. It was evident that he was waiting there for the development of events."

M. Jules Favre, accosting him, said: "General, there is no longer a Legislative body. We are going to the

* Déposition de M. Kératry, "Enquête Parlementaire," tome i, p. 650.

Hôtel de Ville. Be so good as to go back to the Louvre. We will communicate with you there."

Upon this the Governor quietly returned to the Louvre. On his way he, of course, had to pass the Tuileries, where the sovereign was to whom he had sworn in the morning that no one should approach her except over his dead body. Half an hour later the Tuileries were threatened by the rioters; and no one being there to defend the Empress, her Majesty, as will be stated in a subsequent chapter, was obliged to leave her palace as best she could.

About four o'clock in the afternoon MM. Steenackers and Glais-Bizoin came to the head-quarters of the Military Governor to beg General Trochu to go to the Hôtel de Ville. The Governor took off his uniform, put on citizen's dress—as if he could lay aside his allegiance with his coat, as if duty were merely a question of clothes—and went.

When General Trochu arrived at the Hôtel de Ville, M. Jules Favre and his associates had already usurped the sovereign power and declared themselves to be the Government. On being informed of this, the General put the following question to the usurpers: "Will you protect these three principles: God, the Family, and Property?" This question was answered affirmatively by M. Jules Favre and his colleagues.

"Upon this condition," General Trochu then added, "I am yours, provided you make me President of your Government. It is indispensable that I should occupy this post."

The new Government, knowing well that General Trochu would be necessary for the triumph of their cause, acceded to his wish without hesitation. And so General Trochu, who in the morning had been the Imperial Governor of the city of Paris, was in the evening President of the Insurrectional Government.

These are the simple facts regarding General Trochu's conduct on the 4th of September, 1870; and from these

facts alone the reader can decide for himself whether or not the judgment which Napoleon III. pronounced against the Governor of Paris is just.*

The condition of things that obtained in the Legislative Chamber after the close of the sitting and the departure of the Deputies and the members of the Cabinet, baffles description. National guards, workmen, vagabonds, thieves, and half-grown boys—the mob—in a compact mass crowded into every part of the Palais-Bourbon, shouting and howling and gesticulating in a wild tumult of disorder. Two young ruffians made a rush for the Presidential chair, and seated themselves in it at the same moment, one of them seizing the President's bell, which he rang with violence and for a long time. Others, standing on the desks of the Deputies, were haranguing the "citizens," and urging them not to leave the building until the Republic had been *reestablished* as well as "proclaimed." The uproar increasing, an effort was made to clear the floor of the Chamber, but with small result; and the galleries remained full of people, centers of commotion and of noise; a hundred persons were speaking, but only occasionally could a word be heard—a word of rage or of insult—"*à bas*"—"*conspuez Bonaparte—et sa femme.*" Soon cigars, pipes, and cigarettes were lighted, and a dense cloud of tobacco-smoke obscured the atmosphere. This pandemonium was kept up until it was too dark to see, when, the rioters having slipped away one by one, silence reigned instead in every room of the vast, somber, and deserted Legislative Palace, until, a few weeks later, it was filled with the wounded and the dying brought in from the battle-fields around Paris.

It was about four o'clock when the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne returned to the Foreign Office from the Palais-Bourbon, which he had vainly endeavored to protect, and

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* See Appendix, VII.

meeting there M. Clément Duvernois, said to him: "What has taken place is terrible for the dynasty, but it is still more terrible for the country; because this morning we had the support of conservative Europe to enable us to conclude an honorable peace, and this afternoon we have lost it." *

We have seen how the Palais-Bourbon was invaded on the 4th of September. Let us now see what took place on this memorable day at the Luxembourg.

Here, at half past twelve o'clock, the session of the Senate is opened under the Presidency of M. Rouher.

A Senator, M. Chabrier, immediately mounts the Tribune, and says that he desires to send his "last good wishes and last homage to the Emperor." He ends his speech with a phrase which has often been heard in France, "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

The Prince Poniatowski: "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

M. de Ségur d'Aguesseau: "*Vive l'Impératrice!*"

M. de Flamarens, believing that the Deputies have already proclaimed the fall of the Empire, protests against this act, and declares it to be unconstitutional, and concludes with the exclamation, "*Vive le Prince Impérial! Vive la Dynastie!*"

M. de Chabrier: "That is understood!"

Numerous voices: "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

M. Nisard: "Vanquished and a prisoner, he is sacred!" (Marks of approbation.)

After this the whole Senate cries together: "*Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Impératrice! Vive le Prince Impérial! Vive la Dynastie!*"

M. Rouher, in a voice trembling with emotion, makes a patriotic speech, which he closes with these words: "In presence of the gravity of these events, we shall know

* "Enquête Parlementaire," tome i, p. 225.

how to show the firmness of our purpose and a resolute and indomitable courage." (Applause.)

M. Quentin-Bauchart: "And a sense of our honor!"

M. Rouher: "I propose to the Senate to declare its sittings permanent!" ("Yes! yes!") "The sitting will be suspended, but will be opened again as soon as I have news from the Legislative Assembly. I ask the members of the Senate not to leave the building."

After this the Senators gather about the desk of the President, who is surrounded on all sides, and every one congratulates him on having so well expressed the heroic sentiments by which the Senate is animated. On the conclusion of this demonstration the members retire, full of patriotic feeling and with resolution in their faces.

When the news of the invasion of the Chamber of Deputies arrives, M. Rouher instructs the ushers to call the Senators together again; and it is as late as half past two o'clock when these ushers are seen, still rushing through the corridors, crying, "*En séance, messieurs! en séance!*"

And now the President announces in a faltering voice that the mob has entered the Palais-Bourbon. Then he adds, "Does the Senate wish to remain in session, although it is probable that no bill will be presented to us, for the Legislative Assembly cannot deliver it?"

A good many of the Senators think that it would be just as well to retire; but MM. de Mentque and Ségur d'Aguesseau declare that the Senate must remain in permanent session. M. Laradit agrees with them, and adds that it is necessary "to protest against the violence which prevents the Representatives of the people from deliberating calmly and freely"; and M. Émile de Girardin calls out that he is here in virtue of the Plebiscitum, a representative of 7,500,000 votes, and that he will not go out except by force. The sitting is again suspended.

After a pause of half an hour the sitting is resumed, and M. Rouher announces that he has just been informed that

the mob has already taken entire possession of the Palais-Bourbon, and that deliberations there are for the moment impossible; and he adds: "I do not know what action the Senate will take, but, whatever it may be, it is my duty to protest against the invasion by force that has paralyzed the exercise of one of our great public powers." ("Hear! Hear!") "Now I am at the orders of the Senate to know whether you will remain in session, or whether you wish to adjourn, to meet again as soon as it is necessary. It is your right to make the decision, and I call for it."

Whatever the Senate may have wished, M. de Mentque persists in demanding that the Senators remain in their places. This time his proposition is received not with general approbation, but by what is called in French "*des mouvements divers.*"

M. Rouher then says: "Were the mob at our doors, it would be our imperative duty to face it; but we are not menaced, nor can we deliberate. It is simply a question of dignity, which I shall not discuss; but I am ready to execute the will of the Senate."

M. Baroche agrees with M. Rouher; and while protesting against the assault on the independence of the Chamber of Deputies, and regretting that he cannot even die in the Senate Chamber, as he would like to do, says: "And now, what can we do? We can do nothing here. Perhaps we can render service to the country and to the dynasty outside, for I wish to speak loudly for the dynasty. (Applause.) Besides, by separating, we yield to force and not to fear, and our purpose is to defend, by our personal influence, order, and the Imperial dynasty to the very last moment."

M. de Mentque still tries to keep his colleagues together, and proposes to wait at least until 5 P.M. The proposition, put to a vote, is rejected. A night session is then proposed. With reference to this proposal, M. Rouher remarks that he will do what he can to call the Senate together, but

that the convocation of the Senate in the night might not be accomplished without difficulty.

Several other propositions are made, and, while a confused debate is going on between the Senators Gressier, Dupin, and Haussmann, M. Rouher takes the occasion to leave the Senate Chamber. In his absence the Vice-President, M. Boudet, ascends the Tribune and closes the session with the words, "I request the Senate to come together to-morrow at the usual hour—two o'clock—unless the President should call us together sooner." A resolution to that effect is at once adopted, and the Senators adjourn at 3.30 P.M.

During the whole time this sitting lasted no mob had come to invade the Luxembourg. The Senators seemed to have been entirely forgotten by the people. The cause was the limited and entirely local character of the insurrection, as will be soon shown.

Late in the evening an anonymous communication was sent to the new Government, stating that there would be a night session of the Senate, in the Luxembourg Palace. Upon receiving this, M. Eugéne Pelletan, the only member of the new Government at that time present in the Hôtel de Ville, ordered M. Floquet, a representative of the Municipal administration, to seal up the doors of the Senate Chamber. In conformity with this order, M. Floquet, accompanied by two friends, went to the Palace of the Luxembourg, where he arrived toward ten o'clock. He was announced, and the Grand Referendary, M. Ferdinand Barrot, and General de Montfort, the Governor of the Palace, descended into the court to meet him. M. Floquet handed to the Grand Referendary, who was surrounded by two squadrons of gendarmes, the order of the insurrectionary Government. On receiving it, this gentleman replied, "I yield to force."

After having submitted to force, M. Barrot asked if he might remain in the palace, and if the Senators would

be permitted to enter their committee-rooms to remove the articles belonging to them. M. Floquet answered in the affirmative, and while the Grand Referendary was retiring, began quietly to seal up the doors, and thus put an end to the existence of the Senate of the Second Empire.*

* "Journal du Siège de Paris," par Georges d'Heylli, tome i, p. 21 *et seq.* (Compte-rendu sténographique de la dernière séance du Senat.) "Histoire du Second Empire," par Taxile Delord, tome vi, p. 516 *et seq.*

CHAPTER IX

DEPARTURE OF THE EMPRESS FROM THE TUILERIES

The invasion of the Tuileries—General Mellinet parleys with the invaders—How the palace was protected—The interior of the Tuileries—The Empress waits in the palace to hear from the Assembly—She is advised to leave—She hesitates—Prince de Metternich and Signor Nigra—M. Piétri—The Empress bids adieu to her friends—She leaves the Tuileries—She is forced to return—Quite by chance—"The Wreck of the Medusa"—"Are you afraid?" "Not a bit"—A curious coincidence—"*Il faut de l'audace*"—"*Voilà l'Impératrice*"—No one at home—The Empress comes to my house.

THE events which took place on the 4th of September within the walls of the Palais-Bourbon and at the Luxembourg, if less exciting or less interesting to the reader than those witnessed in the streets of Paris and at the Tuileries, form, nevertheless, an integral and essential part of the drama that brought the Second Empire to its end. All these acts and scenes are closely connected, and none can be clearly understood except when looked at in its relation to the rest.

Not long after the representatives of the people—finding there was no means of continuing the session in the Chamber—had left the Palais-Bourbon, a section of the mob that had gathered upon the Place de la Concorde approached the great gates at the entrance of the Garden of the Tuileries, which were held by a detachment of Zouaves of the Guard. Some were workmen in their Sunday clothes; others wore the uniform of the National Guard. At first, seditious cries only were heard—"*À bas*

l'Empire!" "*Vive la République!*"—but gradually the band came nearer and nearer, and pressed closer and closer, until at length the gates were reached; and then the ring-leaders began to knock violently on the iron railing, and to demand loudly admittance to the enclosure. Very soon the eagles that ornamented the railing were broken down, the assailants meeting with no resistance. Encouraged by this, these men began to push against the gates, which were quickly forced open, when in rushed the whole band, followed by a body of *Mobiles* who had been stationed on the Place de la Concorde since noon.

As soon as the basin of the great fountain was passed, the invaders, who were now shouting "*Aux Tuileries! Aux Tuileries!*" at the top of their voices, saw the *Voltigeurs* of the Guard massed in the reserved garden—and they halted. To proceed farther would be dangerous. In view of the situation, which was critical in the extreme and might lead to a disaster at any moment, M. Louis Revenez, of the *Mobiles,* was delegated to go and parley with the officer in command. He left his comrades and advanced alone, with a white handkerchief fastened to the end of his musket; but he was joined on the way by M. Victorien Sardou, M. Armand Gouzien, and by one or two other persons. Having reached the reserved garden, they were stopped by a sentinel, who asked what they wanted. The answer was, "To speak to the Governor of the Tuileries." A short parley followed, after which, two or three of these gentlemen having sent him their cards, requesting an interview, General Mellinet, the Governor, came forward and entered into conversation with them.

They told him that the Republic had been proclaimed, and that the people were clamoring to be admitted to the Palace of the Tuileries; that the National Guards also desired to be admitted, on the ground that this palace was the property of the nation; and that they themselves had come to request that its safe-keeping be entrusted to the

National Guards, who, they assured the General, would take care that the property of the nation should be respected.

"Withdraw the Imperial Guard, let the National Guards enter the reserved garden," they said, "and you can let the people in, and there will be no disorder, nor will anything be destroyed; for the palace will be under the protection of those whom the people respect."

"You are right," said the General, "and especially since the Empress has already left the Tuileries. I am quite willing to withdraw the Imperial troops, on condition that their places are immediately taken by the National Guards."

Orders were then given to retire the troops; and as they fell back, the movement being observed, the invaders began to advance towards the gate near which General Mellinet was standing, thinking that they could now push their way through. As the leaders very soon assumed a threatening attitude, General Mellinet—who had been joined by M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, at the suggestion of M. de Lesseps or of M. Sardou that the invaders should be held back, if possible, a little while longer—stepped up on a chair and harangued the tumultuous throng that had gathered in front of him, with great spirit and most happy effect.

The old General was very popular in Paris. He was one of the heroes of the Crimea, and his face, slashed by a deep saber cut, was well known to all the people, and they cheered him when they saw him. To their cries of "*À bas l'Empire*" he replied by pointing to the flagstaff.

"You see," he said, "there is no flag there. The Empress has gone."

And the crowd replied with a long "Ah! ah! ah!" and "*Vive la République!*"

"You are Frenchmen," continued the General, "and you would not dishonor yourselves by endeavoring to insult

a woman. But the palace and these grounds are the property of the nation, and it is your duty, and it is my duty, to protect them. The Imperial troops will be withdrawn. But commit no disorder. If you make an attempt to do so, I shall do my duty. Go back!"

While the General was holding the crowd in check, National Guards were introduced into the court of the Tuileries from the post near-by in the Rue de l'Échelle, and were massed in ranks in front of the palace, and aligned up in the vestibule and carriage-way leading through the palace to the Place du Carrousel. So that when, finally, the light railing enclosing the reserved garden yielded to the pressure of the increasing multitude, and the rabble rushed in on to the walks and over the flower-beds, they were soon brought to a halt, and then were gradually forced back, or permitted to go through the carriage-way and across the inner court of the palace, between a double file of guards to the Place beyond. And so into the vestibule and through this passage the crowd continued to move for nearly an hour; greatly disconcerted, however, to find a guard at the foot of each staircase and at every door of the palace, and at being unable to visit the interior of the building, and drink the wine from the cellars, and masquerade in the garments of princes, and sleep in the beds of their sovereign, as their progenitors had done in 1848.

It was fortunate, indeed, that the companies of the National Guard stationed in the neighborhood of the Tuileries on this day were composed largely of men devoted to the cause of order. They were prompt to obey when authority had lost its sanction, and were faithful to their self-assumed trusts. The palace was well protected; not a scratch did it receive, nor was there an article taken from it.

As the crowd scattered towards the Hôtel de Ville, and the howls of the would-be plunderers of the palace died

away in the distance, quiet reigned again at the Tuileries. Its courts were deserted, the sentries were at their posts as usual, and no one about the palace seemed to know what had happened, or how all these things had come to pass.

A few hours later, when the interior of the Tuileries was visited by the representatives of the new Government, the public galleries and great salons were found to present their usual appearance. Many of the old guardians, having laid aside the Imperial livery, were still at their posts. It was only on entering the apartments which had been occupied by the Imperial family, that any appearance of disorder was observed. And even here the disorder was more apparent than real, for the reason that, the Empress having returned to Paris from Saint Cloud unexpectedly early in August, the rooms she occupied when at the Tuileries had not been prepared for her. The curtains had been taken down and the carpets removed; most of the furniture was covered up, and some of it had been sent off for repairs. The general impression conveyed to the mind of the visitor was that of rooms still in use, but from which the occupants had been suddenly called away. The standing furniture, the clocks, the candelabra, the jardinières, the rich bronzes and decorative pieces, were all in their places, the pictures on the walls, and the books on the shelves, in their cases. The commodes, and wardrobes also, had not been disturbed, and were filled with clothing and wearing-apparel of every description. But light, movable articles were scattered about in nearly every room. In the cabinet of the Empress, her table was found just as she rose from it for the last time, covered with writing-materials and the latest despatches; not one had been taken away. On a bureau near-by was a portmanteau containing a few articles of clothing, but open, as if being prepared for a journey. On the floor were two or three empty hat-boxes. In an adjoining room, a breakfast,

scarcely touched, remained upon the table. It consisted of a boiled egg, a little cheese, and some bread.

In the study of the Prince Imperial a toy was lying upon the floor. It consisted of a company of leaden soldiers, which could be put in motion by the turning of a handle. An exercise-book, which had been used for writing historical themes, lay open upon the table. One leaf was entirely covered with a small and correct handwriting. The theme began thus:

"Louis XV., Bourbon, Fleury, 1723–1741. Regency resumed. Bourbon, 1723–1725. Bourbon. Madame de Prie, Paris. Duvernois [Duvernay was intended]. At home, corruption, stock-jobbing, frivolity, intolerance. Abroad, marriage of the King with Marie Lesczynska. Rupture with Spain, which country displays Austrian tendencies," etc.

The apartment occupied by the Emperor on the ground floor, between the Pavillon de l'Horloge and the Pavillon de Flore, was found exactly in the state in which he had left it. It was full of books, maps, models, and military diagrams. It contained also a large number of political papers and much private correspondence. This correspondence was seized, together with all the letters and despatches addressed to the Regent. And so were the books containing the accounts kept of the expenses of the palace housekeeping. A selection from these papers was subsequently published by the Government;* greatly to the disappointment, however, of that portion of the public who had hoped to find in the correspondence of the Imperial family material for scandal. For it only served to prove how well the Emperor loved his country; that few sovereigns have ever taken so deep a personal interest in

* Under the title of "Papiers et Correspondance de la Famille Impériale."

the affairs of the Government, or so carefully studied the questions most immediately concerning the economical prosperity and general welfare of their subjects, or have been inspired by loftier ideals or a more noble ambition; and that, true to himself, at the last hour he strove with singular self-abandonment to bear the burden of defeat, in order to save the army and check the tide of disaster that threatened to sweep over the land.

It was much to the credit of the new Government that the personal effects of the Imperial family were not retained, but after a few weeks were packed up, and either sent to England or deposited for safe-keeping with their friends in Paris.

But while these events were taking place without, the scene within the palace was no less moving and exciting. After her Majesty had dismissed the Deputation that had been sent to ask her to transfer her power, she waited to hear the result of their conference with General de Palikao, and what action the Assembly would take in order to meet the exigencies of the situation. But from moment to moment the despatches received from the Minister of the Interior, from the War Department, and from the Prefecture of Police, became more and more ominous. It was reported that the mob had invaded the Chamber of Deputies; that the Imperial arms were being broken in pieces wherever seen; that cries of "*Vive la République!*" were to be heard in the streets. Then a messenger, flushed with excitement, came to announce that the eagles ornamenting the great gates fronting on the Place de la Concorde had been pulled down, and that the rioters were endeavoring to force their way into the Garden of the Tuileries. The Empress listened to all these reports unmoved, and without manifesting the slightest fear. But the persons near her began to see the meaning of these events, and to grow anxious for her Majesty's safety. They there-

fore advised her to leave the palace, and not to expose herself to the danger of falling into the hands of the populace.

To them all she replied simply: "I do not fear. How can I leave?"

Finally, three of the Ministers arrived at the Tuileries—M. Jérôme David, M. Busson-Billault, and M. Henri Chevreau.* Entering the salon, where the Empress was still standing, they reported to her Majesty that not only had the mob taken possession of the Chamber of Deputies, but that Deputies presumed to be loyal to the Imperial Government were going over to the Revolution, and that Paris was in the hands of the populace. It was the opinion of these gentlemen—and their official position gave great weight to their opinion—that the Empress should leave the palace immediately. They told her very plainly that she could no longer remain where she was, in safety. But she was undaunted by this account of the on-rush of the Revolution and the apprehensions of personal peril displayed, and was neither moved nor made afraid. She objected most decidedly to leaving, and with great spirit and feeling replied: "Here I have been placed by the Emperor, and here I will stay. To abandon my post will weaken the

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* In a letter written at Chislehurst, in November, 1870, the Empress writes: "As for the 4th of September, I will only say that General Trochu abandoned me, *if nothing worse;* he was not seen at the Tuileries after the invasion of the Chamber, nor were the Ministers, with the exception of three who insisted on my departure, and I did not wish to go until the Tuileries were invaded. Light will be thrown on these matters some day, as upon a good many things besides."

M. Jules Brame, in his testimony before the Parliamentary Commission, tells what the Ministry were doing at this time. "I," says M. Brame, "was with the Minister of War to the very end; three of my colleagues were out-of-doors striving to stimulate the military chiefs and questors to make an effort to protect the Assembly; and three others went at once to the Tuileries to see if they could not save the Empress, who would have been strangled had they not warned her in time."

power to resist the invasion. Unless there is some recognized authority, the disorganization will be complete, and France at the mercy of M. Bismarck."

It was now nearly three o'clock, and the mob, crying "*Aux Tuileries! Aux Tuileries!*" were approaching the reserved garden. Their cries could be heard even by the Empress and the persons with whom she was talking. It was at this moment that Prince de Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador, and Signor Nigra, the Italian Ambassador, entered the antechamber and requested to be admitted into the presence of her Majesty.

"She is in great danger," they said. "The mob that has taken possession of the Palais-Bourbon is now preparing to attack the Tuileries. She must be informed of this, and that resistance is impossible. She cannot stay here any longer, except at the risk of her life, and we wish to offer her our protection."

They were very soon introduced into her Majesty's private cabinet, where she was then debating with those near her the expediency of leaving the palace. The two diplomats had considerable difficulty in persuading the Empress that the time for her to retire had come. M. de Metternich was excited, insistent, and abrupt even; and Signor Nigra no less insistent, but as calm and polished in his manner of address as when reciting Italian poetry to her Majesty at Compiègne.

After hearing what they had to say, her Majesty expressed a desire to consult with M. Piétri, the Prefect of Police, who was then at his post in the Prefecture, where he had been all the morning, reporting to the Tuileries every few minutes the situation, so far as it was indicated by disturbances of public order in the streets. He was accordingly sent for. On arriving, he found the Empress still earnestly discussing with those about her the expediency of her leaving the Tuileries. Turning to M. Piétri the moment she saw him, she asked him what he thought

of it. He replied by telling her what he himself had seen while coming from the Prefecture—that the mob were then pushing against the gates of the palace. He said that within ten or fifteen minutes they would probably force their way into the building; that it was impossible to say what they would do, or what crime they might not commit, should an entrance be effected. In a word, corroborating all that had been said by the others who were then urging her Majesty to go, he told her that she could not remain without putting in peril not only her own life, but the lives of some of her most intimate friends, as well as the lives of all the persons connected with the service of the palace, and who were there at their posts to aid and protect her.

To risk her own life was to the Empress nothing; but when she came to see that, by remaining, she might be putting in jeopardy the lives of many others, some of whom were very dear to her, she could no longer refuse to go. And yet she delayed, to bid adieu to her friends, la Vicomtesse Aguado, la Maréchale Canrobert, la Maréchale Pélissier, Mesdames de Rayneval, de la Poëze, de la Bédolière, de Sancy, de Saulcy, la Baronne de Bourgoing, and others, who gathered about her with hearts too full of emotion to find words to express their love and sympathy. To one of these ladies, who signified a desire to go with her, the Empress said:

"I fully appreciate your generous devotion to me, but I do not wish my misfortunes to be yours also. In France no one should be unhappy."

Then followed a clasping of hands, tears, sobs, a parting kiss, and yet the Empress lingered to say:

"I shall never forget what you all have been to me. I thank you. Good-by—Good—" And Signor Nigra interrupts this scene so full of tenderness and affection, by saying,

"Madame, M. de Metternich and I are waiting for you.

You must hurry. In a few minutes escape may be impossible"; at the same time handing her a hat and veil that Madame Lebreton was holding, and assisting her to put on a light cloak—for there was no time now to prepare for a journey. She must leave the palace at once, and as she was.

With an effort, the Empress separated herself from her friends, looking back as she went, to give them, smiling through her tears, a last expression of her affectionate regard.

She was now with the Prince de Metternich, Signor Nigra, Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, of her personal service, M. Conti, the Chief of the Emperor's Cabinet, Lieutenant Conneau, an orderly officer, and Madame Lebreton, the sister of General Bourbaki, her reader and companion. And as the little company walked out of the private cabinet of the Empress, about half past three o'clock in the afternoon of the 4th of September, 1870, the tri-colored flag, that floated over the Tuileries when the sovereign was residing there, was lowered, never to be raised again. While passing through one of her own rooms, which had been furnished with elegance and a regard for home comfort rather than decorative effect, and which was full of souvenirs of love and friendship and devotion, the Empress, stopping for a moment and looking about her, said, as if she were speaking to herself and could scarcely believe it possible, "Is this the last time?" And then pressing forward, she herself led the way down the staircase to the ground floor of the palace, with the idea, it seems, that she could take the coupé which was generally stationed in the court-yard to the right, near the steps leading to the apartments of the Prince Imperial, and which, in fact, was there, with the coachman on his box, correctly dressed, looking neither to the right nor to the left, waiting his orders as usual. But the Prince de Metternich, noticing the livery, and the crown painted on the door of the

carriage, thought it would be imprudent for the Empress to make use of it, and offered instead his own carriage, which was waiting on the quay near by. Lieutenant Conneau thereupon started off to bring the Prince's carriage into the court, and the Empress, who had been standing for hours, sat down on a bench in the vestibule. But in a very short time the young officer came running back, saying that it was no longer possible to pass out through the court-yard of the palace; that the Place du Carrousel was occupied by a tumultuous rabble, who were filling the air with songs mingled with cries of "*À mort!*" and "*Aux Tuileries!*" and that a band in advance of the rest were pounding on the railing that separated the court-yard from the Place. Admiral Jurien de la Gravière then left the company and went forward to the gate—which the rioters were now endeavoring to force open—for the purpose of parleying with them, and thus gaining time. In this work he was highly successful, as he managed to keep them out of the court altogether.

But when he returned to the vestibule the Empress and her escort were not to be found. Seeing that it would be dangerous, if not impossible, to attempt to leave the Tuileries by any direct way, and that there was no time to lose, they had reascended the staircase they had just come down, and, retracing their steps through the apartments of the Empress, and entering the long suite of rooms that led by the way of the Pavilion of Flora to the galleries of the Louvre, had passed on through the new *Salle des États,* not yet finished, and still embellished with the decorations used on the 21st of May—the day when, with imposing ceremony, the result of the Plebiscitum was officially announced to the Emperor. But on coming to the door that led into the great Gallery of the Louvre, it was found that it could not be opened. It was locked. To the knocking on the door there was no response; but, in the silence that followed, the cries of the people without

could be distinctly heard. The members of the little company began to feel very anxious. Was all retreat cut off? What was to be done? Before anything had been decided upon, and as the bewilderment of counsel began to suggest the growing danger of the situation, M. Charles Thélin, the Emperor's treasurer, appeared. Having heard that the Empress had just passed through the Pavilion of Flora, going towards the Louvre, he followed after her to offer his services. Quite by chance, but most luckily, he had with him a key that would open all the doors of the building.

And so it happened, by a strange freak of fortune, that the doors which were closed against the Empress Eugénie on the 4th of September, 1870, were unlocked by the same Charles Thélin who opened the doors of the prison at Ham, from which Louis Napoleon made his escape a little over twenty-four years before, on the 25th of May, 1846.

The way being now free, the Empress and her escort walked down the "Long" or "Great Gallery" of the Museum, and through the *Salle Carrée* into the Pavilion of Apollo; passing down this, and turning to the right, they entered the "Jewel Room," and then continued on to the *Salle des Sept Cheminées.*

Here the Empress stopped; and having remarked that the number of persons accompanying her was so large as surely to attract attention, suggested that they all, except MM. de Metternich and Nigra, should now retire, and leave her and Madame Lebreton to be conducted to a place of safety under the escort of these two gentlemen alone.

Thereupon the Empress took leave of the last of her palace followers, who had been joined by several of the guardians of the Museum, some of whom, with tears in their eyes, kissed the hand which she extended, and all of whom bade her good-by with emotion. She thanked them all for the loyalty and the devotion they had shown to her; and so

thoughtful was she of their safety also, that she urged them to be careful not to expose themselves to the fury of the mob, and made Lieutenant Conneau promise to take off his rather showy uniform before going into the street.

And then, as her friends left her, and as she herself turned to go, looking up, she saw on the wall before her Géricault's famous picture, "The Wreck of the Medusa." She stood fixed for a few seconds, unable to remove her eyes from it. "How strange!" said she to herself.

And to me, and to others, she has since often said, "How strange that this picture should be the last one I should ever look at in the galleries of the Louvre!"

But the Empress having quickly recovered from the impression produced by this picture of ill-omen, the two ladies walked on, under the guidance of MM. de Metternich and Nigra, through the rooms containing the Greek antiquities, and through the Egyptian Gallery, until they reached the landing at the right of the great colonnade. Then, descending the three broad flights of stone steps that lead to the ground floor of the Egyptian Museum, the little company threaded its way through the colossal and somber antiquities of Old Egypt there assembled—the images of its gods, and the sarcophagi and funeral monuments of its dead kings and priests—until they reached the door at the extreme end, which opens upon the arched passage leading from the inner court of the Louvre to the Place in front of the Church of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois.

On coming to this door, it was found that a crowd of noisy "manifestors" was pouring through the passage, and the two diplomatists thought it would be highly imprudent to attempt then to leave the building with the ladies. So they stood here and waited for the crush to spend its force. Standing in the vestibule of the Museum, this demonstration was watched with deep concern through the door held ajar; it seemed as if it would never end. But the Empress was the one least disturbed.

Signor Nigra has told me that, while standing here, observing the Empress seemed weary, he offered her his arm; and that soon after a peculiarly noisy band passed by, shouting "*À bas Badinguet!*" "*À bas l'Espagnole!*" "*Vive la République!*" Hearing these cries, he asked the Empress if she was afraid.

"Not a bit," she replied. "Why do you ask me? You are holding my arm; do you feel me tremble?"

By a curious coincidence, the same reply to the same question was made by Louis XVI. under nearly similar circumstances. When, on the 20th of June, 1792, the Paris mob, invading the Tuileries, entered the Royal apartment and laid hands on the person of the King, some one cried out, "Are you afraid?" And the King, turning to the man, said, "Put your hand upon my heart and see if I tremble."

Fortunately, the equal courage and firmness of the two sovereigns in the presence of danger did not prove alike disastrous to the two witnesses. The Italian ambassador has lived not only to repeat the story many times, but to serve his country with distinction to the present day; but during the Reign of Terror, the national guard, the poor tailor, Jean Lalanne, had his head chopped off "for having," as the judicial sentence solemnly reads, "on the 20th of June, 1792, shown that he possessed the character of a tyrant's under-servant, and, especially, in that he has seemed to take pleasure, in the presence of a number of citizens, in telling how Capet took his hand and, pressing it to his heart, said, 'Do you feel it throb, my friend?'"

When, finally, the main body of the rabble appeared to have passed through to the Place, the Empress, who was tired of standing still, said, "Now let us go."

"I think we had better wait a little while longer," answered Signor Nigra.

"No, no," replied the Empress, "*il faut de l'audace!*"

and, saying this, she pulled the door open and stepped out on the pavement, followed by those with her.

Prince de Metternich at once went forward to try to find a carriage. Luckily, he soon found one, a common one-horse cab, but a *closed* one—provided seemingly by Providence for this special occasion. The Prince having come back to report that he had found a carriage, the four persons walked from the entrance of the Louvre towards the street, the space between the railings still being filled with people coming and going, when, just as they reached the sidewalk, where the cab had been drawn up, a boy cried out, "*Voilà l'Impératrice!*" (Oh, there's the Empress!) Signor Nigra, hearing this, turned instantly, and asking, "What was it you said?" stopped the boy and talked with him, to silence him. In the meantime Prince de Metternich had put the Empress and Madame Lebreton into the cab, and Madame Lebreton, having directed the driver to go to No. —— Boulevard Haussmann, the residence of M. Besson, a Councilor of State, the Prince lifted his hat and, bowing to the ladies, withdrew.

The personal and political relations of these two ambassadors, to the Imperial Court and to each other, were very remarkable. Metternich, the son of the famous statesman and diplomatist, was a reactionary by birth and education, so much so that the Emperor used to say that some day he would become a Capuchin friar; and Nigra, the disciple of Azeglio and Cavour, was a lover of freedom, with his face to the future. The former was fond of art, and an excellent musician; the latter a lover of letters, and a brilliant *raconteur*. They were rivals for the favors of the palace, the closest of personal friends, and, generally, irreconcilable adversaries on matters of European policy, especially with respect to the Roman question, which was the burning question of the time. For a few months, just before the fall of the Empire, they worked in harmony to effect an alliance between their Governments and that

of France, and on this day, impelled by a common motive, they met together at the Tuileries for the last time, to assist in her extremity the sovereign they each had so long and constantly admired. But while to Prince de Metternich this departure was the end of a hope that Napoleon III. might help his country, Austria, to retrieve the defeat of Sadowa, to Signor Nigra it was the beginning of an assurance—that Rome was to be the capital of Italy.

While talking with the boy, Signor Nigra lost sight of his companions, and, not being able to rejoin them, or to find the Prince de Metternich, only learned several days later what became of the Empress after she disappeared in the moving throng of people on the Place Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois.

Indeed, she was there but a moment, for the cab turned quickly into the Rue de Rivoli, and, passing by the Louvre and the Tuileries, and on into the Rue de la Paix, and across the central boulevards, picked its way unnoticed through noisy bands of "clubbists" and "manifestors," to the quiet quarter at the back of the Madeleine, the Empress herself having been an astonished witness of some of the most singular scenes of the mad carnival with which the populace of Paris celebrated the advent of the Third Republic.

On arriving at the given address in the Boulevard Haussmann, the cab was dismissed, and the ladies walked up the stairs to their friend's apartments, which were on the third or fourth floor. But on ringing the bell there was no reply. Again and again the bell was rung; but there was no answer. It was now about four o'clock. Should they wait? It would probably not be long before some one of the family returned. Feeling fatigued, the Empress sat down on the staircase, and waited five, ten, fifteen minutes. It seemed an age. At length she said, "I cannot stay here any longer. Let us go." And then the two sadly disappointed ladies slowly descended

the stairs, and began to think very seriously about what should be done. They were alone; they had no carriage; they could not remain where they were; and so they walked on aimlessly, not knowing in what direction they were going, until finally they saw a cab, an open one; but the streets were deserted, and there was little danger of their being recognized. The driver was beckoned to, and stopped. And now the question, Where shall we go? must be quickly answered.

"Let us go," said Madame Lebreton, "to the American Legation, to Mr. Washburne. The Revolutionists will respect the American flag. Mr. Washburne will protect us."

"The American Legation—Mr. Washburne," repeated the Empress interrogatively—and then she thought of me. "No," said she, "I will go to Dr. Evans. He is an American also, but he has no political responsibilities, and, besides, is an old friend. I am sure he will not hesitate to render us every assistance we may require."

And so it came to pass that the Empress and Madame Lebreton directed their cabman to drive them to my private residence, on the corner of the Avenue de l'Impératrice and the Avenue Malakoff, where they arrived at about five o'clock. On ringing the bell, the gate opened; there was some one here, at least. It proved, however, to be only a servant; but he told the ladies that Dr. Evans, for whom they inquired, although not at home, was expected to return before long, and that if they chose to do so they could come in and wait in the library until he came back.

CHAPTER X

THE REVOLUTION—THE EMPRESS AT MY HOUSE

The calm before the storm—Paris in revolution—The Champs Élysées—The Place de la Concorde—The street scenes—Some reflections—How certain things came to pass without a hitch—The funeral of Victor Noir—A paradox—Concerning the "Republic"—A race, and the winners—A strange letter—A mystery explained—I return to my house—Two ladies wish to see me—My interview with the Empress—An awkward situation—Planning to escape from Paris—Questions to be considered—The plan finally agreed upon—Our passports—The safety of the Empress left to chance—The Empress no pessimist—Paris at midnight—I make a reconnaissance.

THE sun rose bright on the morning of September 4th. It was Sunday, and in the quarter of the city where I live—between the Arc de Triomphe and the Bois de Boulogne—the stillness of the early hours of the day was broken only by the distant chime of bells, and the singing of birds in the private and public gardens. No dread alarms would appear to have disturbed the repose of my neighbors, and Nature, animate and inanimate, in the soft radiance of the morning light seemed full of joy and gentleness, and was invested with a serene beauty that possessed the soul with a delightful sense of security—a feeling which, when it succeeds quickly the fear of some great, impending catastrophe, as it then did, comes to us like a benediction from Heaven. How could one help yielding to the subtle influence of this impression? And thus it happened that, scarcely knowing why, I began to hope and to believe the ugly rumors of the preceding evening were unfounded, and that some turn in the tide of fortune might soon restore the prestige of the

armies of France, and save the country and the Government. But it proved to be only the calm before the tornado.

At nine o'clock I went over to the American Ambulance which was being constructed upon grounds belonging to the Prince de Beaufremont, on the corner of the Avenue de l'Impératrice and the Rue Villejust. Here I found Dr. Edward A. Crane, it having been agreed between us that we should spend the morning together preparing the Ambulance for active service; since the news from the front, on Saturday, was of such a kind as to make us think that trains conveying the wounded might be expected to arrive in Paris at almost any moment. As we met, we had in our hands the morning papers. From them we learned for the first time that the Government admitted the French army had been defeated at Sedan. And yet the Imperial Government, according to the reports published and the comments of the papers, had every appearance of standing firm, and of being confident of its ability to meet the crisis.

At the session of the Chamber of Deputies convened at one o'clock on Sunday morning, General de Palikao, the Minister of War, after having announced the capitulation of Marshal MacMahon's army, said:

"This cruel reverse does not shake our courage. Paris to-day is in a condition for defense. The military forces of the country are being organized. In a few days a new army will be behind the walls of Paris; another army is forming on the banks of the Loire. Your patriotism, your union, your energy will save France."

Jules Favre's order of the day, presented immediately after the Ministerial declaration, demanding that the Emperor should be deposed, was supported by no one; on the contrary, it was protested against with violence. After a sitting that lasted but half an hour, the Chamber adjourned to meet at 1 P. M. on the same day.

No revolutionary manifestations were reported, nor

breaches of the public peace. On the surface everything was quiet. Knowing that the Germans were now marching towards Paris, it was our opinion the people would respond promptly to the appeal made by the Government, and that political differences and animosities would, for the moment, be held subordinate to considerations affecting the national honor, and interests in which all Frenchmen were equally concerned, and that a vigorous defense of the capital would be made. We also presumed that the Government had taken the precautionary measures necessary for dealing effectively with the agents of revolt and revolution, should they attempt to begin their work.

These matters we talked over at length. Whatever doubt we may have had with respect to the expediency of establishing our Ambulance in Paris was now removed. Paris was surely to be the scene of the final acts of this terrible Franco-German drama. There was no time to be lost, and we resolved to do our best to have everything in readiness to receive and take care of the wounded as soon as there should be a call for our services.

At noon Dr. Crane returned into the city, it being understood between us that we should meet again at my office in the Rue de la Paix at four o'clock, and, later, take a drive in the Bois de Boulogne.

A little after three o'clock, having ordered my horses to be put to a light American carriage—wishing to drive myself—I started off to keep my engagement. On the way, in the Avenue de l'Impératrice, and as far down the Champs Élysées as the Palais de l'Industrie, I observed nothing to indicate the existence of any popular excitement. The fountains were playing, and well-dressed people were moving about in carriages or on foot, as usual. The children, also, under the trees on each side of the Champs Élysées, were enjoying the day with their nurses, playing on the shaded walks, riding on the merry-go-rounds and in the little wagons drawn by goats, or gathering together

about the Punch-and-Judy shows, exactly as they had done on every pleasant Sunday during the summer. Only as I approached the Place de la Concorde did I begin to see evidences that something extraordinary was taking place. I noticed groups of people scattered about, some near the Obelisk, others on the terrace of the Garden of the Tuileries, most of whom seemed to be watching the movements of small bands of men and boys, who were marching, and shouting what, as I drew nearer, proved to be "*La déchéance!*" "*Vive la République!*" or singing revolutionary songs; and then a detachment of the *Garde Nationale* came in sight singing the "Marseillaise," with their guns under their arms, reversed—the butts uppermost—a sign that they would not fire upon the people, in a word, had gone over to the Revolution. When I came to the Place de la Concorde, I noticed that the crowd on the other side of the Seine was dense in the neighborhood of the bridge, and that the approaches to the Palais-Bourbon were filled with a black, restless, swaying, seething mass that clung to the main entrance of the building like a swarm of bees at the mouth of a hive. Men and boys, and women even, were at the same time hurrying through the gilded gates that, flanked by the equestrian symbols of Fame, open into the Garden of the Tuileries—which seemed to be another center of excitement. Just what was going on there I only learned afterward—the "citizens" were parleying with the officer in command of the guard stationed at the Tuileries.

Driving across the Place de la Concorde, I entered the Rue de Rivoli, where I met groups, principally of workmen from the faubourgs, marching in the middle of the street and singing the "Marseillaise," or dancing the "Carmagnole" under the arches; while a still larger number of persons from the windows above, or on the sidewalk opposite—peering through the railings that enclose the Garden of the Tuileries—were watching in silent astonish-

ment the riotous and fantastic scenes that were being enacted before their eyes.

Strange as it may seem, the streets were not obstructed; carriages were circulating freely to and fro; in fact, it was about this time—perhaps at this very moment—that the Empress was being driven in a cab through the Rue de Rivoli, on her way to my house.

Turning into the Rue Castiglione, I witnessed what struck me, at the time, as a most extraordinary performance—a man well dressed, and wearing a tall silk hat, standing on a short ladder, with a hammer in his hand, striking furiously at and smashing in pieces a large shield on which, and under the Imperial Arms, in letters of gold, were the words, "*Fournisseur de Sa Majesté, l'Empereur*"; and as I passed on into the Place Vendôme and the Rue de la Paix, I saw other shopkeepers endeavoring in desperate haste to remove or destroy the insignia of a patronage that, only a few days before, they were so anxious to obtain or proud to possess.

Soon after I reached my office, Dr. Crane joined me, and reported what he had seen since leaving me at the Ambulance.

He said that between twelve and half-past twelve o'clock the Champs Élysées and the Place de la Concorde were absolutely deserted, but that this was not remarked by him at the time as something unusual; it was noon, the lunch hour, and the sun was fiercely hot—a sun of Austerlitz. It was about one o'clock when he first noticed indications of the approaching revolutionary movement. Then small bands of "manifestors" began to make their appearance, coming from the faubourgs—Montmartre, Saint-Antoine, du Temple—and marching towards the Palais-Bourbon, where the Deputies were to meet. Some were working men in their Sunday clothes, and others the uncombed and unwashed ruffians, in greasy blouses and black silk caps, who emerge from the slums of Paris whenever public order is threat-

ened. As the noise of the shouting rose in the air, they increased in numbers; and so did the number of the spectators who followed behind them and crowded round them, curious to see what they were going to do.

It was nearly or quite three o'clock before the Garden of the Tuileries was invaded. Dr. Crane, during the more than two hours he spent in the Rue de Rivoli or on or near the Place de la Concorde, witnessed no act of personal violence, except in the case of an unfortunate *serjent de ville*, whose sword was wrenched from him and whose uniform was nearly torn in pieces, but who, offering not the slightest resistance, and deathly pale and trembling with fear, was permitted to escape unhurt. It was, he said, a good-natured mob—a singing and a dancing mob—of men, women, children, and dogs, that had assembled apparently to celebrate some great victory, rather than engage in the serious business of overthrowing a Government. This work, they seemed to think and to feel had already been done at Sedan—thanks to the victorious and glorious Moltke. The police had mysteriously disappeared. "But where are the troops?" asked the curious, quiet onlookers. And then came marching by, squads of *Gardes Mobiles* and of the *Garde Nationale*, fraternizing with the bands of demonstrators, and carrying flowers and green branches, the symbols of peace, in the muzzles of their guns, their women marching with them in the ranks. It now became evident to all the witnesses of these proceedings that the mob was meeting with no resistance; that the Army was acting in concert with it; and that Paris was in the hands of the Revolutionists. And, quick as a flash, the idea seized the flock of shopkeepers in the fashionable quarters to range themselves instantly on the side of Power; to obliterate with savage violence the evidence of their obligations to the Empire, and thus manifest their gratitude to the new Government for favors to come.

Dr. Crane and I remained for some time watching from the balcony of my office the movements of the people in the street, and reflecting on the probable consequences of the events that we were witnessing, and which had come to pass with such startling suddenness as to quite disconcert us.

The inconstancy of the French character is so well known, that it did not astonish me in the least to hear the people who the day before cried "*Vive l'Empereur!*" now crying "*Vive la République!*" But the irreverence, the apparent animosity with which all the symbols of the past were trampled upon and destroyed, and the lack of courage displayed by those who at heart detested the opinions of the revolutionists, surpassed what I believed to be possible. It was sad to see so many new proofs of the old truth, that the populace cries to-day, "Hosanna!" and to-morrow, "Crucify!" And it seemed, indeed, very hard to believe that the illustrious family whose history was the story of the nation's glory, before the magic of whose name a large portion of the French people had bowed in admiration, after the first serious misfortune were disowned by all; the crowd hastening to pay homage to the new gods of the day—the gods of the "Red Republic."

And so from the tricolored flags the red stripes were cut out, and, having been torn into small pieces, were fastened by the "patriots" to sticks and umbrellas, and waved in the air as a sign of their adhesion to the "Red Republic," or, rather, to the "Commune." For although this latter species of craziness did not develop until some months later, the sparks were smoldering under the ashes, and it needed only a favorable wind to fan them into flames.

Yet there seemed to be something extremely superficial, and puerile even, in these demonstrations; and their factitious character was so apparent that it was difficult for us to understand how a revolutionary movement could be suc-

cessful in the presence of such a lack of interest in it, on the part of the majority of the inhabitants of Paris, as was everywhere manifest. So far as we could judge, the active forces of the Revolution consisted of only a few hundred men and boys. For a long time they were afraid to act; they gradually grew bold through immunity, and, in the end, were surprised at the results of their own audacity. Why these bands were not quickly dispersed in a city then under martial law, and occupied by a strong military force, was to us at that time incomprehensible. Later, we learned how all these things happened so unexpectedly, and without any hitch in the proceedings. The program *en cas que* had been already sketched out by the chief conspirators.

It may be observed here that as, during the last two or three years of the Imperial *régime,* the Government became less personal and more liberal and democratic, the small band of irreconcilable opponents of the dynasty became more defiant and violent in their denunciation of the Government and all its acts. Every incident that could be made a pretext for a hostile manifestation was seized upon. Scurrilous journals, like the *Lanterne*, the *Rappel,* and the *Marseillaise*, were founded, and flourished also by reason of the very audacity of the personalities they ventured to publish, and the abominable insults they hurled at the Emperor, his family, and his Government. As more and more liberty of speech was permitted, in 1869–70, more and more inflammatory and intolerable became the utterances of this band of energumenes, among whom M. Henri Rochefort was *facile princeps.*

The Emperor proposed to give to France a constitutional Government. The Radicals demanded the Republic of 1848. At public meetings Revolution was openly advocated. Now it was that the names of Delescluze, Félix Pyat, Blanqui, Amoroux, Protot, Mégy, Flourens, Pascal Grousset, and others, began to make their appearance in

the newspapers. It was the État Major of the Commune of 1871. Grave disturbances of public order soon became frequent, and early in the year 1870 suddenly assumed formidable proportions.

I shall never forget the surprise occasioned in Paris by the immense gathering of people at the funeral of Victor Noir, that took place on the 12th of January.

Noir, having gone to the house of Prince Pierre Bonaparte and becoming engaged in a violent altercation, was shot and killed by the Prince. This unfortunate occurrence was instantly seized upon by the revolutionary group as offering a most opportune subject for a popular manifestation against the Imperial dynasty. Elaborate preparations were made for a spectacular funeral. The Imperial family were subjected in the Radical press to a storm of insults. "For eighteen years," said Rochefort, in the columns of the *Marseillaise,* "France has been in the blood-stained hands of these cutthroats. Frenchmen, can it be that you do not think you have had enough of them?"

As the hour of the funeral approached, in spite of the rain, more than a hundred thousand persons assembled along the route that the procession was to take. Seditious cries of "*Vive la République!*" "*Mort au Bonaparte!*" were heard on every side. As soon as the procession began to move, the horses were taken from the hearse, which was then drawn by working men, while behind it Noir's brother, the principal mourner, was carried on the shoulders of the agitators. It was no longer a funeral: it was a triumph. In the cemetery, at Neuilly, speeches were pronounced over the body of Noir, calling upon the people to avenge his death and to overthrow the Government. On returning to Paris, at the gates of the city, past the Arch of Triumph, and down the Champs Élysées, the demonstrations assumed so violent and threatening a character, as for a moment—before the arrival of a regiment of cavalry—to frighten even the leaders.

This revolutionary manifestation of the 12th of January, 1870, was a revelation to the world, and, although generally regarded at the time as simply an exhibition of the insatiable curiosity of the Parisians, left a profound and painful impression upon the minds of all the friends of the Imperial family.

But all this was forgotten when, in July, the Government was dealing with a question that seemed to be of far more serious import to the nation, if not to the dynasty, than the sayings and doings of certain political malcontents. And, after hostilities had actually begun, very few persons, carried away themselves by the immense wave of patriotic sentiment which swept over the land, suspected that there were Frenchmen who were then watching events in the hope that some great disaster might overwhelm the armies of France.

Just after the declaration of war, a well-known Radical Deputy met in the Garden of the Tuileries M. Roché, a member of the Council of State. The conversation turning to the events of the day, this patriot, shaking his fist at the palace, cried out, "The creature that lives there has had such wonderful luck that he is capable of beating the Prussians; and then we should be—*in the soup!*"

And there were others like him, as there are, unfortunately, in all countries—men who acknowledge no sovereign authority, and recognize no patriotism but their own fanaticism.

And yet, paradoxical as it may seem, the insurrectionary movement in the streets of Paris, on the 4th of September, was not a manifestation of hostility against the Empire and the Napoleonic dynasty; it was in reality simply a rising to the surface of the social sediment of the city, after the shock of a national defeat, and at the same time a protest of the proletariat against every form of orderly government. The rioters were the men, or the descendants of the men, who in 1848 erected the barricades

in the boulevards of the capital, reenforced by the teachings of German socialists or Russian anarchists, and organized under the direction of the *Société Internationale des Travailleurs*. They were that "democracy of our day, full of peril," of which M. Guizot spoke in 1861, in his famous address before the French Academy, on the occasion of the reception of Lacordaire succeeding to the chair of Tocqueville, when he said: "It thinks it is society itself, and all there is of it. It wishes to dominate alone. And it has no respect for, and, I may say, refuses to recognize the existence of, any rights except its own."

They appeared in force at the funeral of Victor Noir, and they filled the ballot-boxes with their votes on the 8th of May, 1870. While 7,358,786 votes were then cast by the French electors in favor of the Empire, and but 1,571,939 votes were cast against it, the Government obtained in Paris but 138,000 votes, while 184,000 votes were cast against it. And Lyons, Marseilles, and other large cities gave at this *plebiscitum* similar majorities against the Government. But there is no occasion to attribute to these votes a political significance they do not possess. They were cast by men who are the products of the social conditions of our time, who thrive and multiply in the centers of industrialism, and who often become threatening, and are always to be taken seriously into account wherever universal suffrage obtains. They have no respect for the individual or his liberty, and are without patriotism, boasting that the world is their country. They would seem to have no special preference for any form of government, except it be that of a despotic oligarchy, but to be systematically opposed to, and determined to upset, when possible, the one that happens to be in power. In 1885 they came to the conclusion that they could do this, and destroy the Third Republic, and so they set up the cry of "*C'est Bou—c'est Bou—c'est Boulanger qu'il nous faut.*" They were not disturbed in the least by the pos-

sible consequences of their success, and hailed even with delight, the monarchical prospects which the electoral campaign of that year opened to their view. They failed then to accomplish their purpose, but they triumphed in the cities, as they had in 1870.

And to-day they cast the majority of the votes in Paris and in the principal cities of France, and fill the municipal offices with men hostile to the parliamentary Republic. In fact, the state of affairs in these cities would be very serious indeed, were it not that the national Government exercises its right of sovereignty and the right of veto whenever it thinks proper, in every matter of municipal administration; and its power to enforce its will is provided for by the maintenance of a strong garrison or army corps in the immediate neighborhood of each of the large cities. The control of the central Government over municipal affairs in Paris and elsewhere, in the present year, 1896, is as direct, as absolute and Cæsarean, as it was in 1866, with this difference only, that the Government was then called "the Empire," and is now called "the Republic"—a dissimilarity which our late eminent Secretary of State, Mr. William H. Seward, the last time he was in Paris (in 1871), told me was the only one he had been able to detect between the Government then in power and the one that had preceded it. And the difference between the Governments in France in their dealings with the liberties of the people will continue to be one only of names and labels, so long as a centralized bureaucracy is considered by every party when in power not only as essential to its own existence, but as necessary for the preservation of public order.

But so long as any kind of government, from an autocracy to anarchy, may be called "the Republic," and so long as the form of "the Republic" is not so definitely fixed that the most ultra Radicals may not hope to be able finally to shape it as they wish, there is no reason why

the French proletariat should manifest its hatred of the social system represented by the present French Parliamentary Republic in any other way than by upsetting the Administration, and forcing the Executive to form a new Ministry, whenever it is in the humor to do so; which during the past twenty years has been on the average once in six months.

Were the Paris electorate, however, called upon to vote now, as in 1870, on the simple issue, " for " or " against " the existing Government, I am confident that the present Parliamentary Republic would obtain even a smaller vote than did the Empire in 1870. To infer, therefore, from the presence in the streets, on the 4th of September, of an overflow from the slums of the city, that these " manifestors " and " roughs " had assembled to express their opinion as to the merits of dynasties or republics, is absurd. They were there because they had been summoned by their leaders to be there—to smash things. And they did the work they were expected to do. " I myself," said General Le Flô, a man whose republicanism was above suspicion, " was a witness of the invasion of the Chamber by that *horde of scoundrels* who appeared again in the Commune." But Favre, and Gambetta, and the Deputies of Paris got the fruit, because they were prepared to gather it the instant it fell.

Before the end of August, a program having regard to the formation of a government had been prepared by Ledru Rollin, Gambetta, and others. This was to be acted upon immediately the success of a revolutionary movement could be clearly foreseen. The Republic was to be proclaimed, but under the tricolored flag of France, not under the " red " flag of the socialist democracy. And so, when the Chamber of Deputies was invaded and the *déchéance* was proclaimed, and the flag that had floated over the Tuileries was hauled down, there was a rush for the Hôtel de Ville; and it was a race between Favre, Gambetta,

de Kératry, and a number of the Paris Deputies, on the one side, and Delescluze, Millière, and the representatives of the Internationale, on the other, which should get there first. Fortunately, the Paris Deputies won. And when Delescluze and the "clubbists" arrived, they found that the building was already occupied by the Government of the National Defense. The leaders of the mob were compelled to accept the accomplished fact, but they were furious in their disappointment, and violent in their denunciation of the "*bourgeois assermentés du Corps législatif.*" And the "*Sociétés des travailleurs*" discovered, shortly afterward, that they had been the tools of the lawyers and the clever political conspirators by whom, with the complaisant cooperation of General Trochu, the Republic had been adroitly *escamotée* (filched), to use the picturesque language of the day. (See Appendix VIII.)

I trust that in these few paragraphs I have so far cleared up a small but important part of the field of French politics, that the reader will have no great difficulty in seeing why and how, on the 4th of September, things came to pass as they did, easily and smoothly, and how the "Third Republic" came into existence, as it were, by a process of natural evolution.

The clamor of the Radicals in the Chamber of Deputies, when the first unfavorable news arrived from the frontier, demanding that the National Guard should be called out, had the appearance of being an appeal to the patriotic sentiment of the nation. In fact, its purpose was to arm the mob, that they might be able to take advantage of any opportunity to upset the Government which chance should offer.

Not satisfied with calling out the National Guard, Jules Favre proposed that in each ward of the city of Paris a gun should immediately be put in the hands of every citizen whose name was inscribed on the electoral list; and thirty-three Deputies were ready to vote for this extraor-

dinary proposition—that is to say, to arm the mob *at once*. Could any act have more clearly revealed their purpose?

And now the opportunity looked for, hoped for, had arrived. The day before, the Governor of Paris had been approached. It was understood that he would not oppose a revolutionary movement; the way would be made smooth; every door would be found wide open. And so it was that, on Sunday morning, the special details of the police about the public offices were dismissed, and the 2,500 troops of the line who had been guarding the Chamber of Deputies were ordered away, and their places taken by a few companies of the *Garde Nationale*. National Guards also were posted about the Tuileries. They, the "*moblots*," as they were affectionately called by the populace, could be trusted by the plotters; they would be ready to cry "*Vive la République!*" when the order was given. Just as, six months later, these Pretorians of anarchy and misrule were ready to cry "*Vive la Commune!*" and to re-establish the Reign of Terror.

And then was revealed the meaning of those strange words in the strange letter that Trochu addressed, on the 20th of August, to the editor of the *Temps*, in reply to an article published in that newspaper. "The mistake," said he, "of all the Governments I have known, has been to consider force as the *ultima ratio* of power. The idea of preserving order with the bayonet and the sword in Paris, when given up to the most legitimate anguish and the disturbances that are its consequences, fills me with horror and disgust." In a word, public notice was then given by the Military Governor that in a certain eventuality—namely, an insurrection breaking out in Paris—he would not employ force to suppress it.*

* General Trochu has denied that he gave any order for the withdrawal of the troops posted at the Palais-Bourbon, and that General Caussade, who had the command of them, was not under his orders.

The Second Empire fell, seemingly, like a house of cards before a puff of wind; but why it so fell, and without an effort to save it, is no longer a mystery. Not only the Regent and her Ministers, but the representatives of the people constituting the Legislative Body, had been betrayed. And that at the very moment when, conscious of the immense responsibilities resting upon her, animated by patriotic considerations alone, and with the noblest self-abnegation, the Empress was devoting every thought to the one object of checking the advance of the German invasion, and protecting in the largest measure possible the prestige, the honor, and the territorial integrity of France. When the treachery was discovered it was too late; the armed force at the capital had been arrayed against the Government. It was powerless to resist; it was forced to retire; and for the very same reason that the Government which usurped its place was compelled not long after to steal out of Paris under cover of the night, and without striking a blow in its own defense.*

But he was the Military Governor of Paris; and his attitude in case of a revolutionary movement he had revealed to M. de Kératry, and others who called upon him a few days before the 4th of September to sound him on the subject. ("Déposition de M. de Kératry," *op. cit.*)

If further evidence of his state of mind is required, it may be found in his own testimony before the Parliamentary Commission ("Enquête Parlementaire," tome i, p. 313). He there says: "I repeat, it is not my business to defend General Caussade; but you think that the troops would have fired if he had given the order. That is your mistake—to imagine that in the circumstances these troops would have been disposed to employ force—whoever may have affirmed it. I declare it absolutely contrary to the truth; you may think so, it is your right, but you are mistaken. It was morally impossible; I have said so several times. My conviction on this subject is of long date."

* This account of the proximate cause of the fall of the Imperial Government will serve to show the very remarkable way in which history repeats itself—in France—when read in connection with the following paragraph, which I quote from the "Student's History of France," published by Harper & Brothers in 1862:

"Never did a strong . . . Government succumb . . . from causes

THE EMPRESS AND MADAME LEBRETON AT DR. EVANS'S HOUSE.

Leaving the Rue de la Paix, we passed into the boulevards, which were full of Sunday promenaders, quiet and orderly, only curious to see everything and hear all about what was taking place. On reaching the Madeleine, we drove up the Boulevard Malesherbes, now peaceful and silent, and through the Park Monceau—beautiful as always, with its fresh green lawns and bright parterres of flowers, and groups of happy children—and then along deserted streets and avenues, until we reached my house. Here, as I had arranged to have this evening a gentlemen's dinner-party, I wished to stop to give an order, before driving on to the Bois. It was then about six o'clock. Handing the reins to Dr. Crane, I said, "I shall be gone but a few minutes."

On entering my house, a servant said to me: "There are two ladies in the library who wish to see you. They have not given their names, and decline to state why they have come here; but they seem to be very anxious to see you, and have been waiting for you more than an hour."

After giving my order, I went to see who these visitors were that had called upon me in this rather singular and mysterious manner. When I stepped into the room, and found myself standing in the presence of the Empress Eugénie, my astonishment can hardly be imagined.

"Perhaps you are surprised to see me here," said the Empress. "You know what has taken place to-day—that the Government is in the hands of the Revolutionists."

Then in a few words she told me how she had been obliged to leave the Tuileries suddenly, without prepara-

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apparently more insufficient. There was no powerful party in France, before the outbreak of the 22d of February, which seriously desired the overthrow of the existing system; still less was the nation in general prepared to try the desperate experiment of a second Republic. The Revolution of 1848 was simply and literally the result of a mischievous and contemptible *trick*." The italics are textual.

tion, almost without warning. "And I have come to you," she said, "for protection and assistance, because I have full confidence in your devotion to my family. The service I now ask in my behalf and in that of the lady (Madame Lebreton) who is with me, will be a severe test of your friendship."

I at once assured her Majesty that I should be only too happy to give her the protection she sought; that I held myself entirely at her service, and would willingly do anything in my power which might be necessary to secure her personal safety, or to assist her in any way. She thanked me with emotion. And referring again to the events that had just occurred, she contrasted them with her surroundings only a few short weeks before.

"You see," she said, "I am no longer fortunate. The evil days have come, and I am left alone."

She stopped speaking, and tears filled her eyes.

The fact that the lady whom I had known for so many years as the illustrious sovereign of France was a fugitive under my roof; that she who had been surrounded by friends and courtiers, and all the powers of the State, now seemed to be deserted and forgotten by every one in her own country; that she had been forced to come to a foreigner for help—these things could not fail to produce in my mind a feeling of pain as well as of sympathy.

While her Majesty was talking I had scarcely spoken; I was too much absorbed in hearing what had happened to her, why she had come to me, and what she wished to do. Indeed, there was little occasion for me to ask questions, so directly and simply did she say all that was necessary for me to clearly understand the essential facts of the case. Moreover, I was the privileged witness of her sorrow and distress. While speaking, she sat in a deep armchair; and the pale light from the window by her side falling upon her still paler face, careworn and sad but singularly beautiful, I could not help being

profoundly touched by the pathos of the situation. And if I felt a certain pride in having been chosen as the protector of this noble but unfortunate lady, I knew that I should have still better reason to feel proud and happy when I had justified the confidence she had placed in me, by my efforts to rescue her from the danger that seemed imminent, and which she certainly had cause to fear.

I now asked her Majesty if she had any special plan that she desired to carry out.

She replied that she wished to go to England, if she could, and expressed, in particular, a very earnest desire to leave Paris as quickly as possible. She thought that an attempt might be made, when it was discovered she had left the Tuileries, to find out where she had gone, and that orders might be issued by the promoters of the Revolution to arrest her. She also wished to get beyond the reach of the mob; for she was quite aware that the false and malicious representations respecting her personal responsibility for the war, which had been industriously circulated by the enemies of the Imperial Government, had excited a bitter feeling of animosity against her among certain classes of the people only too eager to seize an opportunity to manifest it by some act of vindictive violence. It was her opinion, therefore, that no time should be lost; that she should proceed on the way at once, without stopping too long to consider the direction to be taken or to fix upon a halting-place. But it was not that she was unduly alarmed. In fact, she did not appreciate the real danger she was in. Morally, she was brave and resolute. She had no fear of any peril that might be encountered, so long as she could feel that she was doing something. But to stop and quietly wait, doing nothing, this seemed to her to be very hard indeed. It was quite natural that it should have been so, and was only a momentary matter of nerves. The Empress was, at the time, weary and nearly exhausted by the stress and strain of incessant work,

emotional excitement, and the fearful sense of responsibility to which she had been subjected during the whole period of the Regency. She was also suffering greatly from insufficient sleep and the want of food. In constant receipt of important despatches, she had been unable to sleep for more than a few minutes at a time for over a week, and had scarcely eaten anything in the preceding twenty-four hours. That under these circumstances, and at a critical moment, she should have appeared to be ill at ease, and have shown a little nervous impatience to start off on her journey, is certainly not surprising.

I endeavored to reassure her. I told her that as no one knew where she thought of going when she left the Tuileries, it was not likely any one could immediately discover where she had gone; and, furthermore, that I was quite sure she would not be disturbed, and was perfectly safe so long as she remained under my roof. I urged upon her the necessity of taking some refreshment; after which, I told her, we should have plenty of time to consider what would be the safest and best course for us to follow, in order to carry out her wishes. I then begged her Majesty to excuse me for a little while.

Having directed a servant to prepare a lunch for the ladies in my library, I ordered the gate to be opened and the carriage to be brought into the yard.

Dr. Crane had been patiently waiting my return for a continuation of our drive, and its abrupt end seemed to surprise him. But he was still more surprised when I whispered into his ear, as he stepped out of the carriage, "The Empress is here!" After a moment I continued: "The question is, what are we to do? Come in, and let us talk this over. It is now half past six o'clock. My guests who have been invited to dine with me this evening may be expected to arrive, some of them, very soon. Shall we dismiss them as they come, or go on with the dinner? The situation is not only awkward, but difficult."

The conclusion we came to was that Dr. Crane should receive the gentlemen as they arrived, and excusing my absence on the ground that the events of the day had made it necessary for me to look after certain private affairs, should entertain them in my place; that in the meantime I would have a good opportunity to confer with her Majesty with respect to her plans and wishes; that after the dinner Dr. Crane should join in the conference, and a final decision then be reached.

Little did I think, when I invited these gentlemen to my house, that the overthrow of the Imperial Government would prevent me from doing the honors of the occasion myself. I had expected, before we separated—my company being mostly members of the American Sanitary Committee—to talk over the questions which were then especially interesting us, and with respect to which our decisions would become important in the event of a siege.

I had hoped, also, the opportunity was at hand for me to show to France, and to the reigning family, that I was not unmindful of the hospitality which I had received from them for many years past, and that I was now ready to reciprocate kindnesses by offering relief to those who might suffer in their behalf upon the field of battle. Providence had seemingly ordered it otherwise: that I was to prove to the world my devotion to the Imperial family by saving for the Emperor his wife, and for the Imperial Prince his mother; while to France I was to repay my debt of gratitude by preventing the people from the possible committal of a crime which, in a moment of excitement—forgetting the old traditions of French courtesy, the respect due to misfortune, the regard due to the feeble—they might have been led to, and which would have left an ineffaceable stain upon the name of the country.

And it is a pleasure for me to say here that not only the adherents of the Empire, but a great many Monarchists, together with some of the most ardent Republicans, among

whom I wish to mention in particular the Count de Paris and M. Gambetta, expressed their gratitude to me afterward in the warmest terms for having placed the Empress beyond the reach of the insults of the Paris mob.

Dr. Crane and I had scarcely come to an understanding in the matter under consideration, when the gate-bell rang and my guests began to arrive. I then returned to the ladies in the library. They had had their lunch, and I found the Empress had wonderfully revived. She talked with animation, narrating to me some of the incidents that occurred during the last days of the Regency, reverting, however, constantly to the subject of her immediate solicitude—how she was to get away from Paris.

It seems that, shortly before the 4th of September, several of the persons attached to the Court, officially or otherwise, being aware of the gravity of the political situation, became anxious about the safety of her Majesty, and suggested to her that preparations should be made to meet the very worst that could happen—a Revolution in Paris. But she did not care to listen to this advice, and cut it short by saying: "Here I have been placed by the Emperor; here all the interests of the army and the country are centered; here it is my duty to be. I shall never run away from the Revolution."

However, a number of passports were prepared, to be used in case they were needed, and among the countries of refuge, Belgium and England had been named. But no definite plan for securing the safety of the Empress, should she be compelled to abandon the Tuileries, had been fixed upon by any one, when the storm that swept away the Government suddenly broke on the afternoon of the 4th of September. Indeed, one of the most remarkable facts connected with the Empress' departure from her palace is that no officer of the Imperial Government, no one of those even who accompanied her and her lady companion through the galleries of the Louvre to the exit

on the Place Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, seems to have assumed any direct personal responsibility for her Majesty's safety. They, one and all, whether present in the palace or absent, appear to have supposed that somebody else had charged himself with this delicate and perhaps dangerous mission. Nor did the action of Prince de Metternich and Signor Nigra have in view anything more than the removal of the Empress from imminent danger—the peril to which she would have been exposed had the mob invaded the palace and found her still occupying her apartments. Once the street and a carriage were reached, the mission of these gentlemen came abruptly to an end, and the Empress, abandoned to the chances of the day, was left to work out her own salvation as best she could.

It has often been said that during the last hours the Empress spent in the Tuileries she was deserted by nearly everybody attached to her person or connected with the service of the palace. This is untrue. All her ladies of honor who were in Paris came to the palace as usual on the 4th of September. Not an officer attached to the household was missing; and the domestics continued to perform their duties in the most perfect order until the Empress' departure was announced. Even then, the principal servants and the ushers did not quit their posts. M. d'Hérisson, who went to the Tuileries about half an hour after the Empress had left her apartments, told me that, on reaching the first floor, he was stopped by an usher in full costume—chocolate coat, short breeches, black silk stockings, and a silver chain around his neck—who asked him what he wanted. To his statement, "I have a letter which it is important her Majesty should receive immediately," the answer was, "But she has gone," and M. d'Hérisson was obliged to retire. In his "Journal d'un Officier d'Ordonnance," where he seems to take a malicious satisfaction in describing what he discovered in the private rooms of the Empress, when he visited them on the following

day, M. d'Hérisson admits that even then he observed only the evidences of a hurried departure. He says: "Were I to affirm that there was any great disorder, I should lie."

The simple truth is, that up to the very last moment everything connected with the formal service of the palace went on as usual. Indeed, had it been otherwise, it would have been surprising to every one who knows that there were very few persons in Paris, on the 4th of September, 1870, who, before the flag disappeared from the Tuileries, had the least suspicion of what was to take place on that day. Its unexpectedness was the characteristic feature of the Revolution of 1870. And it was this unexpectedness also which, while saving appearances for a time, caused a good many persons to lose their heads the instant they became fully conscious of the peril of the situation.

In the absence of any prearranged plan, the Empress was at a loss to know what should be done in order to accomplish her present purpose—which was to go to England. At first she suggested that, at about ten o'clock that evening, I should take her in my carriage as far as Poissy, some fifteen miles from Paris; saying that we might there meet a night train which would leave the Saint Lazare station at a quarter before one o'clock in the morning, and would reach Poissy at half past one o'clock, and arrive in Havre a little before eight o'clock; she added that we could stop in Havre the next day (Monday), and take the boat which would leave for Southampton in the evening.

The objections to our adopting this course were pointed out, and other suggestions were offered and considered. Several points were made pretty clear: all public conveyances were to be avoided if we wished to escape the danger of recognition; ten o'clock in the evening was a bad hour at which to begin a journey in a carriage without a definite stopping-place in view; we were quite safe where we were till morning. It also occurred to me that it might be well for her Majesty to remain in Paris at least long enough

to ascertain if the revolutionists were in full possession of the city; because, from what I myself had seen, it was almost impossible for me to believe that the Imperial Government had really been overthrown. The questions to be considered were too important to be decided hastily; and, moreover, it was evident that her Majesty was never more in need of a few hours' rest than now. However, I told her that I would have my horses ready to leave soon after ten o'clock, if it was thought best, all things considered, that we should start off at that time. I then begged to be excused again, and occupied myself in making arrangements for the journey, and for a possible absence from Paris for an indeterminate time.

About half past nine o'clock a servant announced to me that the dinner had been served and that my guests were leaving. Soon after, Dr. Crane joined me, and the question of the ways and means of enabling the Empress to make her escape from France with the least risk was very carefully reconsidered. So many persons had been led to believe that she was the principal instigator of the war, and that the Empress had recklessly sacrificed the French nation in an attempt to consolidate the Imperial dynasty, so violent had been the expressions of hostile feelings towards her in certain quarters, that we were quite of her own opinion that, if seen and recognized, she might be the object of a personal attack, or might be arrested by some individual without authority, but ambitious to signalize in a dramatic way his zeal for the Revolution.

How absurd these accusations were, will be evident to all who have read the preceding chapters of this book; but at the time most Frenchmen were unwilling to recognize the truth. Rulers, when they are unfortunate and are crushed by the hand of fate, find few defenders, and whatever may be said against them is generally believed, for people are afraid to offend those who are in power;

and at the downfall of the Empire, the power passed into the hands of men who had no respect for the late Government or sympathy for its friends.

The people in every country have certainly a right to regulate their own political affairs in their own way. Whether the Empire or the Republic may have done the most for the welfare of the nation, and which form of Government is to be considered as the most conducive to the prosperity of France, are questions that time must decide; but the men of whom I speak, and who held the power during the days that immediately followed the 3d of September, were not Republicans; they were usurpers who represented no settled form of government; and in France there is no real patriot, to whatever party he may belong, who is now willing to defend the policy these men thought it expedient to adopt, and who is not ashamed of the license and anarchy that reigned in Paris for a long while after the fall of the Second Empire.

Again, the Empress' arrest might be attempted for another reason. It was not certain that the Revolution proclaimed in the streets of Paris either was or would be successful. No one knew how it would be received by the country or by the army. The Empress, although a fugitive, was still Regent. Were she, therefore, once out of the capital and beyond the reach of the insurgents, the members and friends of the Imperial Government, and the army, might rally round her and a new seat of government be established. To prevent the possibility of such an event, the leaders of the Revolution might think it of the utmost importance to obtain possession of her person. With the Emperor a prisoner in the hands of the Germans, and the Empress lodged at the Conciergerie in Paris, the overthrow of the Empire might properly be considered as complete and final.

I was not surprised afterward to learn it was generally expected in the Chancelleries of Europe that, in the event

of a successful insurrection in Paris, the Regent would attempt to transfer the seat of the Imperial Government to some place in the provinces. That the leaders of the Revolution should apparently not have thought of this, nor taken any means to prevent it, is a remarkable fact, which reveals the extreme confusion and want of foresight existing at the time among those into whose hands power had suddenly fallen. They were so dazed and intoxicated by the prodigious results of a street riot, that for many days, happily, they forgot the very existence of the Empress.

We were thoroughly impressed with the idea that we were about to engage in an undertaking attended by many risks, and that it would require great discretion on our part if it was to be successfully executed. What made caution all the more requisite was that, although very plainly dressed, the Empress could not divest herself of the air of distinction that marked every feature of her personality; while from her frequent appearance in public, and through pictures and photographs, her face was so well known to Frenchmen, that were she seen by any half dozen of them she would almost certainly be recognized by more than one.

Taking all these things into consideration, we were convinced that the journey to the coast could be made with some degree of safety only by keeping away as much as possible from all assemblies of people, and by making use of private conveyances alone.

The next thing to do was to select some point on the coast from which we could easily embark, and at which, also, we could arrive without being exposed to public notice.

My wife had been spending the month of August in Normandy, and was still at the Hôtel du Casino in Deauville, a quiet seaside resort near Trouville, and not far from Havre. I was acquainted with the neighborhood, and,

furthermore, my wife might be able to render us valuable assistance. Having, for these reasons, fixed upon Deauville as our objective point, as a place where, or near which, we should be likely to find a yacht or boat of some kind in which we could cross the Channel, it was next settled that we should begin the journey in my own carriage; since we felt pretty sure that we could count on finding relays of horses along the route in such towns as Mantes, Évreux, and Lisieux. And, finally, it was thought best that we should leave Paris early the next morning.

This plan having been agreed upon between us, it was submitted to her Majesty, who accepted it very willingly, and evidently with a feeling of great relief; for a decision had been reached. It only remained to arrange a few details.

The passports which the Empress had brought with her were now examined, and one of them was found to have been obtained at the British Embassy. In it, all whom it might concern were "requested and required to allow Dr. C—— (British subject), going to England, accompanied by a patient, Mrs. B—— (also a British subject), to pass freely, also without let or hindrance, and to afford them every assistance and protection of which they may stand in need."

This passport was dated the 13th day of August, and was signed "Lyons." It had been *viséed* and stamped, on the same date, at the Prefecture of Police in Paris. It was exactly what we wanted; it was not only a passport to England, but its terms were such as to enable us to complete our plan, and justify it in the most plausible manner possible. Dr. Crane would personate the physician, Dr. C——; the Empress, the patient; I, her brother; and Madame Lebreton, the nurse.

It may be remarked that this passport was a *bonâ fide* document; that it had been made out for a well-known English physician and a patient, which, after having been

viséed at the Prefecture of Police, for some reason had not been called for. It was sent to the Tuileries shortly before the 4th of September, with several other passports, signed by Prince de Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador, to be used if needed, and according to the special requirements of the case.

It was arranged that we should all be ready to leave my house at half past five o'clock in the morning. The Empress and Madame Lebreton then retired for the night—but not to sleep, as her Majesty told me afterward.

And it was no wonder; for the hours the unfortunate Empress spent that night in my house were the first in which she had really had time to reflect upon the events which had taken place on that fatal day. It was now for the first time that she began to realize their meaning—that she was no longer sovereign of France. Her husband was a prisoner of war; her son's fate was unknown to her; she had lost an Empire, and was not only homeless, but her nearest friends did not know what had become of her. What a turmoil of thoughts, of memories, and emotions, must have troubled her! All the scenes of the strange drama that had just been enacted at the Tuileries must have forced themselves upon her weary and unwilling mind most painfully and vividly, disappearing only to reappear, like the confused phantoms of an evil dream, but leaving behind, finally, the awful conviction that these things were no dream. And then the memories of other and happier days must have caused her to feel all the more acutely this fearful reverse of fortune. Of all that she once possessed, nothing now remained to her. Not only the homage of ministers, and chamberlains, and ladies of honor, and the splendor of palaces, but the objects to which her heart was most attached—the portraits of her father and mother and dearest friends, the sacred souvenirs of her youth, her marriage tokens, the playthings of her son—all these things, invaluable on account of their tender

associations, were lost to her, perhaps forever. And to-morrow—the future—with its possible dangers and its dark uncertainty, may it not have filled her anxious mind with sinister suggestions of other and even still greater misfortunes?

Probably not. The future was all that remained to her; here it was that the greatest interests of her life were now centered. If, in the sequence of events, something was to be feared, much could be reasonably hoped for. Fortune, who had been so prodigal of her gifts in other days, might not have exhausted all her favors; it was pleasanter to think of happiness yet to come, and more useful to consider what her own course should be in order to avoid difficulties and dangers and secure the objects most ardently desired. The Empress was not the woman to abandon a ship that seemed to be sinking, or to give way to vain regrets. She was never a pessimist, but possessed a happy, hopeful temperament that always inclined her to look upon the bright side of things. And I am disposed to believe that, if she slept but little during this night, it was very much less on account of looking back and grieving about what she had lost, than for the reason that her active, resourceful mind was engaged in looking forward, and thinking where her duty lay and of what might still be saved.

As it was not late, Dr. Crane returned to the city to ascertain what the situation was there, and, if possible, to learn if anything new had occurred that would cause us to alter our plans, or might in any way especially concern us. He came back a little before one o'clock, and reported the quarters he had visited to be perfectly quiet. The Guards were on duty about the Tuileries as usual. He noticed also on the walls of the palace, and at the sides of the arched passageways leading into the Place du Carrousel and the courts of the Louvre, the words "*Propriété Nationale*" in large letters written in chalk.

It was evident that there had been no invasion of these buildings. He had heard that a new Government had been proclaimed at the Hôtel de Ville, of which Jules Favre, Gambetta, and Rochefort were members. At midnight, except at the cafés, the streets were deserted. Indeed, he had seen very little to indicate that the population of Paris was yet fully conscious of the profound and far-reaching consequences of the events that had occurred during the day, although it was quite clear that the revolutionists were in undisputed possession of the city.

In the meantime, I had thought it best to make a sort of reconnaissance in the direction of the Porte Maillot, the gate at the end of the Avenue de la Grande Armée, through which we were to attempt the next morning to leave the city. The streets along which I passed were silent and deserted. On reaching a point from which I could see the gate, I stopped, and, after watching a little while, noticed that cabs and carriages were permitted to pass in and out without apparently being subjected to much, if any, inspection on the part of the guard on duty. I was very soon convinced, from what I saw, that no orders had been given establishing a rigid surveillance at the exits from the city, and returned to my house feeling quite confident that we should be able to pass this post in the morning without much difficulty.

Neither Dr. Crane nor I thought of rest, and although I could rely entirely on the fidelity of my servants, we both sat up the whole night watching over the safety of her Majesty.

During the gloomy hours that dragged slowly on, my mind was filled with memories and pictures of the past. I remembered the Empress as she appeared when I first saw her, her memorable marriage, her brilliant Court; and the Emperor, his kindnesses to me personally, and how profound an interest he always took in the welfare of his

people—a swiftly moving, countless multitude of scenes and thoughts, that under the shadow of the somber realities of the day came to me as souvenirs, not of things once witnessed by myself or that happened within my own knowledge, but rather of some story of Wonderland.

CHAPTER XI

THE FLIGHT OF THE EMPRESS FROM PARIS

The departure from my house—How we passed through the Porte Maillot—A little history—The Empress talks freely—The French people—Saint-Germain-en-Laye—On the road to Poissy—We stop at the wine-shop of Madame Fontaine—*À la bonne franquette*—We stop again near Mantes—*O fortunatos agricolas*—I procure another carriage and fresh horses—The formation of the new Government is reported to her Majesty—Her astonishment on hearing that General Trochu was the President of this Government—Her comments—Could she no longer rely on any one?—The consequences of the Revolution in Paris not fully apprehended at the time—The Empress discusses the situation—Her courage—Her patriotism.

IT was about five o'clock on the morning of September 5th when I rapped upon the door of her Majesty's room, and informed her that the hour fixed for our departure was at hand. Soon after we had taken a light breakfast—a cup of coffee and a roll—a servant announced that my landau, a four-seated covered carriage, was at the door, and we were ready to go.

We left the house dressed as we were the evening before. Not a bag, not a package even of toilet articles, did one of us carry. The Empress had on a black cashmere dress, which, she told me afterward, she had not taken off for nearly a week, subject as she had been to calls at every hour of the day and night. Over this she wore a dark-colored, thin waterproof cloak or mackintosh. A narrow, white collar about the neck, dark gloves, and a round,

black Derby hat, to which was attached a plain black veil, completed her costume. Not the slightest attempt had been made to disguise her person, beyond such concealment as might be afforded by a dress too simple and common to attract attention. In the hurry of leaving the palace she had taken with her absolutely nothing more than the clothes she wore, except a small reticule, in which were a couple of handkerchiefs. She had no visible jewels with her, or money, or valuables of any sort. Madame Lebreton, her companion, was also very simply dressed, and without wraps, or *articles de voyage* of any kind whatsoever.

Madame Lebreton entered the carriage first, taking the back seat on the right hand; the Empress took the seat on the left. Dr. Crane sat opposite Madame Lebreton, and I took the place opposite the Empress. This disposition of seats had been prearranged; it would, in a measure, keep the Empress out of sight of the guards stationed on the left-hand side of the gate through which we were to pass. The carriage was closed, a window only being open on the side taken by Madame Lebreton and Dr. Crane. My faithful coachman, Célestin, was on the box. I told him to drive to Saint Germain.

It was a few minutes before sunrise when we started on our journey. The sky was cloudless; the atmosphere seemed slightly hazy in the soft gray light; the air was cool and fresh, but there was no wind. It was, in short, a lovely September morning, and everything gave promise of the fine day it proved to be. As we crossed the section of the city between my house and the foot of the Avenue de la Grande Armée, we saw the street-sweepers at their work, shutters being taken down by shopkeepers, market-wagons, and milk-carts, and other familiar indications of the hour—evidence, in a word, that the events of the preceding day had not interfered perceptibly with the functions most intimately connected with the organic life of the city. When we arrived at the gate we were ordered

to halt. As the officer of the guard approached, I let down the window at my right; and on his coming close to the door of the carriage and asking me where we were going, I leaned forward, and, partly filling the opening with my head and shoulders, told him that I was going with my carriage, horses, and coachman into the country to spend the day with the friends who were with me; that I was an American; that I lived in Paris, and was well known to everybody in the neighborhood. He did not ask my name. Had he done so I probably should have given it. My reply to his question seemed to be perfectly satisfactory to him; for, stepping back, he looked up at the coachman, and said, "*Allez*" (go on).

I may add, to complete the account of this interview with the guard at the Porte Maillot, that, fearing a person on coming close to the carriage might see and have too good an opportunity to inspect the occupants of the back seat, I had provided myself, before starting off, with a newspaper to be used as a screen, should the case require it. While speaking with the officer on guard, I held the paper loosely opened in my left hand, which rested on the side of the window nearest the Empress. This newspaper completely concealed her face from the view of any one standing on that side of the carriage.

As I leaned back in my seat I heard the rumble of our wheels as we went over a sort of drawbridge thrown across the moat in front of the fortifications, which had been extended and cut through the roadway, and I caught a glimpse of some palisades and earthworks that had just been erected to defend this entrance to the city in the event of a siege. In a moment we were past the outposts and the sentries, and I was greatly delighted to know that we had escaped the first, and perhaps greatest, danger we were to meet on our journey. Indeed, it was an immense relief to every one of us to feel that, after the long hours of anxious waiting through the night for the day to come,

we were now safely out of Paris and on our way to the coast.

But I could not help looking back once more upon the city where I had resided so many years, and which I had left, in all probability, for a long time, perhaps forever; for the future nobody could foresee, and all the indications seemed to justify the most gloomy apprehensions. Behind us loomed up the majestic form of the Arc de Triomphe, reminding me of the first Napoleon, of his prodigious achievements and his wonderful career, but also of the fate of his Empire, and of the man whose sole aim was the glorification of France. And was history about to repeat itself? The successor and continuator of the grand ideas of the great Captain was to-day a prisoner of war; and she to whom only a few weeks before the world was only too eager to pay homage, dethroned and abandoned, was fleeing from her capital under cover of the dawn.

Continuing on our way down that celebrated avenue along which "the Grand Army" of Napoleon had so often marched in triumph, and coming in sight of Courbevoie, the sunlight fell upon Mont Valérien, and illuminated the hills on the left bank of the Seine, at the feet of which, close by the river, framed in foliage just beginning to be touched by the tints of autumn, lay the villages of Puteaux, and Suresnes, and Saint Cloud; while higher up, in the park of Montretout or on the wooded slopes and green terraces in front of us, glimpses of the red roofs, or white, shining walls of villas or kiosks were to be seen. The landscape that was spread out before us was most charming, full of natural beauty and repose, but at this early hour so wonderfully still, so suggestive of peace and happiness, and so contrasting with the noisy scenes of passion and violence which we had just witnessed, as to make us feel that we were now in quite another and altogether blessed and heavenly world. The very sight of the open country relieved the tension of our jaded nerves, and we

began to breathe more freely under the spell of its soothing and benign influence. Our hearts were full of the joy of a deliverance from a great danger; and the fresh morning air that entered our carriage windows, now opened, was most grateful to us, especially to her Majesty, who had been subjected so long to the terrible weight of official responsibility and personal anxieties.

Yet there was something inexpressibly sad in the thoughts suggested at every turn of our route. On the right once stood the Château of Neuilly, the favorite residence of Louis Philippe. It was only a little over twenty years before, in February, 1848, that I had seen this splendid building plundered by the mob, and almost burned to the ground. And soon we were passing by the bronze statue of the "Little Corporal," standing like a sentry on guard at the end of the broad Avenue in the Rond-Point of Courbevoie—but since removed by the "Patriots" and pitched into the Seine. Two or three miles farther on we came in sight of the Church of Rueil, where rest the ashes of the Empress Josephine, and of Queen Hortense, the mother of Napoleon III. And this mother was herself a fugitive from the Tuileries, when, in March, 1814, the victorious army of the allies reached Paris; and as she escaped from the city she heard the guns that fired the last shots in its defense from the Buttes Chaumont. Strange as it may seem, these guns were under the command of Colonel Porto Carrero, Count de Téba, the father of the Empress Eugénie. A few minutes later we passed the gate of the Park of Malmaison, the famous Château in which the Empress Josephine so long resided, and where she died; and where, after Waterloo, Napoleon sought a refuge for a day with his mother; and whence, with a "Good-by, mother," "Good-by, son," mother and son separated, she to be thenceforth, to use her own words, "*la mère de toutes les douleurs,*" and he, the son, never to see France again; and where Napoleon III. also saw for the last time his uncle,

who, as he turned to leave the house, seeing the little Prince, caught him up in his arms, and with tears in his eyes kissed him again and again. Is it strange that the great image of Napoleon should have been graven upon the heart of this child, there to remain forever?

What memories this word "Malmaison" brought to mind! Everything about us was suggestive. The very road we were traveling had been a *via dolorosa* in the history of the Bonaparte family. And of the moving scenes of romance and tragedy of which this place had been the witness, was this hurried flight to be the last?*

The spirits of the Empress rose as we went on our way along the *route Impériale,* the great highway that follows the left bank of the Seine through Bougival, Marly, and Le Pecq, these lovely suburbs of the French capital, where the parks and gardens were still fresh, and clean, and full of color; and she talked freely, and often with great animation, about her present difficult situation, and the events and incidents that had led up to it.

"They asked me to abdicate," she said, "but how could I? How could I, who have acted only as a delegate, abdicate a sovereignty that is not my own? I had, on personal grounds, no objection to doing this; I was quite willing to surrender into the hands of the representatives of the people all my power as Regent, but it seemed to me necessary, in the interests of France, that the Regency should be maintained in name in order to meet with efficiency the exigencies of the moment. And I told them that the one thing, the only thing, that should concern us now is the military situation, the enemy, and our armies; and that in the defense of the country I was ready to assist any persons, no matter who they might be, provided they possessed the confidence of the nation."

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* The place derived its name "Malmaison" (*Mala Domus*) from tragedies that took place there nearly a thousand years ago, during its occupancy by the Normans.

Everything indicated that Paris would be besieged within a few weeks; and when her Majesty recalled how much she herself had done to prepare the city for such an emergency, she felt deeply grieved that she should not be permitted to have the just satisfaction of guiding, by her authority and judgment, the defense toward which she had contributed so much. How willingly would she have run all risks, and have made every sacrifice for her subjects! How gladly would she have shared their sorrows and misfortunes! How bravely would she have endured all suffering!

"I could have been," she said, "of service in many ways. I could have been an example of devotion to my country. I could have visited the hospitals; I could have gone to the outposts; I could have encouraged and stimulated the defense at every point of danger by my presence." Finally, wrought up, as it were, to a state of exaltation by her own words, she cried out: "Oh, why could they not have let me die before the walls of Paris!"

She referred with indignation to the attempts that had been made to throw upon her personally the responsibility for the war—a war justifiable solely because German diplomacy had put in jeopardy the prestige of the French nation; and which had been precipitated by the clamor of the very persons who were now trying to disclaim any responsibility for its consequences, and at the same time were rejoicing at the opportunity thus given them to rise to power on the ruins of the State. "The French people," she went on to say, "have great and shining qualities, but they have few convictions, and lack steadfastness. They are versatile, but volatile. They love glory and the sunshine, but have no heart for reverses of fortune. With them the standard of right is success. In France we are honored to-day and banished to-morrow. It has sometimes seemed to me that the French set up their heroes, as it were, on pedestals of salt, so that when the first storm strikes them

they tumble down, to lie forever in the mud. In no country in the world is the step between the sublime and the ridiculous so short as in this. And how French history repeats itself! Every Government in France, for a hundred years, with a single exception, has ended in a Revolution and a flight. Only a few days ago I declared to some of those who were near me and were fearful lest the announcement of another defeat might lead to the fall of the Imperial Government, that I never would leave the Tuileries in a cab, as Charles X. and Louis Philippe did. And that is exactly what I have done!" As she said this, she could not resist the impulse to laugh at the comicality of the coincidence.

But the subjects referred to sometimes brought the tears to her eyes; as, for instance, when she told us of the despatch she received from the Emperor on Saturday evening, announcing that the army had surrendered at Sedan, and that he was a prisoner, after having in vain sought to die on the field. "It is terrible!" she exclaimed. "I cannot think of it, and I myself am here a fugitive! It all seems like a horrid nightmare." Then, quickly changing the conversation to some political subject, she discussed it with vivacity as well as with remarkable perspicacity; or some personal incident coming to mind, she narrated it with striking, and often amusing, originality and *esprit*.

And now the first houses of Saint-Germain-en-Laye came in sight, and the anxieties of the moment arrested the conversation.

We had again come to a place where caution was necessary, because, before entering the city, we had to pass the toll-gate, where the *Octroi* officers were stationed, and an inspection of our carriage, for the purpose of seeing whether we had with us any articles subject to the *Octroi* (the city toll), was sure to take place. We could not, of course, avoid this investigation, and I had to think of some device by which I might be able to quiet the suspicions of

these toll-takers in case they should be too inquisitive. Remembering that near Saint Germain there lived an English lady, one of my acquaintances, who was very well known, and was loved by all the inhabitants of the neighborhood on account of her charity and kindness to the poor, I had decided to state, should I be asked where we were going, or if any trouble should arise, that we were the friends of this lady, and I was nearly certain that any of her friends would be respected; while at the same time I was persuaded that a few words to Lady Trotter—this was the name of the lady—would be sufficient to make her enter into my plans for the safety of her Majesty.

Fortunately, things turned out better than we had expected, and we were not obliged to appeal to Lady Trotter. The officers, when we reached the gate, permitted our carriage to pass almost without stopping. They had no suspicion of the character or quality of the travelers who with so much anxiety awaited the result of this inspection; it was quite enough for them to know that we did not look like persons who wished to smuggle chickens, or cheese, wine, vegetables, or other similar articles, into the worthy city of Saint Germain.

I will confess I was greatly relieved when we had passed the toll-gate; for I was afraid that my house had been watched, or that our movements after leaving it had attracted attention, and that a telegram might have been sent ahead of us to Saint Germain to stop us on our arrival there.

Although we were tempted to make inquiries here as to whether any special news had been received from Paris, we did not think it wise to ask questions, and so drove on without stopping, leaving the city, a few minutes later, by the gate which opens on the road to Poissy. After a short drive through the beautiful forest of Saint Germain, we reached this town, which is well known as the birthplace of Louis IX.; a fact which suggested to one of our

party an additional piece of history, as a pertinent reminder, perhaps, of the transitory glory of this world, namely, that Philip the Fair had a church erected at this place, where once rose the royal residence of his ancestors, and that the altar had been put exactly on the spot where formerly stood the bed in which Blanche de Castille gave birth to the most pious of the French monarchs. King Philip, we were told, did not think that this edifice erected in honor of the Lord would ever succumb to the cruel hand of political revolution. He was mistaken, however. Nothing is eternal but change. And so when the Revolution of '93 came to startle sleeping France, like the sudden eruption of a volcano, the church of Philip and the renowned abbey connected with it were sold to the highest bidder. At present there remains nothing which reminds the visitor to Poissy of the former existence of these splendid memorial buildings, except the font in which Louis IX. was baptised, and a leaden urn containing the heart of the pious king.

From Poissy to Mantes, the road follows along the right bank of the Seine, and passes through Triel, Vaux, and Meulan, picturesque towns with interesting histories, which, however, we did not stop to inquire about or care to think about. The history of our own time—of yesterday and to-morrow—was just then what principally concerned us.

As we proceeded on our way, the road, shut in by the hills on the north, and exposed to the sun on the river side, grew dusty, and the glare and the heat became disagreeable and oppressive; but we did not for a moment interrupt our journey until we were about twelve miles from Mantes, when it became evident that our horses needed rest. We stopped, therefore, at a small *cabaret* by the wayside, where we might obtain some water for our horses, and perhaps some refreshment for ourselves; for Dr. Crane and I, at least, were beginning to feel the need of food, and were

of the opinion that it would be prudent not to neglect any opportunity of getting it.

As I was on the point of stepping from the carriage, I heard a certain commotion within the little wine-shop, and almost at the same moment saw at the door a stout, red-faced old woman clinging to the handle of a broom, which seemed to be following in the air just behind a big black cat that was leaping for a clump of lilac bushes near by. "*Gros Matou!*" cried the woman, as the cat escaped the impending consequences of doubtless some indiscreet breach of the etiquette of the place. This exclamation, breaking sharply the stillness of the brilliant September morning, amusingly accentuated the comic features of a rustic picture worthy of the brush of the elder Teniers. I think it caused a smile to pass over the face even of Madame Lebreton, who was more inclined than her Majesty to consider our situation a sad as well as a serious one, and who had looked sorrowful and weary all the way.

Getting out, I bade the woman good morning, and told her we wished to water our horses and rest them a little; I asked her if she could furnish us also with something to drink or to eat.

"Oh, yes," she said; "I can give you some good wine, such as we make here (*vin du pays*). Come in and try it!"

The doorway in which she stood opened directly into a room that served at the same time as kitchen, wine-shop, and living-room. Entering, I sat down at a rough table, and in a few minutes the woman had placed upon it a bottle of wine and some glasses, a roll of bread a couple of yards long, two or three kinds of cheese, a big bologna sausage, and a knife. The wine and bread and sausage proved to be really good, and Dr. Crane and I obtained here a very satisfactory lunch; but the Empress and Madame Lebreton were not disposed to leave the carriage, nor would it have been prudent for them to have done so.

Madame Fontaine—that was the name of the woman—

seemed to be greatly pleased by our appreciation of the things she had set before us, and told us that she and her husband, who was a stone-mason, owned the shop. She gave us also to understand that they had prospered because they had always acted on the principle that "good wine needs no bush."

Two years later, when Dr. Crane and I again stopped at this little wayside inn, Madame Fontaine remembered us very well; but to my question as to whether she remembered the appearance of the persons who had remained in the carriage, she replied that she could not, for she had not looked into the carriage because, to use her own words, she thought: "*Que c'était un affront de regarder trop ces voyageurs.*"

Before settling our score with this good woman, we got her to put up in a paper some bread and a piece of the bologna sausage, in case they should be desired or required on our journey. It was rough fare, indeed, but it was the best we could get; and not long after we had set out again on our way, the Empress asked to have the package opened. She then broke off a piece of the bread, and, having eaten it, pronounced it excellent, and borrowed Dr. Crane's pocket-knife to cut off a slice of the sausage. Poor Madame Lebreton, however, seemed to have no appetite for the lunch we had bought at the wine-shop. She had not recovered from the shock produced by the events of the preceding twenty-four hours; and she lacked also that rarest of gifts with which the Empress was so richly endowed, the faculty of adapting herself, with the most perfect ease, simplicity, and naturalness, to the conditions of her immediate environment, whatever they might be. Sympathizing as the Empress always did with the common people, with admirable sincerity she could neither see nor feel that there was anything ignoble or unworthy in engaging, whenever it was necessary, in the rough work of the world, and bearing the burden of

its physical discomforts and hardships. A State dinner or a picnic *à la bonne franquette,* whether appearing as the matchless mistress of some tournament of beauty and courtesy at Compiègne, or riding on a camel in the Libyan desert, it mattered little to her, although I think she would at any time have preferred "roughing it" *à la guerre comme à la guerre* to any function of ceremonial display, not merely as a diversion, but from a romantic sense of the pleasure of winning victories by effort and sacrifice.

Soon after leaving Madame Fontaine's establishment our road led through beautiful scenery, with wheat-fields and orchards and vineyards on either side, and the loveliness and brightness of nature about us, and the all-prevailing quiet contrasted strangely with the complexion of our inmost and constantly recurring thoughts. Everywhere there seemed to dwell peace and happiness. The war, the terrible disasters that had just befallen the nation, the great revolution which had taken place in the Government, hardly affected, seemingly, the light-hearted, simple life within and around the pretty farmhouses and cottages by the wayside.

It was about eleven o'clock when we approached Mantes, and as our horses could not go much farther except after a long rest, I decided to stop at Limay, a suburb on the right and opposite bank of the Seine, and to go myself on foot into the city in order to procure another carriage and fresh horses. The place where we halted was near the Rue Farvielle, just by the junction of the roads leading to Meulan and to Magny. A sign-post stood in the angle of the roads; it bore on one side the inscription, "Route Impériale," and on the other the number 13 and the inscription, "à Meulan 13.5 kilomètres." Over a large ornamental iron gate, at our left, were inscribed Virgil's well-known words:

> "O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint agricolas"
> (Oh! only two fortunate farmers—did they but know it)

words that might well have expressed the thought of the unfortunate sovereign herself during the last stage of our journey, and also during the anxious hour of waiting that followed, near this gate, when, looking out from the carriage in which she alone kept her seat, half concealed in the corner, she saw spread out before her in this lovely valley of the Seine the broad and highly cultivated fields that extended southward and westward to the forests, and the blue undulating hills in the far distance, and which lay, as it were, asleep in the soft sunshine—"*procul discordibus armis.*"

A few minutes after having left my companions, crossing the bridge I entered Mantes la Jolie, as it was formerly called. The morning papers from Paris had just arrived, and I went to a small stationery shop in the Rue Royale (now called Rue Nationale), No. 25, belonging to Messrs. Beaumont Frères, and bought copies of the *Journal Officiel* and the *Figaro,* which I scanned carefully in order to see if they contained any paragraphs referring to the Empress; but I could not discover any. It seemed that up to the morning of the 5th the disappearance of her Majesty had not been publicly noticed. This gave me some ease of mind; still, it was not clear to me what steps I should take in order for us to continue our journey. While I was thinking over this matter and walking through the streets, without knowing just what to do or where to go, I saw a harmless-looking individual standing before a shop, reading a newspaper; and from an exclamation he gave utterance to, I observed that he seemed to be greatly astonished. The reason of his astonishment was, of course, the news of the Revolution in Paris and the proclamation of the Republic. But pretending not to have any idea of what he had found so startling in his paper, I approached him, and asked him if he would kindly let me know what important event had taken place.

"The Republic has been proclaimed in Paris," he said,

"and there is great excitement there on account of the fall of the Empire."

"The fall of the Empire!" I exclaimed, as if surprised. "Are you certain that the report is correct?"

He handed me the paper, and, reading it, I pretended to discover news which was entirely unknown to me and which greatly disconcerted me.

"I must at once go back to the place from which I came," I said, returning to him the newspaper; "I must report to my friends this extraordinary announcement. But where shall I find a carriage? Besides, the Marquis de R——" (I remembered that this gentleman had an estate near Mantes, but I had no idea where it was situated) "must know, through me, at once, what has happened, and I shall be greatly obliged to you if you will tell me where I can find a carriage to take me to his château."

Thereupon the good man conducted me to the place where the omnibus office was situated, and told me that here, if anywhere, I would be able to get what I desired.

At the office, which was in the Rue Bourgeoise, No. 36, I inquired if I could obtain there a four-seated carriage with a driver, and was told that I must wait for information until the return of the omnibus, which had been sent off to the railway station with passengers.

I waited for about half an hour. But that half hour seemed a century to me; and I did not dare to walk again through the streets of the town, where I was sure to attract notice; for in French provincial towns every stranger is easily recognized.

At length becoming impatient at this detention, I asked to be shown into the carriage-house, wishing to see for myself if there was really on the premises a conveyance of any sort which we could make use of. To my great dismay, when I entered I saw at first nothing but a two-wheeled vehicle, which, of course, would not have suited us. On looking around, however, I discovered in a corner,

partly hidden under a covering, a carriage in which four persons could easily travel; in fact, it would apparently answer our purpose perfectly, as it could be opened or closed as occasion might require.

When the omnibus returned from the station I at once opened a conversation with the man in charge of the stable, by asking him if he could let me have a carriage. His answer quite naturally was: "What kind of a carriage do you want, and where do you wish to go?"

I then said to him—thinking it best to tell a plain story, one as near the truth as was prudent—that I had started that morning from Paris in my own carriage with my invalid sister, her doctor, and a lady companion, on the way to Trouville; that we had taken this means of traveling as my sister preferred it to going by the railway; that we had proposed to make the journey by easy stages, but that, unfortunately, we had met with an accident just before reaching Mantes which would make it necessary for us to send our carriage back to Paris and continue our journey in some other way; and that, as this occurrence had interfered with our original plans and most of the day was still before us, we had decided, if we could obtain another carriage in Mantes, to go on to Évreux. I then said to him: "Can you furnish me with a conveyance suitable to take our party of four persons to Évreux, or to some place on the road where we can obtain a relay to carry us to that town?"

He replied that he could not send us as far as Évreux, the distance, going and returning the same day, being too great for the horses; but that for thirty francs he would give me a landau, with horses and a driver, which would take us to Pacy, where we would have no difficulty in finding a conveyance in which to go on to Évreux, if we wished to do so.

My mind was very greatly relieved when I found that I could get what I so much desired—the means of continu-

ing our journey in the way we had begun it. I therefore accepted at once the terms of this offer, although I should have been still better satisfied had I known that our way was clear to Évreux without a break.

The man then went with me to the carriage-house; the vehicle that I had seen was pulled out, a pair of fairly good horses attached to it, and the driver was told to go with me to the place on the Paris road where we had stopped, and to take our party on as far as Pacy.

A few minutes later I found myself, to my extreme delight, *en route;* and I was pleased, also, to observe that the "turn-out" I had secured was, taking it altogether, a very comfortable and decent-looking affair, even better suited for the business before us than the *voiture de maître* in which we had made the journey to Mantes, because it would be less likely to attract the attention of those whom we might meet on the way.

After a short drive, we arrived where Célestin, with my carriage, was waiting. When a few rods from the place I told the man to stop; and going to my friends I explained how I had arranged matters, giving to her Majesty and my companions instructions how to act in order to prevent the new coachman seeing her Majesty's face.

This done, I returned, and directed the driver to bring his landau up as close as possible to my own, so that the doors of the carriages should be exactly opposite each other. By this device the Empress, as well as Madame Lebreton, was able to take her seat by simply stepping from one carriage into the other; and as the drivers were facing in opposite directions, neither of them was able to see the travelers without turning and looking back—and this they did not do.

I then gave my coachman, Célestin, orders to return to Paris; and having instructed the driver of our new conveyance to turn about and proceed on his way, passing

through the outskirts of Mantes to the *route Impériale* leading to Évreux, Dr. Crane and I again took our seats in front of the ladies.

When, after leaving the town behind us, we had reached the open country, I reported to her Majesty the news I had obtained at Mantes: that the Republic had been proclaimed at the Hôtel de Ville; that a Ministry had been chosen which included among its members Favre, Gambetta, Cremieux, Picard, and Jules Simon; that the new Government was called "*Le Gouvernement de la Défense Nationale*"; that apparently it was in full possession of all of the administrative offices, with the army behind it; "for," I added, "Trochu, the Military Governor of Paris, is at the head of the revolutionary movement." Her Majesty listened to me with interest while I was speaking of the revolutionary Government as an accomplished fact, but appeared to be anxious only to know who had been made Minister of the Interior, and who Minister of Foreign Affairs. That, the Imperial authority having been momentarily paralyzed by the action of the mob, an attempt should have been made by the enemies of the Empire to profit by the opportunity to seize the sovereign power, seemed to be something that she was quite prepared to hear. When, however, I announced that the Military Governor of Paris (Trochu) had joined hands with the agents of the revolt and had consented to act as their chief, she manifested great astonishment, and at first refused to believe it.

"No, no," she said, "this cannot be so!" Then, after a brief pause, she added with much feeling: "How could he go over to the Revolutionists, after the solemn declarations of loyalty and personal devotion that he made to me? I cannot believe it!"

"But, madame," I replied, "here is the *Journal Officiel*, published this morning, in which there is an account of the proceedings at the Hôtel de Ville that immediately followed the invasion of the Chamber of Deputies.

You will see," I said, as I handed the paper to her, "the names of the persons calling themselves the Government of the National Defense, and that General Trochu is the President of this Government."

The Empress took the paper, and glancing over the list of names in the new Ministry, her eyes fell on the following words:

"General Trochu, invested with full military powers for the national defense, has been appointed President of the Government.

"For the Government of the National Defense,

"LEON GAMBETTA,

"*Minister of the Interior.*"

As soon as she had read this, the paper dropped from her hands, and she exclaimed:

"How was it possible for him to so betray me!" Then, after a few moments, she continued: "Only yesterday morning, spontaneously, of his own volition, he pledged to me, on his honor as a soldier, on his faith as a Catholic and a Breton, that he would never desert me; that whoever might wish to harm me, would have to pass first over his dead body; and those words were spoken with such apparent emotion that I could not suspect his sincerity. His loyalty he proudly proclaimed from the day he was made Governor of Paris. Shortly afterward, at a Council of the Ministers, when the measures to be taken to prevent an insurrection in Paris were brought up for discussion, General Trochu being present, I said: 'In case of a revolt I do not wish you to think of me; but it is most important that the *Corps Législatif* should be protected.' 'Madame,' said General Trochu, addressing me in a voice indicative of decision and firmness, 'I pledge you my honor that I will protect you, and the Chamber of Deputies also.' Whom could I have trusted, if not him

—a soldier selected by the Emperor himself as one especially trustworthy, whose accepted duty it was to defend me, who to the last hour swore fealty!"

Her Majesty seemed to be quite overcome as she spoke. Her voice trembled, the tears came into her eyes, and she remained silent for some time. Then, taking up the paper again, she read over the names of the members of the new Government, two or three of which evoked a smile or a vivacious comment, as she repeated aloud, "*Ministre des Affaires Étrangères*, Jules Favre; *Ministre de l'Intérieur*, Gambetta." But she reverted almost immediately to Trochu, whose name, in her mind, seemed to stand for the whole Government, and to suggest the basest kind of personal disloyalty. Nor was it so much the setting up of the Republic that distressed her Majesty; in fact, this appeared to give her very little concern. It was her discovery of the treachery of the soldier, the avowed friend and protector, in whom she had trusted, that weighed most heavily on her mind. It was not the loss of power that she felt, but a keen sense of abandonment, which for the first time had thus been brought home to her. And then there were others who also had stood very near to her; had they, too, deserted her? With the triumph of the mob in Paris, had she lost everything—not only a throne, but friends, and faith in the honor of men? By nature generous, frank, and trustful, and having known in the intimacy of the Court circle only those who had given her every assurance of the sincerity of their friendship and loyalty; never having learned by sad experience to call in question the fidelity of her professed friends; never herself forgetting a favor; never suspecting duplicity and ingratitude in others, one can imagine how cruelly she must have suffered, as this horrible thought forced itself upon her: that many, perhaps most, of those professions of loyalty and love, which she had accepted with confidence and returned even with affection, were mere lip-service, the masks for personal ambitions

seeking their own ends, without regard either to honor or conscience. And could she no longer rely on any one to help her and advise her in this hour of great need and difficulty? Was she absolutely alone? What was she to do? What could she do? Such were the questions, such the thoughts, that wrought upon her mind and caused the tears to fall.

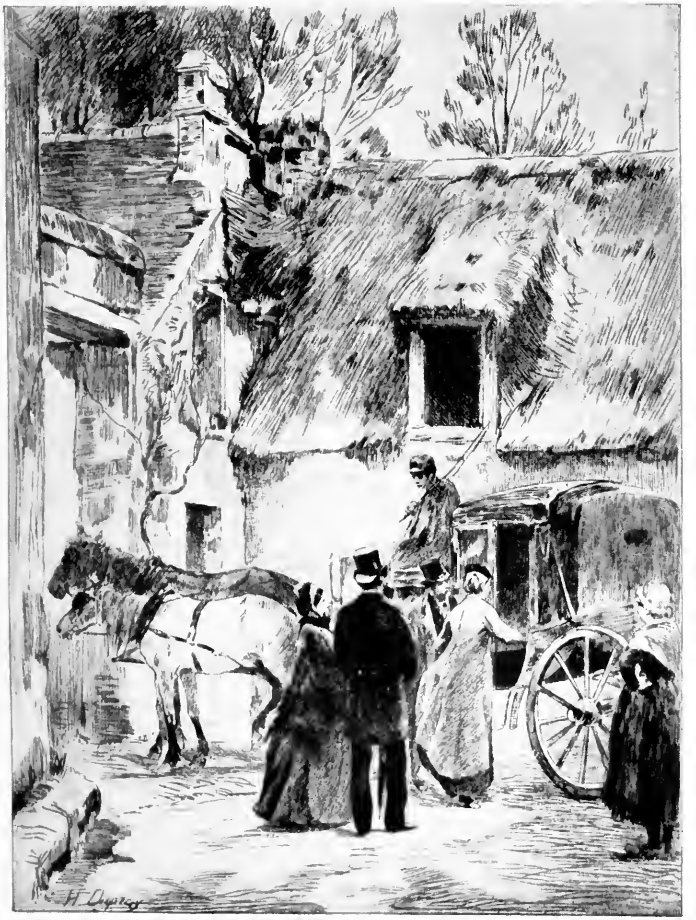
But it was not long that these shadows rested upon her face. After a few moments she looked up suddenly, and, smiling through her tears, said: "I shall soon be in England, and then I shall know what is to be done." And the thought of soon seeing again the Prince Imperial, and perhaps the Emperor, quickly dispelled all traces of sorrow, and she talked with hope and confidence of the future. Although occasionally, during this day and the following days, she alluded to the treachery of Trochu, it was with no further manifestation of feeling, except one of contempt.

Indeed, the Empress did not at this time fully apprehend the political consequences of the Revolution. It was not possible then for any one to do so, much less for her, with an imperfect knowledge of the situation as it existed in Paris, of the sentiment of the French nation, and of the policy of the King of Prussia. She knew that the Empire, the French army, and France had met with a series of terrible disasters, and believed that the war with Germany had practically come to an end at Sedan; but she did not seem to think that the Republic proclaimed in Paris was a necessary, or even a probable, final, and substantial consequence of these events. She doubted very much if the King of Prussia would be willing to treat with a Government which was the product of a street riot, and the existence and acts of which were without the sanction of the French people. Furthermore, it remained to be seen how the announcement of this new Government would be received by the army that was under the command of Bazaine.

Certainly it was not likely that a self-constituted Gov-

ernment of Radical Republicans, acting without legitimate authority and absolutely irresponsible, even if recognized by the King and his Councilors, could obtain a treaty of peace except on terms humiliating to the last degree to the *amour propre* of the French nation. She presumed that the King of Prussia would be willing to conclude a peace with the Imperial Government on conditions that might be accepted with honor. She thought that an effort should be made at once to obtain peace on such conditions. France was not prepared for this war; a great mistake had been made; it should be frankly recognized by all, and the damage repaired to the fullest extent possible. And the Imperial Government, in her opinion, would be far better able than any other to secure peace upon favorable terms, and to mitigate the consequences of the existing military situation. But if such was her opinion, she made it clearly understood that she was speaking not for herself, nor for the dynasty, but in the interest of the French people. "I had," she said, "a thousand times rather abandon every attribute of the sovereign and every dynastic claim, than feel that such claims were an obstacle to an honorable peace and the permanent prosperity of France. Oh," she continued, "why could not the people of Paris allow me to remain with them? The German army is reported to be marching on to Paris. How happy I should be, could I have the privilege of defending—could I but save—the city that for me possesses so many delightful souvenirs, for the sake of the people in it, whom I have so dearly loved!"

And here I should say, since I have spoken of the sense of abandonment and desertion which for a moment seemed to crush and overwhelm her, that it was only the broken heart of the woman that found relief in silence and in tears —broken by feeling the cruel injustice with which she had been treated by those to whom she had dedicated her life and in whom she had implicitly confided. But never once



PACY-SUR-EURE—A CHANGE OF CONVEYANCES.

did she exhibit the slightest indication of fear, or any sense of danger to herself personally. Whatever had happened or might come to pass, her soul remained unconquered and unconquerable. When, as the hours passed during this day, the possibility of certain eventualities came to her mind, it did not disquiet her, except it were the thought of a civil war. This she shrank from; this she never would listen to.

But as Regent still—*de jure*—she was as fearless and heroic as she was prudent. Peace should be sought, and any honorable terms promptly accepted. But were the Germans to consent to make peace only on such terms as a great and brave and independent people could not with honor accept, then let the war go on. Never would she give her consent to an ignoble peace. Were insolent and humiliating conditions exacted, then the nation should make a supreme effort to drive the invader from its territory. Forms of government and dynasties should be forgotten, and parties disappear, melted in the glow of an ardent patriotism.

It was not in her thought to stand in the way of the national defense. No personal sacrifice could be too complete in order to effect this object. "I am willing to forget everything, and to forgive all my enemies, if they will only find a way to save the honor of the nation. Oh," said she, "should the occasion ever come, how I should like to show to the world the joy with which I can suffer and endure!"

Her words were noble and magnanimous—those of a self-forgetting heroine, ready to immolate herself at the call of duty—while with passionate eloquence she proclaimed her undying devotion to France. No Orleans Maid was ever inspired by a loftier or more fervent love of her country, or showed a braver spirit, or expressed a more unfaltering purpose to sacrifice herself, if need be, to save her people. If Fortune, less kind to her than to

others, did not give her the opportunity to realize all her dreams of glorious doing, it was through no fault of hers. God had bestowed on her every quality, both of head and heart, for such a part. To save France from the humiliation of conquest, and the army from the dishonor of defeat, this was the principal theme of her discourse, and the subject that was uppermost in the Empress' thought until she reached England.

CHAPTER XII

ON THE ROAD TO THE COAST

Pacy-sur-Eure—A change of conveyances—The "outfit"—A professional opinion—Évreux—"*Vive la République*"—A tragic story—La Commandérie—Horses but no carriage—An accident—La Rivière de Thibouville—A serious question—"Le Soleil d'Or"—Diplomacy—"Too funny for anything!"—French peasants—A night alarm—Madame Desrats and her "cabriolet"—"My carriage is at your disposal"—A railway trip—A miserable morning—I go for a carriage—A polite clerk—A striking contrast—The last stage of our journey—Pont l'Évêque—Another coincidence.

IT was about two o'clock when we came to the little hamlet of Pacy-sur-Eure, and drove into the yard of a house, the owner of which, a certain Madame Everard, our driver had informed us, could furnish us with a carriage and a pair of horses. "And if you cannot get a carriage there," he added, "I don't think you can find one in the place." There was an uncertainty about this information that was rather disquieting; and our disquietude was increased on learning that there was no inn to which we could go, excepting one near the railway station; in fact, that Pacy was a rustic, shabby place, impossible to remain in, yet one it might not be easy to get out of.

We had scarcely stopped, when an elderly countrywoman came forward and stood in the doorway of the house. Without leaving my seat, I called out to her, asking if we could get here a carriage and horses to take us on to Évreux, or beyond. She replied that she had a carriage, but only one horse. After some further inquiry, she said

there was a horse then working in a neighboring field which might perhaps go with the one she had; but that it was a much smaller horse, and the two had never been harnessed together. We told her to make up the team, and we would see if it would answer our purpose.

A boy was then sent off to fetch the horse from the field. We all alighted now, and the ladies went into the house; although they would have very much preferred to remain in the carriage, could they have done so.

The principal room—the general reception-room, it might be called—on the ground floor of this house, was roughly furnished, anything but clean, and infested with flies. In an adjoining room groceries were kept for sale. The flies were the only customers while we were there.

After waiting a long time, the boy returned with the horse—and such a horse! We were not surprised that the old woman had hesitated to mention it to us. However, it was Hobson's choice. We could take it or leave it. And we took it—hoping that the horse in the stable, which we had already seen, and which was a fairly good one, would be able to pull us through.

But the carriage—when it was dragged out from under the shed, where it had probably reposed most of the time since the introduction of railways in France—was a wonder indeed. I really do not know how to describe it. It was a four-wheeled, four-seated, two-horse, closed vehicle, but with large, very large, glass windows at the sides and in front. The leather covering was rusty, and cracked, and creased; and the blue lining on the inside faded, ragged, and dirty. It had a green body and yellow wheels. The body was shallow, and the front seat low. The wheels were ramshackle and of questionable solidity. It was once, perhaps, what may have been called a "calash"; but it had been worn, and torn, and broken, and painted, and patched, and mended, and nailed together, and tied up, until one might have called it anything he liked. A very

appropriate name would have been the "Immortal"—one given by Sydney Smith to his ancient chariot at which, whenever they saw it, all the village boys cheered and all the village dogs barked.

When our two horses, the big one and the little one, the gray mare and the chestnut horse, were matched and harnessed to this carriage, and all the necessary strings and ropes had been attached to the harness, the "outfit" closely resembled one of those perambulating conveyances occasionally met with in the byways of France, the property of some family of prosperous gipsies. It was in this vehicle, with M. Ernest Everard for driver, that we continued our journey, after a stop at Pacy lasting quite an hour.

During this time not a person came near us, and the Everards had certainly not the least suspicion that we were other than what they had at first taken us to be, "*des Américains,*" or "*des milords Anglais,*" traveling for our pleasure.

It was with some difficulty that we succeeded in helping her Majesty and Madame Lebreton into this carriage; and Dr. Crane having got in I—seeing it was too small to carry four persons inside comfortably—took a seat by the side of the driver, thinking also that I might have a little talk with him and see and hear something of the country; but while we jogged along over a road as smooth as a floor, like all the great highways of France, our carriage so rattled and creaked that it was often quite difficult to hear what was said, and painful even to speak. The air, however, was delicious, and the wide stretches of cultivated country through which we were traveling furnished an ever-changing and pleasing prospect.

Nevertheless, there were moments during my enforced silence when not a soul was to be seen on the long straight white road, and the absence of all life and movement in the landscape, sharply defined in the bright sunlight, produced in me a strange sense of the unreality of this enchanting

and very peaceful visible world. I could not understand how such great events in human affairs as had happened, only the day before, could have occurred without leaving a trace of disturbance upon the face of things, so near and so closely related to them. There was a mystery, something uncanny even about it all. It seemed to me that what I saw with my eyes had no history—was an appearance without substance; that this peace of things was an illusion and a mockery; and that my own thoughts and emotions and the rattling of the green body and the yellow wheels of the calash were the only realities I was certain about and which immediately concerned me; for I felt it was these that bound me as with bands of steel to an invisible but real world of Revolution, violence, and peril, from which I was striving, perhaps vainly, to make my escape.

Occasionally, on coming to some long ascent among the chalk hills that form the solid framework of Normandy, and give to this land its picturesque outlines, Dr. Crane and I got down and walked on ahead of the carriage, which followed slowly after. And sometimes, too, our conversation drifted far away from the subjects of our immediate interest. It certainly did in one instance that I well remember. As our road wound its way up by the side of a deep, white cutting, the geological history of the so-called Rouen chalk-formation having been referred to by the doctor, he went on to speak of the immense extent and power of life in the sea; and finally remarked that Nature seemed to be so determined to accomplish what she proposed to do when she set to work about it, that she was apparently very apt to largely overdo it. To which I replied that I did not know whether his generalization was really justified by the facts or not, but that I was quite willing to admit—speaking professionally—that the stock of tooth-powder she had so carefully prepared and stored up in these hills did seem to me to be prodigiously in excess of any possible necessity or any probable demand. I do

CAMBOLLE—VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE.

not recollect the doctor's reply; perhaps the carriage just then overtook us, and we were both suddenly reminded of the serious business we were at the time engaged in, and of our responsibilities. I shall never forget, however, his look of surprise at what he doubtless thought was a highly indiscreet and unprofessional admission.

We were now approaching Évreux, a large town with a population of nearly twenty thousand souls; and we feared there might be some popular manifestation in progress in the place, which we could not well avoid, and that the rather outlandish appearance of our equipage might make us the objects of a disagreeable, if not dangerous, curiosity. We accordingly directed our driver to pass through the town without stopping, and to rest his horses, if necessary, in the suburbs. This he did; although, on entering it, we found the place perfectly quiet—as dead, I may say, as a French provincial town usually is, the inhabitants of which rarely show signs of life except at a fair or a fire. We learned afterward that the Mayor had read a proclamation, and that a review of the *Gardes Mobiles* had been held in the market-place not long before we arrived.

It was about five o'clock when we came to a place called Cambolle, situated hardly more than half a mile beyond Évreux, on the road to Lisieux. There, in the Avenue de Cambolle, which was lined with beautiful elm-trees, we saw, in the shadow of the foliage, a small wine-shop called the "Café Cantilope"; and our driver now insisted upon making a halt, in order to feed and water the horses. We therefore stopped here, our carriage standing almost in the middle of the road. Availing myself of the opportunity, I got down from my seat, and after walking about for a few minutes, went into the café. While Madame Cantilope and her husband, the proprietor of the shop, were serving me, I heard a vague, confused sound outside, which gradually became more and more distinct, and the cause

of which appeared to be approaching. I listened anxiously, for the noise was like that produced by a great number of human voices; and under the circumstances the presence of a crowd, whoever they might be, was very undesirable.

Nearer and nearer came the sounds; and soon, to my horror, I heard very plainly the cries, "*Vive la France!*" "*Vive la République!*" repeated by a hundred voices, while at the same time I recognized the notes of the "Marseillaise." My companions, whom I at once rejoined, thought, perhaps, that our departure from Paris had became known and that we were pursued. None of us spoke a word, but from the expression on the faces of the ladies it was plainly perceptible that they were very uncomfortable.

Only for a few minutes, fortunately, did this state of trepidation last. Great was our relief when we found that our fear was groundless. The noisy persons who had given us so much uneasiness were only companies of *Gardes Mobiles,* who, returning from the review in Évreux, were going to some neighboring village. Several wagons full of them passed us while we were stopping here, and full themselves of wine and new-born patriotism, they lifted their hats and saluted us, with exclamations of "*Vive la République!*"

But was our fear groundless? More than once during the day we had been reminded that history was repeating itself, by a member of our party who was well acquainted with the history of France, and who knew by heart the tragic story of Marie Antoinette.

She could not have forgotten that this unhappy Queen also fled from the Tuileries; and that, disguised, and in the darkness of the night eluding the sentries, she, with the King, and their children, and Madame Elizabeth, having squeezed themselves into an old coach that was waiting for them in the Place du Carrousel, were then driven through the Clichy gate to Bondy; and that, after changing car-

riages, they continued on their way, embracing each other with tears of joy, happy to feel and to think, in the light of the splendid June morning, that they had escaped from their ignoble persecutors; and how all went well with the royal family until they had gone some eighty miles—just about as far from Paris to the east as we then were to the west—when the son of a postmaster, recognizing the King, determined to have him arrested; and that overhearing the order given to the postilions to drive on to Varennes, he sprang upon a horse, and riding furiously in advance, informed the *Procureur* of the Commune of the King's flight; and how, on the arrival of the royal party late at night at Varennes, they were arrested. Nor could she have forgotten how, a day or two afterward, they were all packed into the same coach again, and, escorted by a detachment of the National Guard, were taken back to Paris, arriving at the *barrière de l'Étoile* after twelve hours of continuous travel, and forced to keep their seats in a closed carriage, on one of the hottest days of the year; nor that, when near the end of this terrible journey, exhausted by fatigue and overcome by the heat, the poor mother, wiping the perspiration from the forehead of the little dauphin, said to one of her guards: "See the condition my children are in—they are suffocating," she received the brutal answer, "We will suffocate *you* in another way"; nor how, between a double row of National Guards, the carriage proceeded down the Champs Élysées, the immense crowd gathered together on either side of the way jeering and hooting, and insulting the Queen—the "*Autrichienne*"—in every possible way, until, turning into the Garden of the Tuileries, it stopped before the Pavillon de l'Horloge, and Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette entered the palace as prisoners of State. And afterward—that scene on the Place de la Concorde, where the Obelisk now stands! Was my fear groundless? Had not the Empress reason to be alarmed?

From Cambolle our road went through a beautiful

stretch of country, the hills on the right side of the way being covered with rich vegetation, while on the left fertile meadows extended far into the distance.

The sun was now sinking, and the approach of evening was indicated by the lengthening shadows of the elm-trees. The poor horses, which had kept up so far notwithstanding the long drive and the hard labor that had been exacted from one of them before it was put in front of our calash, began to show signs of exhaustion; and M. Ernest Everard told me that he could not drive us beyond La Commanderie, a small village on the road, where we might have a chance to get a fresh pair of horses, for his would not be able to go any farther.

We reached La Commanderie just before sunset, and drove into the yard of the old post-house, on the left-hand side of the *route Impériale*. The owner was a rich, well-to-do farmer, who took more pride, however, in his fine cattle and large and well-filled barns than in the appearance of the house he lived in and that of the yard behind it. As several years before he had given up the business of furnishing relays of horses to travelers, we had some difficulty in getting him to consent to take us on to the next station, La Rivière de Thibouville. It is quite likely that he may have suspected we were fugitives of some sort—we were so anxious to proceed. He had a pair of fine horses, he said, and would be glad to accommodate us, but he had no carriage. We succeeded, however, in disposing of this difficulty, by persuading, by means of a substantial gratuity, the man who had brought us from Pacy to lend us his carriage. As the farmer had no longer a plausible excuse, and had been stimulated into taking an interest in executing our wishes by the prospect of an ample reward for his services, he at last consented to drive us to the next station.

Having settled this matter, Dr. Crane and I went to a wine-shop across the way, and a piece of bread and cheese with a bottle of sour wine we obtained there seemed to us a

LE SOLEIL D'OR—LA RIVIÈRE DE THIBOUVILLE.

royal lunch indeed. Madame Lebreton, in the meantime, succeeded in getting some coffee made in the kitchen of the post-house for the Empress and herself. The Empress, however, did not leave the carriage, but kept her seat, while we were doing our talking or trying to get something to eat, and the horses were being changed.

We remained here more than an hour, and it had become quite dark before we started on our way again. We had not gone very far, however, before an accident occurred. The rickety old calash was not strong enough to resist the pull of our fresh, vigorous Norman horses; and so it came to pass that, as we were rolling along at a rattling rate, crack! went a whiffletree, and we were brought suddenly to a standstill, with the traces dangling about the heels of one of the horses. Our driver now wanted to go back. He said he could not go on; that he could not repair the break where we were, for he could not see to do it, and had nothing to do it with, and did not know how to do it, and so forth. In all of which discourse the only thing made quite certain was that he did not wish to proceed any farther. He seemed, in fact, rather too anxious to have us return to the old post-house and spend the night with him.

Beginning to suspect the man had in mind some dark design—that perhaps this accident entered into his scheme—Dr. Crane and I got down to investigate the case and find out for ourselves what had really happened, and what could or could not be done in the way of repairs. We soon discovered that if we only had a piece of rope, or some twine, we could so fasten the traces as to be able to continue on our way. But where were we to get either? We were half a mile from any house. What was to be done? The driver, the prosperous owner of the horses, insisted on returning. But this we were determined not to do if we could prevent it. Noticing that there was a box under the front seat, we opened it, and, as luck would have it, found there just what we wanted—a piece of cord, an old halter I think it was,

eight or ten feet long. With this we lashed the whiffletree firmly to the cross-bar. Then, taking my seat by the side of the driver, off we started again. This accident delayed us about half an hour. While riding with the driver, I had with him sufficient conversation to convince me that my suspicions with regard to his motive when advising us to return to the post-house were not well-founded. I am now quite sure that he gave us what, from his point of view, was very sensible advice, and what, perhaps, ought to have been considered at the time as sensible advice from any point of view.

It was nearly ten o'clock when we arrived at La Rivière de Thibouville, a town in the valley of the Risle, about a hundred miles from Paris. We stopped on the outskirts of the hamlet, in front of an *auberge,* or small tavern, on our left, and at the foot of a pine-clad slope, down which the road descends into the valley. Alighting from the carriage, I approached the house, and the door standing wide open, I saw, within, a large room where a bright fire was blazing in a big fireplace at the right. Over the fire some pots and kettles were hanging on long hooks, and attending to them were one or two women. On entering this room I saw in an adjoining one several men, apparently of the peasant class, seated at a rough table, eating and drinking. But I had little time to notice, and still less to appreciate, the rusticity of the place, for almost immediately the proprietress of the establishment—Madame Desrats, a rather corpulent, light-complexioned woman of about forty—came forward to learn what was wanted by us, the newcomers.

I told her that we wished to get a conveyance to take us, a party of four, on to Lisieux that night. Her reply was that no carriage of the kind we required could be obtained in the place for such a journey; nor could such a carriage be got without sending to Bernay for it, a town

ten miles distant. This information I was wholly unprepared for, and I was much disturbed by it, as it greatly interfered with our plans. Evidently we had come to the end of our day's journey, and it would be necessary for us to pass the night where we were. How we were going to do this soon became a very serious question, since Madame Desrats, on further inquiry, informed me that she could not furnish us with lodgings, for every room in the house was occupied. She was very sorry, she said, and the more so because she was sure there was no other place in the village where we could find accommodation for the night. As the man who had brought us must return to La Commanderie after resting his horses, it seemed for a time as if, at the end of a fatiguing carriage journey of nearly a hundred miles, we were to be left, late in the night, under the stars, in the middle of the road. But I have observed that pretty nearly everywhere in the world it is possible to obtain the cooperation of others when it may be required; in fact, what is wanted, if one only sets about it in the right way and employs the right means, and especially sufficient means.

This rude hostelry in the suburbs of La Rivière, as I afterward discovered, was a small, long, low, stuccoed house, behind which was a dirty yard, shut in by a number of ill-conditioned outbuildings. Over the front doorway hung and swung a rather large sign-board, on which had been painted the now faded image of the sun, the original appearance of which was presumed to be represented by the words inscribed on the sign, "*Le Soleil d'Or.*" As I have already stated, the front door opened directly from the street into the principal apartment, which served the double purpose of parlor and kitchen. Beyond this, to the right, there was a public room or kind of bar, where wine and beer, and other drinks, were dispensed, principally to passing teamsters and laborers in the neighboring fields. On the left, a door opened into a small room used

as a private dining-room; near this door was another, at the foot of a flight of stairs leading to the floor above. On this upper floor there were three or four chambers; one was over the dining-room just mentioned; and there was another, to the right, beyond the kitchen, and over a passageway that led into the court-yard in the rear. These two chambers were the only ones let to lodgers, and they had both just been taken, as we learned, by an English coachman and his family, who, on their way to Trouville, had stopped here for the night.

Finding Madame Desrats's accommodations for additional guests were so limited that she was really unable to do anything more than to extemporize for us some beds on the floor, either above or below—which she offered to do—I asked to see the coachman, who had already gone to his room.

He came down soon, and I laid our case before him. I told him I was taking my sister, who was an invalid, to the seaside; that she was attended by her physician and a nurse; that we were disappointed on reaching this place at not being able to continue our journey to Lisieux, where we had intended to pass the night; that we should be compelled to stay here; that my sister's present and most distressing situation was causing me intense anxiety; that we were informed he had engaged the only sleeping-rooms in the house; and, finally, that we were willing to pay a round sum for the use, for this one night, of the rooms in question. The man "executed himself," as the French say, promptly and very graciously; for he assured me, while accepting his compensation, that he was induced to give up the rooms by a feeling of the deepest sympathy for "the poor lady" in the carriage. However this may have been, we got what we wanted, and it was not long before the chamber over the passageway was made ready for the Empress and Madame Lebreton.

Dr. Crane and I then proceeded to assist the invalid to

descend from the calash, which having been effected with no little difficulty, she took Dr. Crane's arm and walked to the door, slightly limping, I going before and Madame Lebreton following. In this order we entered the public room, in which there were at the time several persons, some drinking and some at work. Screening the Empress from observation as much as possible, I opened the door of the staircase, which Dr. Crane and his patient ascended slowly and with some difficulty—not simulated this time, for it was dark and the steps were very narrow and very steep. On reaching the chamber selected for her, the Empress dropped into a chair, and, surveying the room and its rough, scanty contents with a rapid glance, burst out laughing. She made no attempt to suppress this *éclat*. I do not think she could help it. She did not even try to excuse it; unless the remark made by her, which an American girl might translate, "This is really too funny for anything!" be considered as an excuse.

"*Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu, madame!*" exclaimed Madame Lebreton as she stepped into the room, "how can you laugh in this sad situation? *Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!* And everybody is watching us, and there are people in the next room who may overhear you!"—and doubtless did, for that matter, as the partition, and the door separating the rooms, were of the flimsiest construction. "I beg you, madame, not to laugh—not to speak, even, lest we betray ourselves. And after you have had some supper, which has been ordered, you must rest, for you are very nervous after this awful journey!" The Empress recognized that she had, perhaps, been a little imprudent in yielding to an emotional impulse, and in an amiable spirit of contrition, I have no doubt, would now have been perfectly willing, could it have helped matters in the least, to try to look as solemn, and take as serious a view of the situation, as did Madame Lebreton herself.

Dr. Crane and I now returned to the kitchen, and

ordered a dinner to be served to us in the private dining-room.

While this dinner was being prepared, we looked about the place, studied the people, overheard their talk, and even entered into conversation with them. They seemed to be strangely indifferent to the great military and political events of the preceding week. The crops, the weather, their own private affairs, were what chiefly concerned them. They appeared to care very little even to know what was going on in Paris, except as it might favor or prejudice their personal interests. They were representative French country people, thrifty but earthy. Among them was the man who drove us over from La Commanderie, and who had told me, while on the way, that he was worth two hundred thousand francs. This property he had acquired by forty years' hard labor, with pinching economy—an economy that would amaze a New England farmer. He had but one object in life, and that was to make money. Yes, he had another and a more worthy one: it was to provide a *dot*—a marriage-portion—for his daughter. It was not the money itself that he wanted; it was the use to which it was to be put that made it desirable to him, and for which he was willing to toil, and live poorly, and to hoard. And it is this strong desire which most Frenchmen have to look after the future of the family, and to provide more particularly for its dependent members, that ennobles the parsimony of these peasants, and elevates the thrift of the common people of France to the dignity of a national virtue.

Our dinner was excellent, and so was the sauce—the appetite—that went with it, for we had had really nothing to eat but bits of bread for more than twenty-four hours. We sat for a while over our coffee and cigars, talking of the incidents of the day and the contingencies of the morrow. It was one o'clock before we went up to our room. An hour or two later, when we both were

sound asleep, we were aroused by a great racket outside —the clatter of horses' hoofs, followed by loud talking, and, finally, by pounding on the door almost directly under our window. Our first thought was that the escape of the Empress from Paris had been discovered, that an order had been issued to arrest her, and that a squad of gendarmes had ridden up here to execute the order. We opened our window very carefully, and cautiously peeped out. But the night was dark, and we could not see the mounted men with sufficient distinctness to tell who or what they were. Indeed, it was some time before we learned from the words passing between them, which we overheard, that they were not searching for us. As this was all we cared to know about them at the moment, we went back to bed and slept soundly till morning. We then were told that the party that had disturbed us in the night were some gamekeepers who had been scouring the neighborhood looking for poachers.

Dr. Crane and I got up early, as we wished to send to Bernay for a carriage. When we spoke to our hostess about this, she stared at us, and seemed to think it was a very singular thing to do—to send some one ten miles away to find a carriage, when it would be so much easier for us to go to Trouville by the railway, and the station was only a mile off. I think she would have thought we were all mad, had she not believed we were English—"*et les Anglais sont tellement drôles.*" We tried to explain to her that the lady with us was ill, that she disliked very much to travel by railways, and that it would be as impossible for her to walk one mile as ten. To this she replied that she did not see why the lady might not be taken to the station in the cabriolet; the rest of us could certainly walk.

The cabriolet referred to by Madame Desrats was a two-wheeled, high-seated, gig-like contrivance in the back yard, an inspection of which at once suggested to me the probable appearance of the deacon's "wonderful one-hoss

shay," at the critical period of its existence—its grand climacteric, so to speak—when it was in a state of equivalent decay in each of its several parts and articulations; and its complete collapse into *disjecta membra* and dust might reasonably be expected at any moment. Taking it altogether as it stood, this cabriolet was a curiosity quite worthy of a place in a museum of vehicular antiquities.

While we were considering what we should do, rain began to fall, and with every appearance of continuing for some time.

We were reluctant to make use of the railway; but it would take some hours to bring a carriage from Bernay, and we were anxious to proceed on our way without delay.

La Rivière is on a branch railway connecting the Paris-Havre with the Paris-Cherbourg line at Serquigny, a station less than three miles distant. Lisieux, the chief town in the department of Calvados, is on the Paris-Cherbourg railway, fifteen miles west of this junction. There we could get a carriage to take us to our destination—Deauville, about eighteen miles beyond. We found that, by taking a train due at La Rivière at five minutes past eight o'clock, we could meet the Paris-Cherbourg express at Serquigny a few minutes later, and reach Lisieux at twenty minutes past nine o'clock. An hour by railway would help us forward greatly, and we concluded that we would accept the additional risk of discovery it might involve, rather than be kept waiting at La Rivière. But how was the Empress to get to the railway station? We had rejected the vehicle proposed by our hostess, for, if not absolutely dangerous, its oddity would attract too much attention. The Empress had certainly better walk; and she could do this perfectly well, but for the invalidism upon which we had been laying such stress. We had about made up our minds to discover that our patient, to our surprise and great delight, had so wonderfully improved during the night as to feel confident she could walk to the station,

going slowly and with a little help, when a carriage drove up before the door of the *auberge*. A gentleman got out, and, coming into the house, sat down near the fire while his horses were resting. He had left Bernay that morning. I noticed he was alone, and that his carriage, a closed one, was large enough to carry our party easily. I thought it might be worth my while to make the acquaintance of this man. And so, in a very unsophisticated sort of way, I fell into conversation with him. I found him an amiable, very intelligent, and extremely interesting man. We spoke of many things, but agreed in everything. I myself, quite naturally, was in a most agreeable mood. After a while I mustered up sufficient courage to repeat to him the story of the invalid sister, which had proved to be an "open sesame" all along the road, and to remark, quite incidentally, that as we could get no carriage to take us to the railway station I greatly feared the walk might overtax "my sister's" strength.

"Oh," said he, "my carriage is quite at your disposal. I shall be most happy to be of service to the lady. It is really too far to the railway station for a lady who is ill or an invalid to think of walking, and especially when it is raining, as it now does."

I thanked my new acquaintance effusively for his generous offer, which of course I could not decline. Greatly relieved in mind, I immediately reported to the Empress and Madame Lebreton that we had found it necessary to go to Lisieux by the railway; and also that a carriage was at the door to take them to the La Rivière station, as soon as they could get ready to go. In a very few minutes the Empress descended the stairs, assisted by Madame Lebreton, but walking with much less difficulty than on the evening before.

I observed that the persons in the public room through which the Empress passed had the courtesy to show no curiosity to see her, or to watch our movements while we aided

her to get into the carriage. The gentleman himself who had offered us the use of his carriage, with admirable discretion, perhaps out of sympathy for the invalid, also kept at a respectful distance. Having thanked him again, and especially expressed my gratitude on behalf of "my sister," I mounted upon the seat by the side of his coachman, and we drove off so suddenly that I fear the kind-hearted and obliging stranger must have taken her Majesty for a very impatient patient.

We reached the station some time before the train was due, and were the only persons there, except the station-master and a ticket-agent. When the train arrived we took our seats in a compartment which we saw was vacant, and congratulated ourselves upon our good fortune. But as the "*chef de Gare,*" passing along, opened the door of the carriage, and, after looking in, shut it with a bang, the Empress observed on his hard face a malicious smile and a leer which alarmed her. She felt certain she had been recognized. I did not notice the incident, nor did the Empress allude to it when it occurred, although it certainly produced a deep impression upon her mind at the time; for when, more than twenty years afterward, she related to me the incident, she said, "I shall always remember the *look* that man gave me."

We arrived at Serquigny just as the Paris express reached the junction. I hurried across the platform, and asked the guard to give my party seats where we could be by ourselves, intimating that the arrangement, if it could be made, might prove as pleasing to him as to us. He walked down the platform a short distance, threw open a door in one of the carriages, and said to me, "You can have these." As I slipped some money into his hand, he informed me that we would not be disturbed, since Lisieux was the next stopping-place.

On arriving at Lisieux, we found quite a number of people in and about the railway station, and omnibuses and

carriages were standing there, ready to convey passengers to the hotels or other places in the town. We could make no use of these conveyances, as we wished to avoid coming in contact with people whenever it was possible to do so. We therefore, on getting off the train, left the station at once on foot.

It was raining, and we had no umbrellas. The morning proved to be gloomy, miserable, and stormy. After walking some distance, I said: "It is unnecessary for us all to go into the town. Let me go on alone. I will find a livery-stable and get a carriage, and come back and pick you up."

Thereupon I left the party, and hurried forward in search of a conveyance to take us to Deauville. I had to walk very far before I came into any streets that looked as if I might obtain in them what I wanted. I called at half a dozen places in vain, and had nearly given up all hope, when at length I found a person who, after some persuasion, principally in the form of a promised payment considerably above the usual rate, agreed to drive us to Deauville. The time during which he was preparing his horses seemed to me endless, when I thought of those who were waiting for me; but notwithstanding my efforts to have him make haste, the man did not change his phlegmatic manner in the least, and I had to wait until he announced that he was ready to go.

In the meantime, the Empress, Madame Lebreton, and Dr. Crane had followed me slowly, until it began to rain very heavily when they stepped in under the *porte cochère,* or entrance, of an establishment where carpets were made, on the left-hand side of the street. Here they remained a long time; the Empress standing in the doorway, scarcely out of reach of the dripping from the building, and Madame Lebreton partly sitting on and partly leaning against a bale of wool in the passage beyond. After they had been there a few minutes, a young man, an em-

ployee, came out of the establishment with a chair, which he offered to the Empress, saying, "Perhaps the lady would like to sit down." The Empress declined to take the chair, with thanks; as also did Madame Lebreton on the chair being offered to her. Madame Lebreton, however, not only expressed her appreciation of the courtesy, but added, "We are waiting for a carriage we expect here every moment, and feel under obligations to you already for the liberty we have taken in entering within your doors."

"Oh," said the young man, "that is a liberty which belongs to everybody in France on a rainy day; but should your carriage not come, and should you get tired of standing, if you will come into the office we shall be pleased to give you all seats."

Madame Lebreton again thanked the man for his civility.

But as the time passed and I did not return, the Empress thought perhaps something had happened to me, or that there might have been some misunderstanding as to where we were to meet. She remembered also the sinister glance of the eye of the station-master at La Rivière, and it began to trouble her; and, growing more and more apprehensive that something really serious had prevented my return, she requested Dr. Crane to go and try to find me.

The doctor accordingly set out to hunt me up; but after tramping about in the rain for nearly half an hour without success, he gave up the quest and went back to the carpet factory, where he found the Empress still standing in the doorway, her plain, dark dress glistening with rain, her skirts and shoes soiled; herself unnoticed, uncared for by those who passed by hurriedly on their way homeward, pushing their dripping umbrellas almost into the face of her who was now without a home and shelterless, but who only a few days before was their sovereign. Both the ladies were now beginning to feel very anxious indeed. Dr. Crane tried to reassure them, and also to persuade the

THE PORTE COCHÈRE AT LISIEUX.

Empress to step in under the cover of the passage, but to no purpose; so that, when my carriage turned into the street leading to the railway station, I saw her Majesty standing in the rain at the entrance of the factory, apparently alone, and presenting such a picture of complete abandonment and utter helplessness as to produce upon me a powerful and ineffaceable impression.

It seemed impossible that this thing could be. What I saw was so utterly inconsistent with what I had seen, and the memory of which flashed into my mind instantly, that I could scarcely believe my own eyes. "Am I dreaming," I said to myself, "or is this indeed reality?"

Less than a year had passed since, at Constantinople, I had watched from the villa of Sefer Pacha the *Aigle* as she rounded the Seraglio Point and entered the waters of the Golden Horn, bringing the Empress as the guest of the Sultan, and had witnessed the unparalleled magnificence and splendor of the ceremony with which she was received.

No vision of fairy-land could be more exquisitely beautiful than was seen under the soft, opalescent sky, and in the balmy atmosphere of that superb October day when, just before sundown, the barge of the Sultan, manned by forty oarsmen, and especially constructed to convey the Imperial visitor to the residence that had been chosen for her—the palace at Beylerbey, on the Asiatic shore—shot out upon the bright blue waters of the Bosporus, from under the walls of the palace at Dolma Bagchtie, and appeared in the midst of the fleet of war-ships, steamers, yachts, and innumerable caiques, decorated with the flags of France and Turkey; half a million people, on the water and on the land, watching the wonderful spectacle; the Turkish women, dressed in costumes of the most brilliant colors, massed together by thousands in the open places on the bank, between Tophaneh and Dolma Bagchtie, that encircles the water-front like an amphitheater, and which framed in a noble and singularly picturesque setting the

panoramic scene immediately before me. In the barge—a graceful construction of polished cedar, and ornamented with gold, and massive silver and velvet, and richest fabrics—a dais or canopy of crimson silk had been erected, beneath the folds of which I saw the Empress, as the barge drew near me, sitting alone in evening dress, a light mantilla over her head, wearing a diadem and many rich jewels, radiant and beautiful, and supremely happy and proud to accept this magnificent tribute paid to the glory of France, and to witness the extraordinary scene which she herself had unconsciously created.

"It is impossible," I said to myself, as I recalled to mind the incidents of this more than royal progress, "that she, who was the recipient in a foreign land of all those honors; on whom, as the most interesting and distinguished feature and the most brilliant and attractive ornament of a marvelous pageant, thousands of eyes were then turned in wonder and admiration, was the same person who to-day is a fugitive, without a shelter even from the inclemency of the weather, forgotten, unnoticed by her own people as they pass by her on the street, and so completely lost, in this very France where she was once so honored, that her existence even is known to but two men—and those two Americans!"

Such a shifting of situations and scenes might well have been the work of some malignant Jinn, so suddenly, so unexpectedly, with such seeming mockery, had the transformation been made. So closely were these situations related to each other, so sharp were the contrasts they offered, that they seemed incredible. Yet all these events had actually taken place, and under my own eyes, and to the least circumstance were matters of fact and of history. And so it happens in human affairs, that the prodigies of Fortune in reality lie beyond the range of the imagination, and that truth is indeed sometimes stranger than fiction.

I found the Empress wet through and through by the

drenching rain, and it grieved me bitterly when I saw her in this pitiable condition. The vulgar, dismal, and dirty surroundings, the gloomy sky, and especially the wearied faces of the two ladies, that bespoke the consequences of many anxious, sleepless nights, made me feel more sad at that moment than I had felt at any time since our departure from Paris. But it was not long before we were on our way again; and soon after leaving Lisieux the clouds lifted, and we caught glimpses of the sun.

We were now passing through one of the richest agricultural departments in France, famous for its horses and its dairies; where the broad yellow fields from which the wheat had just been harvested; and acres of green sugar-beets, and belts of clover and lucerne in which the tethered cattle were feeding, extended to the right and to the left of us as far as the eye could reach. Here and there were farmhouses and thatched cottages, those nearest to us half concealed in the midst of orchards or by clumps of protecting trees; those in the distance half revealed by the smoke slowly rising from great heaps of smoldering colza stalks. The splendid road was lined with trees on either side. Some of the villas we passed were very handsome, and looked charmingly in their setting of green lawn, and plots of flowers, and autumn foliage. And many of the quaint cottages and outbuildings with whitewashed walls, held together by a framework of black wooden beams arranged in lozenges, were extremely picturesque. The scenery was lovely, the air was mild and soft, and the country looked clean, and fresh, and beautiful after the rain. It was not only *la belle France* which was here the object of our admiration, but *la France faisant la belle* after a frowning and unhappy morning.

We were on the last stage of our journey, and, as things began to look brighter about us, we began to feel more cheerful and more hopeful; we amused ourselves, even, by recounting some of our experiences at the "*Soleil*

d'Or." And the Empress told us how, before she left her room that morning, she had washed and ironed—that is, pressed out in some ingenious way, I have forgotten just how it was done—a couple of handkerchiefs, the only ones she had; and she exhibited them to us, asking if we did not think the work was well done, considering the circumstances; adding archly, "When there is no necessity that moves us, we little suspect our own cleverness or capacity to do things."

At Pont l'Évêque we stopped at the "*Lion d'Or*" just long enough to feed our horses and get a lunch ourselves, and then went on to Deauville, through the beautiful valley of the Auge, which soon unites with the valley of the Touques, past the little hamlets of Coudray, Canapville and Bonneville, and through Touques, with its quaint old wooden market and its long, deserted street, until we reached the bridge that crosses the river Touques at Trouville and connects this town with Deauville, which is exactly opposite, on the left bank of the river. Here we arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon; the last stage of our journey having been accomplished without interruption, and very comfortably, the carriage being the best one we had been able to obtain on the way.

The route we had followed, from Évreux to the coast, was almost exactly the same as that which Louis Philippe had taken at the time of his flight from Paris, twenty-two years before.

Just eight days previous to our escape from Paris I was walking with Mrs. Evans upon the beach at Deauville, as we were accustomed to do in the morning, when we met Count G. B——, whom I had known for many years, although our acquaintance had always remained a casual one. By accident, a conversation ensued in the course of which the Count invited me to go, the next day, to see a villa which he had recently built or bought. I told him that

I should have to return to Paris early the next day—Monday—on account of my professional engagements; but he pressed me so much, and in so kind a manner, that I could not refuse, especially after he mentioned that he would like to show me an American "buggy," or trotting wagon, that had been sent to him, and that he would take me out in this to see the country lying around Trouville and Deauville, which, notwithstanding my frequent visits to both towns, was not very well known to me. The next morning, at an early hour, the Count called on me with his new "trap," and we had a delightful drive over excellent roads, which offered to my view at every turn a great many things of interest. The time passed so quickly and pleasantly that it seemed to me we had but just started, when we arrived before the door of a church in Honfleur. Here the Count halted, and invited me to go with him into the building. On entering it, he said to me, "I hope you will excuse me for leaving you for a few moments, but I never come here without saying a prayer."

Thereupon he went to the basin containing the holy water, crossed himself, and knelt down upon a *priedieu* opposite the altar, where he remained for some minutes in silent adoration. When we had left the church and were together again, he said: "You were perhaps surprised that I made you wait in the church; but it was at Honfleur that my King, Louis Philippe, spent his last night in France. The place where he slept a few hours during that night is not far off, and, if it interests you, we will go and see it." I, of course, gladly assented, and we soon reached the very unpretentious-looking building where this unfortunate King of France passed his last hours in the country he had once governed. From my companion I learned that the house at that time (1848) belonged to a fashionable court milliner of the Place Vendôme, who on this occasion offered to the dethroned monarch her hospitality. The vivid manner in which the Count related

some of the incidents of the King's flight impressed upon me the sad story of the fall of that monarch from his high position. And now, one week later, strangely enough, I myself was accompanying another sovereign of France, who had experienced a still greater reverse of fortune, in her flight from her capital over almost exactly the same road, her Majesty reaching the coast at Deauville, and Louis Philippe at Trouville; for it was at Trouville that he remained several days, hidden in a small house in one of the narrowest streets in the town—No. 5 Rue des Rosiers—before venturing to go on to Honfleur.

CHAPTER XIII

DEAUVILLE—THE EMBARKATION

Deauville—Precautions—Looking for a boat in which to cross the Channel—Interview with Sir John Burgoyne—Lady Burgoyne—Dinner at the Hôtel du Casino—A small gold locket—I meet Sir John Burgoyne on the quay—Her Majesty leaves the Hôtel du Casino—A wild night—The strangeness of the situation—Contrasts—On board the *Gazelle*—Dr. Crane returns to Paris.

WHEN the first houses of Deauville became visible, the driver asked me where I wished him to take us. To find an answer to this question had greatly perplexed me during the last hour; for, although our destination was the Hôtel du Casino, where I had apartments for my wife and myself, I did not think it wise to drive there openly, fearing that word might have been sent ahead to arrest us in case we should be found there.

We had little doubt that a description of us had been forwarded to all the seaports of France, and the fact that Mrs. Evans was passing the season there was a special reason for suspecting that a careful watch would be kept about this hotel and its immediate neighborhood. Moreover, my wife was quite unaware of my presence in Deauville, and of the special circumstances which had brought me here. I therefore told our driver to stop at the entrance of the race-course, as a friend of mine lived near by whom I wished to see before going farther.

When we halted at the side of the road, I got out, and leaving my companions in the carriage, walked into the

town. On arriving at the Hôtel du Casino, passing behind the main building, I went through the garden, entered a door of the house at the end fronting on the sea, and rapidly mounted the staircase leading to the rooms occupied by Mrs. Evans. Fortunately I found my wife at home, and I announced to her in as few words as possible what had happened and told her what I wished to do. I learned from her that no news about us had been received at Deauville, and that no one knew where the Empress was. So there seemed to be no danger to be apprehended for the moment. Whereupon, having provided myself with an umbrella—for it had now begun to rain—I went back to the place where I had left the carriage and rejoined my companions.

After reporting to them that all was well and everything in readiness, I gave the driver instructions where to go, telling him to stop in front of the little gate that opened into the garden at the west end of the hotel. I thus took the Empress to the hotel by the same side-way by which I myself had approached it on arriving. Dr. Crane and Madame Lebreton then turned about and drove up to the front entrance, where they got out and made their inquiries like other travelers. When the Empress and I came to the garden-gate, I found my umbrella very useful, for a young American happened to be standing there who, upon seeing me, advanced to greet me. As a few drops of rain were falling I opened and held the umbrella in front of me, at the same time walking quickly forward. I was told, not long after, that he took my companion for Mrs. Evans, and thought I had not seen him. We thus fortunately reached Mrs. Evans's rooms unobserved, where, after greeting my wife, the Empress fell back exhausted into an armchair, exclaiming:

"*Oh, mon Dieu, je suis sauvée!*"

A few minutes later I heard the chambermaid directing Dr. Crane and Madame Lebreton to rooms that were ex-

actly opposite ours, which made communication easy between them and us in case of need. In accordance with a previous understanding, they had asked for rooms on the first floor, on which were the apartments occupied by my wife, but had acted as if they were strangers to the place and had nothing to do with us.

So far everything had succeeded very well. The next thing to be considered was how we were to get to England. Accordingly, soon after our arrival at the hotel, accompanied by Dr. Crane I crossed over the ferry to Trouville to obtain information on this subject; and, more particularly, to see if there was any chance of obtaining a boat for the execution of this part of our plan, and which, perhaps, I might hire under the pretext of desiring to use it for a fishing-excursion or for a pleasure-cruise.

There were two possible ways for us to cross the Channel: one was by the regular passenger-boat that left Havre for Southampton on the following evening at nine o'clock; the other was by a boat hired for the trip, or whose owner might be disposed to share with us voluntarily the honor and the risk of aiding her Majesty to escape from France. The Havre-Southampton boat we did not wish to take, if we could possibly avoid it. There was sure to be a great number of passengers on board, some of them probably refugees like ourselves. Detectives would very probably be on the look-out for them; and, if so, were we among them we certainly should be discovered. No, we will not go that way, we said, so long as there is the least chance of our being able to find a suitable boat for our exclusive use, even if we have to go over to Havre to get one.

While we were considering these matters and making inquiries about the boats that could be hired in this place for excursions, our way had taken us along the quays to the bridge over the Touques, connecting Trouville and Deauville, and close by the Deauville docks. I now re-

membered that a number of pleasure-yachts were frequently lying in these locked docks; for instance, I had often seen there one owned by the Duke of Hamilton, as well as those of other Englishmen; and I knew that if I could obtain one of these we could cross the Channel much more comfortably than in a fishing-vessel. We therefore directed our steps toward these docks in search of a yacht, and soon discovered, in the upper one, a boat with two masts, which we thought would serve our purpose uncommonly well.

On making inquiries about it, we were informed that the owner was absent, but that we would find in the cabin an American gentleman, one of his friends. Hearing this, I decided not to go on board, as I feared I might meet an acquaintance. Proceeding a little farther along the quay (*de la Marine*), I saw another but smaller boat, half concealed behind a huge pile of boards. At the same time a sailor approached us, wearing a blue jersey packet, and having on his cap the word *Gazelle*.

Upon our inquiring to what boat he belonged, he informed us that he was one of the crew of a yacht owned by Sir John Burgoyne, which happened to be the very vessel I was looking at. After I had spoken of the neat, trim appearance of his yacht, and expressed a wish to obtain certain information about it, he said that if I would go on board he thought there would be no difficulty in my getting it from Sir John himself, as he believed he was in the cabin. And so, under the guidance of the sailor, we went on board the *Gazelle*. The man then left us, and after a few minutes returned to announce that his master would show us over the vessel. When Sir John Burgoyne joined us, we introduced ourselves, I handing him my card having on it the words:

"Dr. Thomas W. Evans,

"President of the American Sanitary Committee, Paris."

We told him that we had admired the appearance of his boat, and had come on board at the suggestion of one of his men. We thanked him for his courtesy in receiving us, and, without immediately disclosing to him the real purpose for which we had come, after having asked a question or two, told him we should certainly be very glad to visit the yacht. Whereupon the owner of the *Gazelle* led us round, showing and explaining to us many of the details of his pretty craft, telling us something of its history; giving its measurement, forty-two tons; its length, sixty feet; the number of the crew, six all told, and so forth; and finally, after we had obtained all the information we desired with respect to the boat, he announced to us that he hoped to leave the next morning, about seven o'clock, for England, as at that hour the tide would enable him to get out of the harbor, adding that bad weather had already kept him in Deauville a few days longer than he had anticipated.

After Sir John Burgoyne had finished showing us his yacht, and had stated his intention to leave Deauville the next morning, I drew him aside and told him I had a confidential communication to make, saying that I believed him to be a man in whose honor I could trust, and on whose silence I could rely should he be unable to give me the special assistance I was seeking. Sir John, in answer to my statement, opened his card-case, and giving me a card, remarked, "I am an English gentleman, and have been in her Majesty's service and in the army for some years." These words quite assured me, and I then told him frankly and without reserve how I happened to be in Deauville. I related some of the incidents connected with the Revolution in Paris, and with our flight from the city. I told him where the Empress was at the time; of the unhappy situation she was in; that it was her Majesty's most earnest desire to escape to England; that we were afraid to make use of any public conveyance; and finally asked

him whether, in view of the urgency of the case, he would be willing to receive the unfortunate sovereign, Madame Lebreton, and myself on board his yacht and take us to England. I, of course, did not doubt for a moment that his answer would be in the affirmative. The reader may therefore imagine my astonishment when Sir John replied: "I regret, gentlemen, that I am unable to assist you in this matter."

Although Dr. Crane and I had noticed the change in Sir John's manner immediately he was made aware of the real object of our visit, we were not prepared for his refusal of our request. But what appeared to us still more extraordinary were the reasons he gave for declining to assist us. Inasmuch as he had with some emphasis drawn my attention to the fact that he was an English gentleman, I said to him: "Sir John, I am an American, and in our country every man will run any risk for a woman, and especially for a lady whose life is in danger. I, therefore, when her Majesty applied to me for help, left my home in Paris, and all that it contains, without taking the least thought of the dangers that might come in my way, or calculating the losses I might suffer." And with the greatest earnestness, and remaining as calm as possible, I informed him that I should endeavor to find a boat whose owner would be willing to give us the assistance we required, adding that I had already examined another yacht in the basin which would quite answer our purpose.

My last words seemed to have caused Sir John to reflect, for, after hesitating a moment, he said to me: "That little schooner, in such weather as we shall probably have, would be very likely to go to the bottom, in case the owner should consent to make the trip."

Although, after what he had said at first, I had no intention of discussing the subject further with Sir John, this remark of his set me to thinking of my own responsibility for the safety of the illustrious lady who had en-

trusted her life to me. And in justice to Sir John I should say that, among the reasons he assigned for not being disposed to receive the Empress on board his boat, there were two or three which I am now willing to admit were entitled to much more consideration than at the time I was inclined to give them. He was by no means certain, he said, that he should be able to leave Deauville the next day, on account of the heavy sea outside, and the northwest wind that was still blowing stiffly. For her Majesty to remain long on the yacht in port might become embarrassing, and to put to sea dangerous.

Dr. Crane, in the meantime, not willing to accept a refusal, continued the conversation with Sir John, and urged him strongly to reconsider the matter. He reminded him that his decision was one that concerned not only the Empress, but himself as well; that a man rarely had the chance to accede to such a request as we were making; that, were he to take the Empress over to England, he might some day be very glad he had once had the good fortune to be of service to her; when, abruptly, as if to end the whole matter, Sir John said: "Well, gentleman, you may submit the case to Lady Burgoyne. If she is willing to have the Empress come on board, she can come."

We then, on Sir John's invitation, went down into the cabin, and were presented to Lady Burgoyne. When the facts had been laid before Lady Burgoyne, and her husband asked her if she was willing to have the Empress come on board, she instantly replied: "Well, why not? I certainly shall be greatly pleased if we can be of any assistance to her, and I can readily understand how anxious she must be at the present moment to find a refuge. Let her come to us to-night, or as soon as she can safely do so."

Our request had met with a favorable answer. We had found a boat on which her Majesty could cross the Channel to England.

As dinner-time was approaching, we now took leave of Sir John and Lady Burgoyne; and the former not having yet given me any definite answer to certain questions relating to our embarking, I made an appointment to meet him in the evening on the quay, in the lumber-yard. Thereupon Dr. Crane and I returned to the Hôtel du Casino, and I announced to her Majesty what we had done.

At about half past six o'clock, the usual dining-hour, I ordered dinner for two persons to be served in our drawing-room, because the presence of the Empress, as before stated, was not known in the hotel, and three dinners could not have been called for without risking discovery or exciting a dangerous curiosity. After the table had been set, Mrs. Evans's maid took the dishes from the hands of the waiter who brought them up-stairs, and no waiter or servant was permitted to enter the room while the Empress was there. The fact that we had to divide our table service and food, which were meant for two persons only, in such a manner that three persons could dine, created much amusement, and we were put into rather a merry mood, the Empress herself two or three times giving way to hearty laughter at the shifts that were resorted to during this improvised dinner.

Since her Majesty had left the Tuileries she had not once sat down to a regular meal, for during our whole journey she had found no opportunity to do so. This dinner in our bright, quiet room, which fronted the sea and the setting sun, was therefore greatly appreciated, and especially as the news I had brought that she was to embark that evening had relieved her of a heavy weight of anxiety. For the moment she seemed to feel that she had come to the end of her journey, and talked with animation about the events of the past few days and the incidents of which she herself was a witness, dwelling, however, rather on those of a personal than of a political character. She appeared to forget the perils she had escaped,

and to look upon the novelties and limitations of her present estate as if they were parts of a comedy at which she could laugh and be amused. She had at length found rest; she was to embark that night, and was happy. And what did it amount to, this Revolution in Paris? It could not change the past, and the future was in the keeping of God. And then a sweet expression, as if of gratitude and trust, spread over the features of our illustrious guest, and for some time she sat in silent reflection. Perhaps her thoughts wandered to her loved ones who were separated from her, and of whose fate she was ignorant.

After a while she drew from her pocket a small gold locket, that contained a likeness of the Prince Imperial, and fixed her eyes tenderly upon the beloved features of her son, whom she had not seen since they parted at Saint Cloud. But the thoughts which were awakened in her mind by this picture were too vivid and painful for her at this trying moment; and although she had hitherto succeeded perfectly in suppressing her feelings of anxiety concerning him while she still needed strength for action, she now burst into a flood of tears. After a few moments she regained her self-possession. She then told us she had not dared to look upon the miniature of the Prince for many days, knowing well how the sight of the face of her child would act upon her. She was now glad, however, that she had done so, because it had greatly relieved her. When she had conversed for an hour or more with us, her Majesty began to show signs of weariness, and, on the advice of Mrs. Evans, she withdrew to my wife's bedroom, and, lying down upon her bed, soon fell into a sound sleep.

I then went over to Dr. Crane's room, where I remained until about half past ten o'clock, when I left the hotel to keep the appointment which I had made with Sir John Burgoyne to meet him in the lumber-yard near the railway station.

On arriving at the place mentioned, I found Sir John waiting for me behind a pile of planks. I inquired if he had decided when we could go on board; for, at the end of our interview in the afternoon, the time when he would be ready to receive us had not been fixed, and I was naturally quite anxious about it, since I was afraid something might occur at the last moment to interfere with the realization of our hopes and wishes. Sir John replied that he thought it would be best for us not to come on board until morning—say five or six o'clock—a little before he cast off and began to warp the yacht out of the dock. The delay which was then suggested, although only of a few hours, made me feel very uncomfortable. I told Sir John that, if we were really to leave the harbor at an early hour in the morning, in my opinion the Empress ought to go on board at once; that five o'clock was a most inconvenient hour for every one; that it would be imprudent for us to wait until morning, because the Empress was in Mrs. Evans's rooms, without any one knowing the fact, and it would be very difficult for her to leave at so early an hour of the day without attracting attention; that, on the other hand, it would be comparatively easy for us to leave the hotel toward midnight, because there was a train from Paris due about twelve o'clock, and passengers arriving by it often remained for an hour or more in the dining-room, as the hotel was not usually closed until after 1 A.M. We could therefore slip out in the dark into the garden at a time when most of the regular guests were in bed, and escape also the notice of servants or watchmen. For these reasons I was convinced that it would be best for us to go on board as soon as we could get ready—it was then after eleven o'clock—and I told him that, unless we could do this, I greatly feared his help would be of little use to us.

"It is a great responsibility that you are asking me to assume," said Sir John.

"Perhaps," I replied; "but the greater the responsibility, the greater the honor."

Sir John made no answer to this; but after an interval of time, during which neither of us spoke, he said: "The barometer has been rising for some hours, and the wind and the sea have gone down considerably. I think we can get out to-morrow. Well, she may come. We shall be ready to receive you by twelve o'clock. Come down by where we are now standing; one of my men shall be here with a lantern, and I will meet you on the quay by the gang-plank, on which there will be a light."

In my conversation with Sir John Burgoyne I had been very careful to say nothing more than was necessary, because, until I met him, none but the persons directly concerned in her escape from Paris knew where the Empress was; and during the whole of the eventful journey of the two previous days, no one, so far as I knew, had recognized her. It was in Deauville that I was obliged for the first time to entrust the secret to a stranger; and I was, of course, anxious to know for a certainty that it would be unnecessary for me to communicate it to others. I felt, therefore, greatly relieved when Sir John consented to permit us to go on board the *Gazelle* that night.

On returning to our hotel, I found the Empress still sleeping quietly; but I informed Madame Lebreton that I had seen Sir John Burgoyne, that all the arrangements had been made to receive us, and that we must get ready at once to go on board of the yacht.

During my absence Mrs. Evans had prepared for her guests a parcel containing linen and the articles most necessary for a voyage; so that neither the Empress nor Madame Lebreton—who had, as before mentioned, been unable to provide themselves with the commonest articles of the toilet when leaving the Tuileries—should be in want of them until they were settled in England. Some wraps and shawls for the ladies completed the outfit.

Her Majesty soon joined us, and, putting on her hat and waterproof, said she was ready to go. Then, after taking leave of Mrs. Evans, embracing her most tenderly and with many thanks, accompanied by me—leaving Dr. Crane and Madame Lebreton to follow a little later—she passed out of the hotel through the door by which we had entered.

It did not rain, but the weather was threatening. A strong wind was blowing in sharp gusts from the west and driving the dark clouds swiftly across the face of the moon, that for an instant shone out brightly, and then disappeared so suddenly as to plunge everything into obscurity. It was a wild night, and as the sound of the distant surge of the sea came to my ears, it seemed to be the forerunner of some impending calamity. And it was! At that very moment the *Captain*, the most powerful fighting ship in the British navy, was struggling with the storm at the mouth of the Channel, where she sank an hour later, taking down with her all on board, a crew of officers and men five hundred in number; and—a remarkable coincidence—her commander was Sir Hugh Burgoyne, a cousin of the Sir John Burgoyne, on whose small cutter we were so rejoiced to know we were to embark this night that we had never once thought of danger. The appalling news of the loss of the *Captain*, which came to us very soon after we arrived in England, impressed us very forcibly with a sense of the risks and hazards of attempting to cross the English Channel in such weather, in such a boat as the *Gazelle*, and of thankfulness that we ourselves had not been swallowed up by the besieging and insatiable sea.

We had gone but a few steps, when the puddles of water in the road and the uncertain light caused us to separate and pick our way as best we could. Indeed, the Empress, who was in advance of me and hurrying for-

DEAUVILLE—THE EMPRESS AND DR. EVANS LEAVING THE HÔTEL DU CASINO.

ward eager to reach the quay, I am sure must several times have quite lost sight of me.

At first we followed the road that skirts the seashore, going towards the lighthouse; and then, turning to the right, we entered a path that crossed some open fields and came out at the Rue du Casino, not far from the place where stood the statue of the Duke de Morny—the Emperor's faithful and intelligent friend, his *alter ego*—to whom Deauville owes its existence as a fashionable seaside resort.

As the Rue du Casino led almost directly to the head of the dock in which the *Gazelle* was lying, we crossed the Place de Morny, and passing hurriedly by a café brilliantly lighted and from which issued the sound of drunken voices, we walked on in the middle of the street until, approaching the appointed rendezvous, we saw the man with the lantern, whom Sir John had put there to guide us to the yacht. Turning to the right and the left to avoid stacks of timber, and piles of boards, and pools of water on the ground, we very soon reached the place where the *Gazelle* was moored, and found Sir John waiting for us at the gang-plank. After being introduced to the Empress, he escorted us down into the cabin, where we were received by Lady Burgoyne.

The condition in which we arrived was deplorable. Our shoes were water-soaked, our clothing bedraggled, and we were spattered with mud from head to foot.

It had rained heavily during the day, and we had walked quite three-quarters of a mile, a large part of the way over ground covered with sand-drifts, where it was impossible at times, in the shifting and uncertain light, to avoid stumbling against invisible hillocks, or stepping into holes full of water and mud. We had come quickly, considering the roughness of the way, but had proceeded separately and silently, scarcely uttering a word.

What may have been the thoughts of her Majesty as we were hurrying through the byways and deserted streets of Deauville at midnight, anxious not to be seen, under the protection even of the darkness and the storm, I cannot say. With me the thought uppermost was the strangeness of the situation. It seemed impossible that I was really alone with the Empress of the French, who was leaving in this remarkable manner the land where she had reigned so many years in splendor, and the people to whom she had been so devoted and by whom she had been so greatly admired.

How different was this departure of the Empress for a foreign country from those of former days! Then, she went forth accompanied by her ladies-in-waiting, and chamberlains, and officers of the household, escorted by squadrons of cavalry riding rapidly through the streets lined with enthusiastic spectators, crying, "*Vive l'Impératrice!*" and who assembled in crowds about the approaches of the quays to catch a glimpse of her person, and to greet her with offerings of flowers and multitudinous manifestations of patriotism and loyalty. How different were her journeys in France commenced in the days of her sovereignty! Then, every step from one place to another resembled a triumph, and the journals all over the country vied with each other in reporting the most trivial incidents in the *tournée* of her Imperial Majesty, the beautiful and distinguished consort of the ruler of France.

On that gloomy night of September 6th and 7th there were no flags waving, no cries of "*Vive l'Impératrice!*" or "*Vive Eugénie!*" nor any admiring crowd to witness the departure, perhaps forever, of this great lady from the home she had so long made radiant by her presence; only the clouds in black masses, spread over the heavens like mourning drapery; there were no offerings of fresh flowers, only the scattered leaves of autumn driven before the wind; there were no attending courtiers at her side,

only one follower and friend accompanying the deserted Empress to the place where she was to embark; and the only voices to be heard were those of men singing the "Marseillaise" in the wine-shops, and of the howling storm, and of the rolling waves breaking against the shore. The world which had always heretofore been so accurately informed as to every movement of her Majesty, did not know that she was about to leave her country; and her subjects were so busy in the work of smashing in pieces the whole fabric of the Imperial Government, or in seeking their own personal safety, that nobody in the capital from which she had fled seemed to have even thought of her.

This indifference, however sad and regrettable, was at least fortunate for her Majesty in one respect; for, though it was quite certain that there would be no courtiers to follow her, it was very questionable whether some spy might not be lurking by the way to prevent the unfortunate sovereign escaping from the jurisdiction of the Revolutionary Government. But no spy even was sent to follow her. The thought, however, that a *mouchard* might be watching us made me feel uneasy at each step; and every sound and every sudden ray of light falling across our path startled me, and gave rise to some apprehension that, although apparently so near the realization of our purpose, the success of the previous days might end in failure.

A sadder night I have never experienced, and I hope never to witness its like again.

Soon afterward Madame Lebreton arrived, accompanied by Dr. Crane, bringing along with him the parcel above mentioned. They had come to the yacht over a different route from that taken by us; but they had been obliged to wade through the water, which in several places was quite deep, and had met with the same difficulties on the road that her Majesty and I had encountered.

Lady Burgoyne was most gracious and sympathetic.

She immediately placed everything she had at the disposal of the two ladies, and did everything in her power to make them comfortable. Changes of clothing were made, a room was provided for them, and then hot punch was prepared and served, which was greatly appreciated by the whole company. The only news we heard on board the yacht, apart from what we had read in the Paris morning papers, consisted of vague rumors that during the day, acts of violence had been committed in Paris; that a number of persons had been arrested, and among others the Princess Mathilde. The Empress was particularly anxious to know if the London papers contained any news of the Prince Imperial, or any information about the Emperor, and was greatly disappointed to learn that the latest English papers received, dated September 5th, contained very little that interested her, and no indication of the place in which the Prince then was. She, however, quickly suppressed her emotion, thanked Lady Burgoyne for what she had done and was doing for her, and recounted some of her own recent personal experiences.

After we had talked together awhile, the Empress and Madame Lebreton retired to their small stateroom at the end of the cabin, and Lady Burgoyne also went to her berth, which was at the side of the saloon.

After the ladies had left us, Sir John, Dr. Crane, and myself went on to the deck, where we walked slowly up and down in subdued conversation. Sir John told us some of his yachting experiences, and again reminded me of the fact that he had been brought up as a soldier. He said that, after quitting the army, he had spent a great deal of his time in yachting, and that his friends considered him a famous sailor. He also again referred to the unpleasant consequences which our presence on board his yacht might have for him. I assured him there were no reasons for such apprehensions, as our secret was safe for the time being, and that, when it became known that he

had taken us over to England, no one could blame him, but on the contrary, every one would praise him. Sir John then remarked that he was greatly afraid the Empress had been followed by spies; that he had been to the Casino during the evening, where his suspicions had been aroused. He was evidently very uneasy, and on the watch for some movement having for its object the arrest of her Majesty. But everything remained perfectly quiet in the neighborhood, and not a soul came near the yacht, or was seen, but the *douanier* (the custom-house officer) on guard.

It was perhaps 3 A.M. when we left the deck and returned to the cabin; and while Dr. Crane and I sat or reclined upon a settee near the table in the center of the small saloon, Sir John lay down in a berth on the side of the cabin opposite to that where Lady Burgoyne was resting. Neither my friend nor I thought of sleep, and we talked over various important matters which had to be attended to during my absence from France, and especially considered what further provision was necessary to complete and put in working order the Ambulance in Paris, which I had left so unexpectedly and so suddenly.

Soon after it began to grow light, Sir John went on deck, and, on returning, reported wet weather, and a fresh west-southwest wind; but that he had given orders to have everything ready to cast off before seven o'clock. The Empress was now informed that we were soon to leave the dock, and that Dr. Crane was not to remain with us, and would take back to Paris any messages she might wish to send. Her Majesty rose immediately, and, coming into the saloon, sat down on a settee and gave the doctor a list of the persons she wished him to see, together with instructions respecting the channels through which letters or other communications could be quickly and safely sent to her. Her Majesty's messages were, however, almost entirely of a personal character, and were intended

to relieve her friends of any anxiety they might have felt on account of her sudden and mysterious disappearance.

About half past six o'clock Dr. Crane bade us good-by and went back to the Hôtel du Casino, from which place, after having presented our adieus to Mrs. Evans, he returned to Paris.

CHAPTER XIV

THE MEETING BETWEEN MOTHER AND SON

We leave the harbor—Rough weather—In a gale—We reach Ryde Roads—The landing—At the York Hotel—News of the Prince Imperial—The Empress and the Bible—We go to Brighton—The Empress hears that the Prince Imperial is at Hastings—She insists on going there—A vain device—We arrive at Hastings—I go to the Marine Hotel and find the Prince—My plan for a meeting between mother and son—The Empress cannot wait—The way barred—The Prince in the presence of his mother—Tears of joy and of sorrow—The Empress and the Prince Imperial remain in Hastings—House-hunting—Mrs. Evans comes to England—Miss Shaw—Camden Place—Negotiations—Camden Place is rented—"A spirited horse, perfectly safe"—Her Majesty leaves Hastings—She takes possession of her new home—The first night at Chislehurst—The first act of the Empress next day—A tragic story—Conversations with the Empress.

IT was a little after seven o'clock when we left the harbor of Deauville-Trouville and laid our course for Southampton. The weather was thick, a little rain was falling, and the sea rough; but the yacht, with her mainsails set, together with the spinnaker and second jib, and the wind in her favor, began to make good headway. This gave us hope that we should reach the English shore during the course of the afternoon. Our hopes, however, soon left us, for the weather grew worse, and before long became very threatening. At about one o'clock a violent squall came up, the wind veering round almost dead ahead, and blowing from the northwest, the direction in which we had up to this time been steering. We lost our spinnaker

boom by this sudden shift of the wind, and were forced at once to reef the mainsail, run down the jib, and set the storm-jib. All hands were called up, and orders were given to have everything made fast and to be prepared for a blow. From moment to moment the wind increased in intensity, and the yacht began to roll and pitch more and more heavily, taking on board large quantities of water. The force of the wind was so great, and the sea running so high, that soon it was no longer possible to keep our course.

Under these circumstances it became a serious question whether we should be able to continue our voyage, for the *Gazelle* was not calculated to encounter such rough weather, and Sir John suggested to me that he might be forced to seek a shelter in some harbor on the French coast. I was much disturbed to learn that it was possible we might be compelled to put back, and insisted that we ought to trust in Providence, which had hitherto protected us. But I was greatly reassured when the Empress herself told us she was not afraid. She considered that she had escaped from a much more dangerous storm when she left her capital. Indeed, the courage and the unwavering fortitude which her Majesty showed during the whole voyage made a great impression upon everybody on board. Sir John, observing her Majesty's fearlessness, and believing it to be her wish that we should continue on our course, made no further reference to turning back.

But the gale continued, the violence of the gusts increased, and the yacht rolled badly in the heavy groundswell. In order to expose the small craft as little as possible to the severity of the tempest, her sails were closely reefed, except a small storm-sail, and her head brought up into the wind, where she lay plunging and rolling and making no headway, except by drifting with the tide or on short tacks. It was six o'clock when the Isle of Wight was first sighted, in the eye of the wind; and the worst of

the storm was yet to come. The night settled down thick and dark; the gusts of wind became still more frequent, and the rain fell in torrents, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning and sharp thunder. As the yacht reeled and staggered in the wild sea that swept over her deck and slapped her sides with tremendous force, it seemed as if she was about to be engulfed, and that the end indeed was near. At one moment the pounding on the deck was such that her Majesty sent to inquire what had happened —if any one had been hurt. But the *Gazelle,* although small, proved to be a stanch boat, and careen as she might under the force of the storm, she righted herself quickly and rose on the next big wave, buoyant as a cork. The Empress told me afterward that during this night she several times thought we were sinking, and that the noise and the creaking were such as to cause her to believe the yacht would certainly go to pieces before many minutes. "I was sure we were lost," she said; "but, singular as it may seem, I did not feel alarmed in the least. I have always loved the sea, and it had for me no terrors then. Were I to disappear, I thought to myself, death, perhaps, could not come more opportunely, nor provide me with a more desirable grave."

Towards midnight the force of the gale began to abate, so we let out a reef in our mainsail; and the wind coming round more to the west, we began to send along quite briskly toward the Nut Light, which could be seen dead ahead. The weather continuing to improve, we reached Ryde Roads, and dropped anchor there about four o'clock on the morning of September 8th. As soon as she heard that we were safely across the Channel, her Majesty requested me to thank the crew, as an expression of our appreciation of their services, and at the same time I handed them some gold coins, which, it was suggested, they might keep as souvenirs of the voyage.

The sun was just rising when we left Sir John's yacht

to go ashore. We landed at the pier, and having passed the toll-gate, where we were stopped for a moment, we first directed our steps to the Pier Hotel, very near the jetty. But here, probably because of the early hour, or our shabby appearance—on foot and without luggage—we were refused admittance; the reason, however, very politely given, was that there were no rooms unoccupied. We then walked up George Street until we came to the York Hotel. Here I asked for rooms for our party, but the woman to whom I spoke, apparently hardly deeming us worthy of an answer, left us and kept us waiting for a long while before she at last returned, saying that we could be accommodated. She then showed us up to the top of the house, where we were led into some very small rooms, which we told her would do for the present; for we were glad to find even such a resting-place as this, after the discomforts and emotions we had experienced during our perilous passage across the English Channel. On her asking for our names, I wrote upon a bit of paper, "Mr. Thomas and sister, with a lady friend."

As I was about to leave the ladies, in order that they might give some of their clothes to the chambermaid to be cleaned and dried, and have a chance to dress, it was discovered that the gown worn by her Majesty could not at once be entrusted to the domestics of the house, for it was attached to a belt upon which was fastened a large silver "E" surmounted by a crown. This ornament had first to be removed, since it would undoubtedly have attracted immediate notice. Her Majesty therefore handed this garment out to me through the half-opened door; and after making the necessary change in it, I took it down-stairs to have it cleaned and dried as well and as quickly as possible by the kitchen fire. When the ladies had dressed, and rested for a time, we sat down to breakfast, which was very welcome to us, for on board the yacht

we had eaten little, and became keenly aware of our famished condition soon after our feet had touched *terra firma.* We would surely have liked to repose for a day or two, now that we were safe in England; for none of us had been able to get much, if any, sleep during the preceding four days, and, besides, we were each one of us thoroughly worn out under the incessant stress of our anxieties and responsibilities. But we did not yield to this temptation, for we were too eager to know what had happened during the days that we had been cut off from every source of information, and, furthermore, felt that we must be ready, at a moment's notice, to leave for a destination to be determined by the circumstances.

I therefore, soon after breakfast, went into the town to see what news there might be of interest to us; for I knew that the plans and movements of the Empress were necessarily dependent upon the political situation created by the events immediately succeeding the fall of the Imperial Government, and more particularly, and directly, on news concerning the Prince Imperial, whom she was most anxious to hear from and to see.

In a morning paper that I bought, it was reported that the Prince had arrived at Hastings. I felt that, if this news should prove to be correct, it would be, of course, my duty to bring the mother and son together as quickly as possible. Since, however, I did not place much confidence in what I had read, the papers accepting at the time so many rumors for facts, and fearing the report might excite her Majesty unnecessarily, I concluded to simply state to her that it would, in my opinion, be well to go on at once to Brighton. There I hoped to learn the truth; and Brighton was on the direct road to, and not far from, Hastings.

Upon my return to the hotel I found the Empress sitting with an open Bible in her hand. Her Majesty,

not being aware of the English custom of keeping in the rooms of hotels copies of the Old and New Testaments, told me that she was quite surprised to find this book upon the table, and that, regarding its presence as providential, she had opened the volumes to see upon what passage her eyes would first fall. She had found some very hopeful and encouraging words; they were: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters."

In consequence of this oracular message, or from some other cause more natural, she had become quite cheerful and composed. And when she heard my proposal to take her to Brighton, where, I told her, I hoped to hear news regarding the Prince Imperial, she seemed to be delighted, and eager to go.

We were very soon ready to start, and leaving the hotel, went down to the pier to embark on the steamer going to Southsea. The *Princess Alice,* which we found at the landing-stage, took us to the place mentioned, and thence by tramway we went on to Portsmouth. Here we bought tickets for Brighton; and, when we had come to this well-known watering-place, hearing there was a Queen's Hotel in the town—as this name seems always of good omen to me in England—I called a cab and directed the driver to take us to this hotel. My expectation was correct; here we found excellent accommodations.

Every arrangement having been made that the ladies should be comfortably provided for, I went out to look about and see if I could ascertain whether the news concerning the Prince, which I had seen in the paper at Ryde, was correct. The London evening papers, which had just arrived, confirmed the report that the Prince was in England; and soon after I met several friends on the Promenade, who, to my inquiries, replied that the

Prince was actually at Hastings, and stopping at the Marine Hotel.

My doubts being thus removed, I returned to the Queen's Hotel, and during dinner repeated what I had heard. This news had an electrical effect upon her Majesty. She rose up quickly, left the table, and insisted upon going immediately to meet her son. Seeing that all remonstrance would be in vain, I asked the porter of the hotel at what hour trains for St. Leonard's would be leaving, and learned that, if we wished to take the next train, we should have but a few minutes to spare. We therefore hastily got ready to leave the hotel, procured a closed cab, and arrived at the railway station just before the train left.

The name St. Leonard's I had not chosen at random, for I really wished to go only as far as this place, which is the last station before arriving at Hastings. I thought it would not be wise for her Majesty to go to her son, it being rather his duty to come to her, after I had announced to him her arrival in England and where he could meet her. Although, from the point of view of sentiment and affection, it might be a matter of indifference as to where the meeting should take place, or whether the son should come to his mother or the mother should go to her son, I was certain that, in case her Majesty's arrival in England should become publicly known, her every step would be reported and commented upon in the newspapers, and I thought it was not to her interest at this time to become the subject of much publicity.

Another reason why I desired her Majesty should not go to Hastings was the fact that the words "Marine Hotel," the name of the house where the Prince had taken rooms, suggested to my mind a kind of sailors' boarding-house, or hotel of the second-class. For this thought I beg the pardon of the most excellent people who kept the hotel, which proved to be all that could be wished,

and who treated the Prince, as well as the Empress and myself, with the greatest kindness from the moment of our arrival until our departure.

Then again, before we left Brighton I knew nothing of Hastings, never having been there; but I had heard that in St. Leonard's there was a large and well-known hotel, which I thought would be a place where her Majesty could meet her son very properly and conveniently. Being nevertheless afraid that I should meet with objections from her Majesty were I to advise her not to go on to Hastings, I kept my own counsel, and, without her knowledge, took tickets only as far as St. Leonard's. This device proved, however, to be in vain, for her Majesty, on getting out of the train, inquired at once, "Is my son here?"

"No—n-not exactly here," I stammered out, "b-but quite near—at—at the next station. As soon as we have secured rooms at the hotel I will go there and bring him over."

Of this the Empress would not hear. And although I stated to her my apprehensions with respect to the comments of the press, and my doubts as to the respectability of the Marine Hotel, and finally drew her attention to the fact that it would be better to wait until next morning for a meeting, as the evening was advanced and she was much fatigued, her Majesty was so anxious to see the Prince that she would not listen to my remonstrances, and insisted upon going by the very next train to Hastings. Upon inquiry, we found that this train would leave within twenty-five minutes, and not knowing Hastings was so near St. Leonard's that we could easily have driven there in a cab, we walked up and down the platform to pass away the time. The twenty-five minutes which we had to wait seemed a century, so to speak, to the Empress, she was in such haste, so nervously impatient, to see her son. And Madame Lebreton and I were greatly relieved,

for her Majesty's sake, when the train that was to take us on entered the station.

It was about ten o'clock when we arrived at Hastings. Leaving the ladies in the Havelock Hotel, near the railway station, I went myself to the Marine Hotel, where the Prince Imperial was staying. When I asked the person in the office to announce me to his Imperial Highness, I was told that I would probably not be able to see the Prince that night, since it was already late, and his Highness had wished to retire early, on account of an indisposition from which he had suffered during the last few days. "If, however," said the clerk, "you choose to mount the stairs, you will find in the drawing-room some of the friends of the Prince, who no doubt can give you information about him." Hearing this, I went up to this room, and when the door was opened, I saw his Highness, surrounded by several gentlemen who had come with him from the Continent. As soon as the Prince saw me, he stepped quickly towards me, and exclaimed: "Have you any news of my mother? Where is she? Nobody can tell me whether she is still in Paris, or whether she has left France. It is now four days that no one has known what has become of her. And I am so anxious! Do tell me if you have heard anything about her!"

The rapidity with which the Prince spoke, scarcely waiting for an answer, indicated very clearly his deep concern for his mother's safety, the warmth of his affection for her, and that now she was the principal subject of his thought.

"Oh," I replied, as soon as I had a chance to speak, "I am sure your mother is safe. She is not in France; and I have just heard she is in England, having reached here some time to-day."

"But where did she land? Where is she now?"

"With friends, I understand, under whose protection

she left Paris. If your Highness will wait a little while, I will make further inquiries, and perhaps, on my return, I shall be able to inform you positively where your mother now is."

The Prince, as soon as I held out to him the hope of receiving news of his mother, was greatly delighted, and said he should most certainly not retire for the night until he had heard what I had to report. Promising that I would not keep him waiting long, I left the Prince, and returned to the Empress to announce to her that I had seen her son, and to arrange with her a time and place for their meeting.

The reader may perhaps be surprised that I did not at once tell the Prince Imperial the whole truth. It was because I saw from the manner of the Prince, immediately he spoke to me, that to do so would not be expedient. He was, as all who knew him personally are aware, of a highly sensitive and emotional nature. He was then only fourteen years old, and, after his father had become a prisoner, had been hurried through Belgium to England, and from one excitement to another, without rest either of body or mind, until his nerves were in a state of extreme tension. I therefore thought it prudent to let him at first, only know that there was good reason to believe his mother was safe, and to prepare his mind for the reunion with her by suggesting to him that such a meeting might be expected very soon.

On my way back I was still thinking how I could induce the Empress to receive her son at her own hotel, for I believed this to be the better plan, for reasons which I have stated above; but as soon as I found myself once more in the presence of her Majesty, I saw that no reason I could give for a postponement of the meeting would find favor with her. All her thought seemed entirely engrossed by the hopes and anticipations of this meeting. On entering the room, I found her sitting in a chair in exactly the

same position in which I had left her, with a little satchel in her hand, and waiting, apparently ready to start off at a moment's notice. The instant she saw me she sprang up, and rushing towards me, said:

"Tell me, have you seen my son? Is he well? How does he look?"

These and similar questions followed each other in quick succession. As soon as I had informed her Majesty that I had seen the Prince; that, with the exception of a slight cold, he seemed to be in good health; and had told her how anxious he had been to receive news of his mother, nothing could keep her any longer in the room; and half drawing me with her to the door, she hurried me out of the house and into the street, exclaiming: "Where is he? Let me go to him at once!"

Running rather than walking through the streets, we directed our steps towards the Marine Hotel; and in a few moments we—the Empress, Madame Lebreton, and myself—stood in the office of the building which I had left scarcely half an hour before. When I announced to the hotel proprietor that we desired to see the Prince Imperial, he looked closely at the Empress, and taking her, as he afterward told me, on account of her having put the cape of her waterproof over her head, for a Sister of Charity, replied that it was too late; that he thought the Prince had retired to his room and did not wish to see any one. We told him we did not think so; that, in any event, we would go up-stairs and see. But having reached the top of the staircase, an English *valet-de-chambre*, who had evidently heard our conversation or guessed our intention, barred our way with the words: "The Prince has gone to bed. If you wish to see him you will have to come another day."

During my brief interview with the Prince I had observed that folding-doors separated the drawing-room from another room, which was probably, as I thought, in the

private suite of his Highness. While the valet was still talking, I saw there was an entrance from the corridor where we stood into this room. Pushing by him, without speaking another word, I opened the door, and seeing at a glance that the room was occupied by the Prince, hurried her Majesty and Madame Lebreton into it, and leaving them, walked into the drawing-room where the Prince was standing.

Upon encountering his inquiring look, I simply pointed to the door through which I had entered. He understood me, and in another moment he was in the presence of his mother.

What a moment in the history of these two persons! This noble woman, who had kept up so bravely during the most trying hours of her flight, could restrain her emotion no longer. The tears of joy flowed abundantly, and her lips murmured words of thanks to Heaven, which had preserved to her that son who had been her pride and delight, and the sight of whom now caused her to forget all she had lost and all she had suffered.

But was the past quite forgotten at this meeting? Had really all remembrance of those days of splendor and triumph vanished from her memory?

No, indeed, the past could not have been forgotten by her; for although joy and gratitude filled her heart, as she pressed her child to her breast, this joy was mingled with sorrow. What pictures must have flashed across her mind, what thoughts have disturbed her soul?—the memory of her happy childhood; her brilliant womanhood; the realization of her most daring wishes; her son, the heir to the glory and the throne of Napoleon; and, at last, the downfall that came like a thunderbolt from a serene sky, annihilating all the splendor which for so many years had surrounded her, and leaving her a homeless, helpless woman, with her son, both fugitives in a foreign land.

However inarticulate her thoughts, she must have been vividly impressed by her immediate surroundings, and felt their deep significance, as she stood before me, embracing her son with tears of joy and sorrow in her eyes. The Prince, unable to control his emotion, sobbed as he rested in his mother's arms, and in broken sentences told how he had grieved for her, and how rejoiced he was to be with her once more.

The spontaneous and impulsive manifestations of maternal and filial affection, of which I was a witness on this occasion, were, under the special circumstances, extremely touching, and I stepped out of the room, overcome by a feeling of sympathy and profound pity, leaving mother and son to themselves, alone.

And what a meeting! She, who only a few days before was the most exalted, the most envied sovereign in Europe, now deserted by all who had been proud to obtain a glance from her eye or a word from her lips, is unable to offer to her child, whose Imperial heritage has vanished, anything but Love—the imperishable love of a mother. What a drama! And yet what a triumph! For the glory of the world passeth away, and love endureth forever.

After a while the Prince Imperial came to me and expressed in the warmest terms his thanks for my having restored his mother to him, for he had now learned from her that it was to me that she had gone for protection when she found herself in the streets of Paris alone and helpless, and that I had brought her in safety to England. It was plainly to be seen, from his bright and happy face, that the loss of an Empire had troubled him much less than his anxiety for her whom he loved so dearly, and of whose fate he had so long been kept in ignorance. And those must have been bitter hours for the heir to the French Empire—his father

a prisoner in the enemy's country, his mother probably at the mercy of a mob, perhaps already a victim, while he himself was fleeing for safety to a foreign shore, and vainly trying to ascertain what had taken place since he had left the head-quarters of the French army!

But here, at Hastings, mother and son were reunited, and the first ray of sunlight pierced the darkness which for many days had covered the destiny of the Imperial family.

Before the Empress had met her son, it was agreed between us that she should return to Brighton after their meeting; but this plan, very naturally, was not executed. Mother and son had no wish to separate after they had found each other. On this account former plans were changed, and the Empress and the Prince Imperial remained together in Hastings.

It was at a rather late hour that I left the Marine Hotel and returned to the Havelock Hotel, where we had temporarily stopped on arriving at Hastings. On the following morning, when I went to the Marine Hotel to learn the Empress' wishes, to my great regret I found her confined to her bed from exhaustion, and suffering also from a severe cold. Her Majesty had already a slight cold when she came to my house on September 4th, and it was no wonder that her exposure on our journey through France, and during the rough night on the Channel, had aggravated it. Besides, the continued excitement and loss of sleep, and the anxiety to which she had been subjected for many days, and weeks even, were too much for human strength to support; and although she had kept up bravely under the most severe trials, and had not given way while she was sustained by the hope of seeing her son, now that this most fervent wish of her heart had been realized, a reaction followed, which kept her in her room for several days.

Her Majesty's arrival in England was now publicly

announced, and friends began to gather about her—the Duke and Duchess de Mouchy, M. de Lavalette, the Princess Murat, and others. But the situation in France, which grew more serious from day to day, made it probable that her Majesty's sojourn in England would last for weeks, perhaps for months; and possibly the thought may have already occurred to her that England might become her permanent home. However this may have been, Hastings was not at this time a desirable place of residence for the Empress. There were too many people coming and going, and it was also the rendezvous of too much fashion and too much curiosity. The Empress very soon began to be annoyed, and she expressed to me a wish that I would obtain for her, as quickly as possible, a suitable residence, where she might feel that she had some personal freedom, and where she could conveniently receive her friends.

On Sunday, the 11th, I received a telegram from Mrs. Evans, to whom I had reported our arrival at Ryde soon after we landed there. In this telegram she informed me that she, in company with Doctor and Miss Sharpless, old friends from Philadelphia, who had been with us at the Hôtel du Casino in Deauville, would, coming by way of Dieppe, arrive at Newhaven on Wednesday morning, September 14th. And there I went to meet her. The boat came in several hours behind time, after a terribly rough passage. It was crowded with refugees, men, women, and children all huddled together, everybody sick, large numbers on deck, drenched and looking utterly miserable. My poor wife had been "dreadfully ill," but quickly recovered on coming ashore. She accompanied me to Hastings, where we took rooms at the Albion Hotel.

As soon as we were settled there we made excursions into the country almost every day, visiting the villas which were to let, and trying to obtain a suitable residence for

the Empress. I had, when this matter was first mentioned to me, entered into correspondence with a number of house-agents; and a residence in Torquay, which I visited, I found very attractive. Indeed, I was so convinced it left nothing to be desired as a temporary home for the Empress that I engaged to take it, conditionally. I was, however, obliged to cancel the arrangement which I had made, her Majesty having expressed to me a desire to live not far from London, as a matter of convenience to the friends who might wish to visit her; because, she said, "I wish to save them a long journey, and to many of them, also, the expense of going to a place so far from France might be embarrassing."

This generous consideration on the part of the Empress is in very striking contrast with the behavior of many of those in whose friendship at that time she still believed. The years have come and gone, but they have never thought it their duty or found it convenient to visit their exiled sovereign, who always felt so kindly towards them.

One humble, simple friend, however, did not hesitate to go to Hastings as soon as she heard that her former mistress and the Prince Imperial had arrived there. This person was Miss Shaw, the faithful nurse of the young Prince—"Nana," as he, when a child, used to call her. She had remained in the Tuileries as long as she had been permitted to do so, and then she left for England; for, although she had no idea of what had become of the Empress or the Prince, she nevertheless felt sure she should find his Imperial Highness in that country. To her great joy, on arriving at Dover she heard that the Prince, with Count Clary, had passed through Dover, coming from Belgium. On inquiring, she was informed he had gone to Hastings. Immediately she hastened to this place, and thus, as early as the 10th, she was able to see again "her

boy," as she always called the Prince, her affection for whom absorbed her whole soul.

This faithful woman had been sent to Paris by Sir Charles Locock, after the Empress' confinement, at the special request of her Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain; and her tender love for the Imperial child, and her unalterable devotion to the Imperial family, had fully justified the recommendations which had been given her. From the moment she entered the Palace of the Tuileries until the death of the Prince Imperial, all her energy, her whole life, was devoted to the welfare of the boy who had been confided to her care. She had in a short time gained the entire confidence of the Emperor and Empress, who wished her to remain as a guardian of the Prince in the palace when her duties as nurse were no longer required.

She not only had a care for the bodily welfare of her trust, but she tried to instil into the heart of the boy all the noble principles which are needed by one who is to become the ruler of a great nation; and she had also made it her duty to watch over the health of his soul. She had strictly kept him to the observance of his religious duties, which was the more remarkable, as she, being a Protestant, had charge of a child brought up in the Catholic faith. And while it was easy for her to develop in the open and impressionable mind of the young Prince a clear and abiding sense of right and of wrong, she did not fail to cultivate in him that reverence and respect for truth, and for law, which she herself felt as the result of her own English education.

When this excellent woman, who had always had an important voice in the councils of the Imperial family, if anything regarding the future of the Prince was to be decided, heard the sad news of the premature death of the young soldier in Zululand, she said to me: "He was too good for this world. God has saved him from severer trials, and I shall soon go to him."

Her apprehension proved to have been correct. The faithful nurse only outlived her foster-child by three years. She died in 1882.

Besides Miss Shaw and the persons whose names I have mentioned, there came to Hastings very few visitors. Those courtiers who had formerly been daily guests at the Palace of the Tuileries, did not come over to England until much later, after her Majesty had taken up her residence at Chislehurst.

Camden Place, Chislehurst, which afterward became so well known as the home of the Imperial family, I discovered by a fortunate accident, after searching many days in vain for a residence for the Empress in the neighborhood of London. Although I had seen a considerable number of fine houses, scarcely one of them seemed to me to be perfectly suitable or desirable, either on account of the locality or the accommodations, or on account of the conditions which the landlord wanted to impose upon the tenant, and occasionally these were even embarrassing, as, for example, when letters were addressed to me by gentlemen placing at her Majesty's disposal their houses and villas, free of every charge. It is scarcely necessary to say that these offers were most decidedly but courteously refused by the Empress.

In a conversation which I once had with the Emperor, he told me that some of the most agreeable days during his long sojourn in England had been passed at Tunbridge Wells. He praised the beautiful scenery, and spoke of the magnificent trees which he had seen there, and manifested a strong predilection for the place. The remembrance of this conversation induced me to see if it was possible to find a residence for the Imperial family at Tunbridge Wells; for we all hoped that the Emperor would soon be permitted by the Prussian Government to leave Wilhelmshöhe and rejoin his wife and son in England.

I consequently went to Tunbridge Wells, and succeeded in finding a place there which I thought would probably meet all the immediate requirements of the Imperial household; but just before speaking to the owner upon the subject, a gentleman mentioned to me Camden Place, at Chislehurst. He described it as a large and beautiful country-seat, close to London and yet secluded, saying it was just what I wanted, but that, unfortunately, it was not to let. Believing from the description he gave me that the place was really a very desirable one, and not allowing his last remark to deter me—after having heard that Chislehurst was so near London that it could be reached in twenty minutes from Charing Cross station—Mrs. Evans and I took tickets for this place.

On arriving at Chislehurst station, I hailed the first conveyance I saw, and a few minutes later we halted at the gate in front of Camden Place. At the entrance, Mrs. Taylor, the lodge-keeper, received us, and I asked her a few questions about the house. She replied that Camden Place could not be rented, and expressed doubt as to whether it could be visited. Hearing me, however, speak a few words in French to Mrs. Evans, she seemed to reconsider the matter, and exclaimed:

"Oh, if you speak French you may perhaps be admitted into the house. There is a gentleman living here —Mr. Foder—who also speaks French, and if you would like to see him I will go and call him."

With these words, after inviting us to come into the lodge, the lodge-keeper hastened to the house, and before long returned in company with a man who informed us that he had charge of the property, which belonged to a Mr. Strode. After we had conversed for a few moments, he very kindly offered to show us over the place—an offer we gladly accepted.

The house was a large, well-constructed building, built of brick and stone, with projecting wings in front, sur-

mounted by balustraded parapets. The façade was well exposed and very handsome. The house was approached by a fine sweep of roadway, and contained, as I ascertained on inquiry, several large living-rooms, twenty or more bedrooms, and the offices for a full establishment. The stable accommodation also was ample. I saw at once that the grounds were quite extensive, and handsomely laid out. The main avenue from the gate to the house was lined with elms and beeches, and the broad stretches of well-kept lawn were broken here and there by foliage plants and beds of flowers, and were decorated with statuary; while, not far from the house, a massive group of cedars branched out conspicuously and threw into relief the body of the building. The impression produced upon us, as we passed through the park, was extremely pleasing; the color was so soft and yet so varied, the calm, the restfulness, so complete, that the place seemed to be indeed an ideal retreat for one seeking a surcease from the turmoil and trouble of the world. Upon entering the house, we were surprised to find in it so many articles of French manufacture. The long hall lighted by a skylight, the large drawing-room, the fine staircase leading to the floor above, and the arrangement of the very handsome rooms, with the furniture and other fittings, gave me at once the impression of being in a veritable French château. I was consequently not surprised when I was told that some of the furniture came from the Château of Bercy; but it was certainly remarkable, as was discovered some time afterward, that several of the pieces of carved mahogany in the dining-room were exactly similar to a number that, on the demolition of this château, had been purchased by the Empress at the same auction sale of the woodwork and other fixtures, and had been placed in the residence she had built in Paris for her sister, the Duchess of Albe. Moreover, the building was beautifully situated; in a word, it seemed to me more attractive than any I had visited

CAMDEN PLACE.

during the previous days, and pleased me greatly. I therefore, observing the excellent French taste with which Camden House was furnished, remarked to Mr. Foder that it afforded me much pleasure to see myself again, so to say, in a French *intérieur*. Then, leading the conversation to France itself, and speaking of the misfortunes which had so recently befallen that nation, and of the sad consequences which they must have, not only for that beautiful land but also for many of its inhabitants, and especially for the Imperial family, I at last said it was for this family, some of whose members were then in England, that I was seeking a residence. The conversation which followed led in a few moments to the plain statement that our object in coming here was to inquire if Camden Place could possibly be obtained for her Majesty, the Empress of the French. When Mr. Foder heard this, he told me that although Camden Place was not to be leased, he believed that Mr. Strode, whose French sympathies were very strong, and who had often spoken with admiration of the Imperial family, would gladly place his property at the disposal of the Empress and her son, without asking any remuneration for it.

To this remark I replied that many such offers had already been made and refused; but that if the house could be rented, I would like to engage it, as I considered it the most suitable of all I had seen, and was sure her Majesty would be pleased with my choice, not only because the house was conveniently near London, but also on account of the extent and disposition of the grounds about it, and the arrangement of the interior, which even to its furnishing was French; besides, Camden Place was near a Catholic church, and this, I knew, would be very agreeable to the Empress, who always faithfully attended the services of her church, wherever and whenever it was possible for her to do so.

Thereupon Mr. Foder kindly proposed to go to London

by the next train, to state the case to Mr. Strode, whom he said he was sure to find at the Garrick Club that night. This proposal I accepted with thanks, and after leaving my address, Mrs. Evans and I returned to Hastings.

The next day, September 22d, I again took Mrs. Evans to Chislehurst to see the house in question. We examined it very thoroughly. My wife thought it really "palatial," and the situation "exquisite," so calm and restful were the surroundings. We afterward went on together to London, where we lunched with Mr. Strode.

At a late hour the same evening I received a despatch from Mr. Foder, making an appointment with me to meet him at Chislehurst the following morning; and upon arriving at Camden Place the next day at the appointed hour, we heard that Mr. Strode, who had been obliged to remain in London, had consented to let his property to her Majesty.

This was welcome news, not only to me but to Madame Lebreton and Mademoiselle d'Albe, the Empress' niece, who, having come up that morning from Hastings to visit the place, had both been greatly pleased with the house and the situation. We therefore—Mr. Foder and I—at once drew up a lease by which Camden Place was to be rented for a given time, at a given rate, and on terms entirely satisfactory to all parties.

A few weeks later, on my last visit to Camden Place before leaving for the Continent, Mr. Foder took me to the railway station in a light carriage, which was drawn by a very fine but rather unruly horse. We proceeded at a rapid pace, evidently to the delight of the owner of the horse, and one could not deny that the animal possessed remarkable qualities and was very spirited; but its gait was unsteady, it was apparently imperfectly broken, and it had an eye that indicated a fiery and capricious temperament. Seeing that Mr. Foder was greatly pleased with the spirit and action of the animal, and thinking he

might desire to have the horse display its points before other visitors, and possibly the new occupants of Camden Place, I said to him, when bidding him good-by: "Mr. Foder, I am greatly obliged to you for bringing me to the station, and am especially thankful that I have got here safe and sound; but you will do me a favor by promising me not to offer your horse either to her Majesty or to the Prince Imperial, for I fear some accident might happen."

"The horse is high-spirited, but perfectly safe," he replied; "nevertheless, I will make the promise you desire, to remove your apprehensions, which I assure you are quite groundless."

Not long after, the intelligence reached me that, while being driven one day to the station, this horse became uncontrollable, and, dashing down the road, ran against a tree and upset the carriage, throwing Mr. Foder to the ground and killing him on the spot.

"Oh!" I then said to myself, "it was perhaps well that I obtained that promise. How easily her Majesty or the young Prince might have met with a similar fate!"

Alas, no word of caution could break the spell of fate that rested upon Camden Place!

Going on to Hastings, I went to the Empress, who had given me full power to settle matters with Mr. Strode, and had consented to indorse all my arrangements without personally inspecting the property, and I informed her that I had come to an agreement with the landlord of Camden Place, and that a new home was ready for her.

Her Majesty received this announcement with the greatest satisfaction, and told me that she would like to leave for her new residence as early as possible. Having spoken to the station-master of her Majesty's intentions, the next morning a message from the railway office arrived at the Marine Hotel, announcing that orders had been received

from London to place a special train at the disposal of the Empress, and those who should accompany her to Chislehurst.

Her Majesty, as soon as she saw me, told me of this communication, and said she could not accept the offer, and asked me to be kind enough to tell the officials that she preferred to make use of the ordinary passenger-train in the afternoon. I stated the Empress' choice to the station-master, only requesting him, as a small favor, that, after all the passengers had taken their seats, and after the doors of the carriages had been closed, the train should remain for a few minutes in the station and await the arrival of the Empress and the persons accompanying her.

This favor was kindly granted, and enabled her Majesty at the moment of her departure to take her seat without being annoyed by the curiosity of the passengers.

When our party, which consisted of the Empress, the Prince Imperial, Mademoiselle d'Albe, Madame Lebreton, two gentlemen who had come with the Prince Imperial from the Continent, and myself, arrived at Chislehurst, we found at the station, in consequence of an order which I had given the day previous, two "four-wheelers," as the large hackney-coaches are called in England, in readiness for us; and, by the tact and kindness of the station-master of the place, these vehicles were placed at the side opposite the one from which the passengers usually alight; so that we were able to enter our carriages without having to pass through the waiting-room. A few moments later we drove up to Camden Place, the residence which the Empress took possession of on Saturday, September 24th, 1870, and where so many memorable events in the history of the Imperial family afterward happened.

Soon after our arrival, an excellent dinner was served in the large and very elegant dining-room, but no one

seemed to take much interest in it. Nor was the conversation very lively or engaging, as might well be expected under the circumstances, and we all retired to our respective rooms at an early hour.

The Empress, on the first night, occupied the large front room on the second floor, directly over the drawing-room, while the Prince Imperial slept in the room which later became the Emperor's cabinet; and I had the honor of occupying the chamber which afterward was used as a study by the Prince.

I shall always retain a vivid remembrance of that first night in the new residence of her Majesty.

I could sleep but very little. The chamber was musty and chilly, for it had not been occupied for a long time, and the walls were full of moisture. Although the room was comfortably furnished and its appearance cheerful, I felt depressed and gloomy, and realized more fully than I ever had before the significance of the change which had come over the fortunes of her Majesty. This was quite natural. The narrow quarters, the discomforts, whatever had previously happened to us, had been to me only the incidents of a journey; while with our arrival at Chislehurst a new life began for the Empress, and everything suggested a long sojourn here—in fact, that the home of her Majesty was to be no more in the Palace of the Tuileries, but at Camden Place.

The thought of this was sufficient to prevent sleep from coming to the eyes of a friend who sympathized deeply with the sovereign on whom he had seen Fortune lavish her most splendid gifts, the victim now of unparalleled disaster, but with a soul rising superior to every blow of Fate, brave and great-hearted still.

I was indeed glad when the morning came and the first rays of the sun were entering through the windows. The splendid light of the rising sun fills the heart with cheerful thoughts, and a new day is like the opening of

a new chapter in our fortunes. So when I looked out, and saw the glittering shrubbery, and the sheen of the grassy lawn on which the dew had fallen heavily during the night, I seemed to feel that this quiet, beautiful Sunday morning was a harbinger of brighter and happier days for the mother who had at last found a refuge and a home for herself and her son on English soil.

The Empress awoke refreshed by repose, lightsome of heart, with a smiling face, and full of gratitude to God for having shielded her from danger, and full of hope in the future of her son.

Her first act on this day was to visit the church across the Common, to render thanks for infinite mercies and to invoke the Divine blessing. We all accompanied her and the Prince Imperial to the place where, at eleven o'clock, High Mass was to be celebrated. The small community who came regularly to this service had already taken their seats, and there was no place reserved for us, for no notice of the arrival of the Empress had reached Monsignor Goddard, the clergyman, or the inhabitants of Chislehurst. We went into the church by the back entrance, and finding no seat unoccupied, but seeing a few vacant benches without backs, took our places on these. And so the Empress, the first time she attended religious service at Chislehurst, sat with the poor of the parish. None of the worshipers had any suspicion of the presence among them of so illustrious a personage.

Times change. Visitors at the little chapel at Chislehurst—"St. Mary's Church," as it is called—have since often seen her Majesty in the place of honor. Many persons of high birth visited it in after-years. And it finally gained a gloomy renown as the temporary sepulchre of the unfortunate Emperor and his beloved son.

Camden Place took its name from Camden, the antiquary, who lived there and died there. It was for a time

the property of Lord Camden, but was afterward purchased by Mr. Thomas Bonar, a wealthy city merchant, and was subsequently sold to Mr. and Mrs. Rowles, of Stratton Street, London. After passing through the hands of two or three other persons, it became the property of Mr. N. W. J. Strode, of London, the present owner.

Camden Place has had a remarkable history.

I was rather surprised as well as pleased to learn, soon after taking a lease of the property, that while the Rowles family were living here Prince Louis Bonaparte was a frequent visitor to the house, and that the place was well known to him, and agreeably associated in his mind with the memory of several charming people with whom he was intimate during those years of exile in England, when, to use his own words, he "was so happy and so free." It has even been said the Prince so fell in love with Miss Emily Rowles that they were for a time actually engaged to be married. This much is certain: the lady having afterward married the Marquis Campana, who became involved in serious difficulties with the Papal Government, the Prince, who had now become Emperor, gave to her husband his powerful protection. And there is no doubt that Camden Place was remembered by his Majesty then, and to the end of his life, as the scene of a romantic attachment that adds interest to the sad story of his own residence at Chislehurst.

But a shadow passed over the house not long after its occupancy by the Rowles family. Mrs. Rowles was an Italian, a woman of wit, great beauty, and distinction, who had many admirers, and many misfortunes also. While living in Stratton Street, early in her married life, a brilliant young lawyer, rising rapidly in his profession, became so infatuated with this lady that he thought he could not live without her, and so destroyed himself; and while living at Camden Place, Mr. Rowles for some reason grew so despondent, that he, it would seem, came to the conclu-

sion that he could not live even with her, and thereupon he killed himself.

A little later, as part of the earlier history of the house, a story was told me that shocked me greatly at the time, and left a sinister impression upon my mind.

On the morning of May 31st, 1813, the owner of Camden Place, Mr. Bonar, was found dead upon the floor of his bedroom, and his wife dying in her bed near by. Each had apparently been beaten to death with some heavy instrument. Their skulls were crushed, their bodies horribly bruised and mangled, and they lay weltering in their blood. It was evident, from the appearance of the room, the furniture, and the clothing of Mr. Bonar, who was a very strong man, that the murderer had accomplished his purpose only after a terrible struggle. Not a servant in the house had heard a sound; not an article of value had been removed; the Bonars were not known to have an enemy in the world. Who could have committed the murder, and the motive that prompted it, were alike mysteries. One or two arrests were made, but *alibis* were successfully proved. Finally suspicion fell on a footman employed by the family, who bore an excellent reputation. When brought before the Lord Mayor, the man—Nicholson by name—at first denied, but afterward confessed his guilt. When asked why he had killed his employers, his answer was that he bore them no ill-will; that the idea of robbing them never entered his mind; but that on waking up about three o'clock in the morning, he was seized with an irresistible impulse to kill his master and mistress; and that, winding a sheet about him as a disguise, and taking a heavy iron poker which was lying by the grate, he went upstairs to the large sleeping-room occupied by the Bonars, entered it, and having first struck Mrs. Bonar a powerful blow on the head, aimed another at Mr. Bonar, who immediately sprang up and grappled with him. After a desperate struggle that lasted ten or fifteen minutes, Mr.

Bonar fell exhausted; and "having beaten him over the head with the poker, I left him," he said, "groaning on the floor."

Nicholson was tried at the Maidstone Assizes for *petty treason,* the indictment curiously averring that he, being a servant, had *traitorously* murdered his master and mistress. His condemnation and execution followed as a matter of course.

When the rope was round his neck, as he stood on the scaffold, he was asked if he had anything to say. Clasping his shackled hands together as closely as he could, his last words were, "As God is in heaven, it was a momentary thought, as I have declared before—" and before he could speak another word, the drop fell.

A curious detail remains to be told. A son of Mr. Bonar, upon whom at first suspicion fell, becoming almost insane in consequence of this shocking murder, and of the fact that any one could for a moment suppose him to be a parricide, passed most of his time in the cemetery at the grave of his parents. Here he caused a costly tomb to be erected; and directing in his will that his own body should be laid by the side of his parents, had cut in the stone the words, "It is I; be not afraid."

As often happens, the facts are forgotten and the fiction survives in legend. So, in this case, the imaginary crime, the fancied guilt of the unhappy son hovers about this enigmatical, if scriptural, inscription.

The Prince Imperial, whose curiosity was moved by it when he first saw it, seemed to doubt whether it was to be considered as the confession of a parricide, who had used the phrase the better to effect his purpose; or as the utterance of a compassionate son, who feared lest the reopening of the tomb to receive his body might alarm his beloved in their last repose. And he often put this question to his companions as a conundrum.

But on the floor of the principal bedroom—the one

occupied by the Empress—and on the handsome stairway of Camden Place, dark stains and the prints of bloody feet long remained, the ghastly witnesses of a crime, to haunt the mind with ghostly figures in the silent watches of the night; and a presage, as it were, of events to come sixty or more years later, when two other dead bodies were to lie in the same house—those of a father and his son, each also the victim of a tragedy.

For two or three weeks, affairs relating principally to the establishment of her Majesty in her new home kept me at Chislehurst, or in its immediate neighborhood. I saw the Empress daily, and was surprised to observe how rapidly she recovered her health and spirits, and adjusted herself to her new surroundings; and this in spite of the fact that she was far from being free from much personal anxiety and very grave political responsibilities. But one of her most characteristic traits has always been her power to put aside the subjects she no longer cares to think about, and to give herself up freely and fully to the impressions and suggestions of the present moment. The conversations I had with her generally related to non-political affairs. But however commonplace the subject-matter might chance to be, I observed with great pleasure that it was now almost sure to be made the occasion of some original comment, or of some bright sally that brought a smile to the lips of those who heard it, and to which the laughter in her own eyes was the sympathetic and charming response—in a word, that her Majesty was herself again. And yet there was a seemingly ineradicable sadness at the bottom of her heart that gave a color to her thoughts, and that from time to time revealed itself when least expected.

One afternoon, when we were walking in the Park, she stopped suddenly, and looking across the lawn for a moment, exclaimed: "How beautiful is the sward, so green, so smooth! When in the country at this season of the

year, one loves to walk with one's eyes on the ground; for the sky is rarely clear, but the grass is always fair and delightful to look at, and so restful to the eyes. Indeed, the country would seem to be the place to which we should take our sorrows. Overwhelmed as I am with anxiety, with a strange and terrible sense of loneliness, I feel like looking down; and after I have done so for a while, it gives me such relief! How different it was with me when a girl in Spain! I walked then with head erect, and looked at the cloudless sky. The earth beneath was less attractive to me in those days when all before me and above me was so bright. But I was young then, and that, no doubt, is why I felt as I did." Then turning quickly, as if coming to herself, she said: "How wrong it is for me to complain! I, who have had so much, what right have I to complain now? I should think of those who have never had any of the privileges and gifts that I have enjoyed. And those who have lost much should not forget that they have had much, and that Fortune has been more generous to them than to those who have had nothing."

As we continued our walk about the grounds, the conversation drifted from one subject to another, until mention was made of some of the ladies who were conspicuous at the Court between 1855–60. "I can never forget," she said, "the impression made upon me by Madame S—— when I first saw her; she was a most amiable and lively woman, and extremely beautiful." "Yes," I remarked, "and still is; but she cannot bear to think that she is growing old; she makes herself quite unhappy about it." The Empress' reply was: "When those who have been called handsome begin to lose their good looks from the natural effects of time, they do wrong to make themselves unhappy about it. The women who lose their remarkable beauty as they grow old, are better off than their less-favored sisters, for these have failed to find in life what the others

have had—admiration. When old age comes on, handsome women should accept it and be thankful for the past.''

But how few are willing to do this! I have known many of the most beautiful women in Europe, and of all the celebrities I have known or seen, at one time or another, during my long acquaintance in court circles, very few indeed have ever learned how to grow old becomingly. The contrary has generally been the case. They have been distressed at the inevitable changes time was producing, and, forgetting that a graceful old age is still charming, too often have only succeeded in making themselves ridiculous by their vain attempts to repair the irreparable ravages that are wrought by the advance of the remorseless years.

I do not remember if during this conversation any reference was made to health as among the things for which we ought to be thankful. Yet I have often thought, and it recurs to me as I am writing these lines, that one of the Empress' greatest and most valuable personal possessions is the splendid health she has always enjoyed. It is this which enabled her during her Regency, and when she fell from power, and has enabled her since, in the hours of her greatest misfortune, to support physical exertions, and excitements, and suffering, and sorrow, that would have crushed to the earth a woman of less vitality and organic vigor and resiliency. From her girlhood until recent years the Empress has led a life of great activity—seemingly quite insensible to fatigue; and, even now (1897), although in her eighth decade, she finds her principal pleasure in journeys, or on her yacht; or, when at home, in daily drives and walks. It is only a few months ago, on my last visit to Farnborough, that her Majesty invited me to walk with her. The time passed pleasantly and quickly as always on these occasions, when everything about us was agreeable to the eye and suggestive of that light comment and talk for which her Majesty still possesses so rare a talent. But

if, on returning, I found the distance we had gone without a rest something more than a surprise to me—if, in a word, I discovered that her Majesty was the better walker of the two, I could only the more admire the firmness of her step as she entered the vestibule of her residence after this, in my opinion, rather too long a walk. And when she passed before the fine picture of Winterhalter, that hangs upon one of the walls of the vestibule, and in which she is represented seated among the ladies of her Court, the contrast between the painted portrait and the living subject, dressed in the deepest black, as she has always dressed since her widowhood, struck me very forcibly—the freshness and brilliancy of the coloring in the picture serving to bring into full relief the striking figure of this great lady as she looks to-day, and to which the advancing years have added the dignity and distinction of age.

CHAPTER XV

I VISIT THE EMPEROR—DIPLOMACY

I leave England—Queen Augusta—The prison and the prisoner—"The courtesy of the age"—My visit to the Emperor at Wilhelmshöhe—I visit the prison camps and hospitals—My return to England—France now isolated—The promise of the Czar—The Empress endeavors to limit the consequences of the French military disasters—She writes to the Emperor Alexander—She intercedes on behalf of the Republican Minister for Foreign Affairs—Count Bismarck is embarrassed—Diplomatic notes.

ON October 8th, as soon as her Majesty was fairly settled in her new residence, I left England for the purpose of going to Wilhelmshöhe to see the Emperor. I wished to give him the latest news from Chislehurst, and also an account of what I had done to effect the escape of her Majesty from Paris and from the jurisdiction of the Revolutionary Government. Although I, as an American, and as the President of the Sanitary Committee in Paris and a member of the International Red Cross Society, not only had the rights of a neutral, but was protected also by special privileges, I did not wish to expose myself to any delay on the way; and being afraid that my presence in Germany might create suspicion, I first went to Berlin, hoping to facilitate, through the mediation of Queen Augusta, my meeting with the French Emperor. To my great dismay, on arriving in the Prussian capital I learned that her Majesty had left the same evening for Homburg, and that I would be compelled to go there if I wished to see her. I at once returned to the railway station and took the express leav-

ing for that well-known watering-place. When I arrived there and announced my name at the castle, I was immediately admitted into the Queen's presence. That august lady received me with the words, "I know all that has happened, and what you have done, and I thank you sincerely for it."

I was astonished to find that her Majesty already knew so much of what I had intended to communicate to her. And when I gave expression to my surprise, she told me that she had heard of our flight, and the circumstances connected with it, directly from the Queen of England. She also said that as soon as she had received news of the arrival of the Empress at Ryde and of the manner in which her escape had been accomplished, she had felt sure I would go to see the Emperor the moment I was at liberty to do so. She congratulated me on having been chosen by Providence to do what had so happily been accomplished, and on my being able now to carry welcome news and messages from the Empress to the prisoner of Wilhelmshöhe, and told me that she would do all in her power to enable me to communicate with him without loss of time. After I had taken dinner at the castle, I entered one of the Court carriages, and, on arriving at the railway station, found that a seat had already been taken for me in the train. At the same time a telegram had been sent by her Majesty's secretary to Wilhelmshöhe, announcing the hour I should arrive, and asking, in case there should be no room in the palace itself, that apartments might be prepared for me in a neighboring hotel.

I left Homburg greatly moved at the thought that I was about to see the Emperor Napoleon III. a prisoner in the land of the enemy of the French.

On the 5th of September, at 9.50 P.M., the Emperor had arrived at Cassel in a special train, consisting of only two

carriages. An eye-witness who was present at the railway station at the time mentioned, says: "It was nearly ten o'clock when the passengers alighted. After a few servants and subaltern attendants had left the carriages, a short, stout gentleman descended. He wore a dark overcoat and the uniform of a French general. Slowly walking to an equipage that stood in waiting for him, he took a seat in it with another person and drove off. This gentleman was Louis Napoleon, two days before Emperor of the French and so recently commander of a great army, who, having been reduced by the catastrophe of Sedan and its consequences to the position of a prisoner of war, had arrived at his place of reclusion."

In order not to expose the dethroned sovereign, who was suffering severely from bodily infirmities, to too long a journey, the generous conqueror had chosen for his captive as a residence one of the most splendid palaces in Germany.

Only a few miles from Cassel, built by the Electors of Westphalia, Wilhelmshöhe is remarkable on account of the extent and beauty of its gardens, which are so embellished (not always in good taste, but at enormous expense) with cascades and fountains, colossal statues and flights of steps, that the place has been called the Versailles of Germany. The palace itself covers a large area, is richly decorated, and is filled with valuable works of art—paintings, ancient tapestries, and statues in bronze and marble. In 1870 it was completely furnished, just as it had been left by the Elector of Hanover when in 1866 he became the prisoner of the King of Prussia. And here one of the uncles of Napoleon III., King Jérôme of Westphalia, had resided. But, in the overbearing mood of a conqueror, Jérôme had shocked the good people of Cassel and its neighborhood by changing the name of the place and calling it Napoleonshöhe; and, as it were, by a bitter irony of Fate, it came to pass that in the palace thus

named a Napoleon did live, not as a reigning sovereign, but as a prisoner of war.

The Imperial prisoner, however, was treated by the Prussian King with the greatest consideration, and in a manner that was intended not to remind him of his unfortunate position. When he arrived at Wilhelmshöhe he found everything in readiness to make his sojourn at the palace most comfortable. There was a warm glow inside the splendid halls; generals, and gentlemen of the Royal household, were standing at the entrance to do the honors of the occasion; attendants were bustling about the palace and in the corridors, and everything was in gala to receive the distinguished guest.

"Times have changed since Mary was locked up by Elizabeth, or, to quote a more analogous case, since the youthful King of France was captured by the German Emperor, Charles V., on the battle-field of Pavia," says the correspondent of a well-known English newspaper when describing the treatment which Napoleon III. received in Prussia; and he adds, "Such is the aspect Royal imprisonment assumes in the courtesy of the present age."

It is strange, however, that before the mind of this writer, who seems to have been so familiar with analogous cases, the picture did not arise of the prison on a rocky island in the Atlantic, where the greatest military genius of our time perished in consequence of the brutal treatment of his jailers. When Napoleon III. arrived in Wilhelmshöhe, only forty-three years had elapsed since his famous uncle had been the victim of the cruelty of Sir Hudson Lowe; and if the late Emperor of the French received a kinder treatment, it was on account of the fact that he had fallen into the hands of a monarch who had sympathy with his enemy in his misfortune, but not because a new age of courtesy had arisen. Times change, but human character remains the same; and just as it would be ridiculous to maintain that in former times the

kind treatment of an enemy was unknown, just so unreasonable is it to pretend that in our so-called age of enlightenment and refinement, brutality and arrogance towards the vanquished have become impossible.

The treatment which was benevolently intended to make the fallen sovereign forget his hard fate could, however, only alleviate, but not remove, the pain that pierced his heart. The blow had been too terrible, and its immediate effect upon the health of the monarch, who had been suffering so much for some months previous from a painful malady, was now apparent even to the casual observer.

Herr Paul Lindau, one of the best-known writers of modern Germany, has described graphically the impression made upon him when he saw the Emperor on the day of his arrival at Wilhelmshöhe:

"I have seen the Emperor," he writes, "hundreds of times in Paris. Every line of his features is just as familiar to me as are those of my nearest friend; yet I declare with the greatest sincerity that when he arrived here I did not recognize him. I am not sentimental, and my nerves are of normal strength; but the shock that the contrast presented sent a shiver to my heart. Everybody is familiar with the way in which Napoleon's hair used to be arranged—the crisp curl so carefully trained, and the historical mustache with its waxed ends that gave to his countenance its distinguished expression. All that trim soldierly air was gone. A few straggling locks of hair were scattered in confusion over his forehead, and his untended mustache drooped heavily over his closed lips, betokening the despair that must have reigned in his soul. Napoleon moved no muscle; not a line in his face was stirred when he responded to the military salute. As he turned from right to left, no gleam of expression passed across his features. His eyes had lost every vestige of meaning, and he gazed on all about him, yet evidently seeing nothing.

"Such a full personification of total apathy I have never seen. It was not a living, human face I beheld; it was a lifeless, vacant mask. I could not withdraw my gaze from him; I could not admit the possibility of the fact; I could not realize that the wreck before me was the man whose voice was but a few weeks since so potent throughout the world; that this was the wise and mighty Emperor."

The foregoing description of the appearance of the French sovereign on the evening of his arrival at Cassel, written by a keen observer, gives an idea not only of the physical condition of the Emperor, but of his state of mind during those first days after the catastrophe of Sedan.

The sun was shining brightly when, the next morning, I came to the gate of the Park of Wilhelmshöhe, and, following the route that was marked by inscriptions pointing the way to the château, passed through a maze of trees and by clumps of shrubbery and patches of flowers blighted by the frost, and by the side of broad lawns strown with leaves that were now falling fast, until I came in sight of the famous palace that stood out suddenly before me, a dazzling, white mass, under the hill which was crowned by the statue of the Farnese Hercules.

I stopped for a few moments to admire the building, the statues, and the fountains, and the picturesque grouping of landscape effects; and then, ascending a flight of steps and crossing the broad terrace in front of the palace, I went to the entrance on the right, where I was received by an attendant, who accompanied me to the room that had been prepared for me.

The Emperor occupied a suite in the left wing of the palace, on the second floor. It was reached by a monumental staircase, and contained several rooms. The bedroom was at the extreme end of the suite, and was

very large, the bed itself standing in a sort of alcove. It was in this room that, soon after my arrival at Wilhelmshöhe, I was received by the Emperor. A table stood in the middle of the room. His Majesty sat in a chair between the bed and the table; he was smoking a cigarette, the remains of several lying upon a dish on the table. He looked pale and careworn. Never, while I live, shall I forget this meeting. Scarcely two months had elapsed since I had seen him going to place himself at the head of his troops, surrounded by a brilliant staff who dreamed of victory and glory. For some moments we remained silent; the situation was painful to me. Nor could his Majesty conceal his emotion. He then thanked me warmly for having come to him, and asked me what news I had brought from the Empress and the Prince Imperial. As I was almost the first person he had seen coming directly from the Empress since her arrival in England, he had a great many questions to ask; and, in particular, he wished me to narrate to him the details of the departure of the Empress from Paris, as they had never been reported to him. I described what had happened to the Empress from the time she left the Tuileries until her arrival in England, and what I myself had done for her up to the moment of her settling down in Chislehurst. The Emperor was so affected that frequently, during my rehearsal of the story, he was moved to tears. On my mentioning to him that her Majesty spent her last night in Paris beneath my roof, he interrupted me by inquiring what motive she had in deciding not to leave Paris on the night of the 4th. And when I told him my reasons for persuading her to remain overnight in my house, and which I have given in a previous chapter, he thanked me with much feeling, saying: "You have not only protected the Empress from harm; you also have prevented her enemies from saying that the Regent rashly deserted her capital."

When I had concluded my narration concerning the

flight of the Empress, I spoke of the kind reception given to me by Queen Augusta, and the sentiments which she had expressed when speaking of the assistance I had been able to render the Empress. To this the Emperor replied: "I am persuaded that this noble woman really meant what she said, for she has done everything to make me comfortable here, and I am treated with the most thoughtful and delicate kindness. I have been placed under no personal restraint whatsoever, but have been given the most complete liberty to go wherever I like, on foot or in a carriage, not only in the park but beyond its limits—a privilege of which I frequently avail myself. Thinking that it would be agreeable to me to have one of my countrymen as the head of my household, she has sent me her own steward, who is a Frenchman, and who, during the many years that he has been in her service, has gained her highest esteem. Besides, she has placed carriages and horses from her own stables at my disposal; and, in fact, I am treated by her Majesty rather like a guest than like a prisoner."

After we had conversed for more than an hour, the Emperor invited me to take a walk with him in the beautiful grounds surrounding the Palace of Wilhelmshöhe. For some time we continued our walk in the garden, while the Emperor related to me many reminiscences of his life. He avoided any reference to the political situation, which at the time was most critical in its import to the Imperial dynasty; nor did he allude to the events that had led up to it. The conversation was confined almost entirely to personal incidents and subjects. He spoke of the difference between the treatment he was now receiving and that which he was subjected to when at Ham, "where I learned," he said, "to be a prisoner, and a good many things besides. You know I have always called Ham my University. And, by the way, how are you getting on with your Interoceanic canal? It was while I was a prisoner, in 1844,

that I first became interested in the project of uniting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans by means of a canal. You will remember, perhaps, that I came to the conclusion that the Nicaragua route was the best." A few words will explain how it happened that the Emperor spoke to me on this subject.

I was one of the members of a society formed in Paris, in the spring of 1870, the object of which was to examine the feasibility of constructing a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Darien or Panama. I had informed his Majesty of our project, and had told him, only two or three weeks before the declaration of war, that we had sent out an engineer to survey the routes proposed and report to us on their respective merits. The Emperor had remembered our conversation on this subject. But although the problem of constructing a ship-canal across the American isthmus had once attracted his attention, and he had found its study singularly fascinating, I cannot believe that when he asked me what we had accomplished, he was prompted to do so by any feeling of either personal interest in the project or curiosity to know what had really been done. I am sure it was rather from an impulse of sympathy for a friend whose efforts he would have been pleased to hear had been successful.

But while engaged in this discursive talk, unwittingly we had come out upon the open country road and saw ourselves suddenly surrounded by a group of children, who at first stared at us curiously, and then approached to solicit money. The Emperor, kind and generous as ever—he who had spent so freely the income granted to him by his people in works of charity and in largesses of every sort—could not resist the appealing looks of the blue eyes of the little boys and girls who stood around us. Drawing from his pocket some rather large pieces of silver, he handed these to them with a pleased expression on his face; and then, turning towards me and slightly

blushing, he said, as if to excuse himself: "You will think me, perhaps, a spendthrift. It is true, I should not forget that I am no longer an Emperor."

Soon after we returned from this walk breakfast was served in the great dining-room of the palace. And here I met some of the most distinguished of those officers and gentlemen who had followed the Emperor into captivity—the Princes de la Moskowa and Murat, and Generals Castelnau, Reille, and Pajol, Captain Lauriston, and others, among whom were M. Franceschini Piétri, and the Emperor's lifelong inseparable friend, Dr. Conneau. These gentlemen I had the pleasure of meeting again at dinner; after which the hours were spent in pleasant conversation, every one speaking of that which he had most at heart. Of course, the then existing condition of France was the chief topic; and the hope which was expressed by most of the military men was that of soon seeing again their own country. The Emperor tried to hide his emotion when reference was made to going home, but looking into his face I could see plainly what sorrow possessed his soul. Others might hope, but he did not dare to indulge the hope of seeing France again. All he could expect was that the Prussian Government would soon grant him the favor of rejoining his wife and son in England. During the evening he spoke much, and in the kindest manner, of the country which had given its hospitality to the Empress in her distress, and he remembered gratefully the days he himself had spent as an exiled Prince under the protecting flag of Great Britain.

The day after my arrival at Wilhelmshöhe I left that place and went to see some of the camps in which the French were held as prisoners of war; and afterward I went to Saarbruck, where hostilities began, and visited the battle-fields and hospitals in the vicinity of Metz. My object was to see if it was possible for me in any way

to alleviate the hardships and sufferings of the French soldiers, who, wounded or sick, were at the same time prisoners of war.

On my way back to England I stopped a short time in Brussels. Here I was received by the King and Queen of Belgium, who were anxious to hear about the flight of the Empress; and the King told me of the arrangements that had been made to protect the Prince Imperial and provide for his wants when he passed through Belgium *en route* to England.

When I left the palace I went to the Hôtel de Bellevue, and found there her Highness, Princess Mathilde, the daughter of the ex-King of Westphalia, and cousin of Napoleon III. She talked freely to me about the events which had taken place in France. She told me that she was very anxious to see the Empress Eugénie, and that she should go for that purpose to England as soon as the weather became more settled—being apparently somewhat afraid of sea-sickness. I met in the hotel also the Duke de Bassano, and M. Benedetti, who, as Ambassador to Prussia, played such an important part just before the beginning of the Franco-German War.

In Brussels I found a number of important letters and despatches, that had been awaiting my arrival there for a week or more. Accordingly, on October 28th, after an absence of exactly twenty days, I returned to England to relate to her Majesty my interview with the Emperor, to report to her what I had heard and seen that might interest her, and to make arrangements to carry out the work which my inspection of the French hospitals and prison camps had suggested to me, and which I had resolved should occupy my time during the coming months.

During my absence, or rather from the moment of her arrival in England, her Majesty, unmindful of herself, had used all the influence she still possessed to help and

protect her unfortunate country, notwithstanding the acts and the ingratitude of her people.

The Revolution which overthrew the Empire, at the same time completely isolated France, and destroyed all hope of an alliance with other Powers. The ties which bound the Court of Florence to that of the Tuileries were now broken. Princess Clotilde had left the country, as the Empress had done; and Prince Napoleon was an exile. The King of Italy was wounded by the catastrophe which overwhelmed his ally, his relative, and his friend. The Court of Vienna, which in 1867 began to enter into very friendly relations with the French Court in order to secure the assistance of Napoleon III. in view of certain complications that were threatening, no longer saw any ground for an alliance with France, because its *raison d'être* had entirely depended upon the private politics of the Emperor and his personal influence. It was now too late to act with France in order to check the ambitious projects of the Chancellor of the North-German Confederation; and what, on the other hand, the attitude of the French Republic would be with respect to various political questions that might interest Austria, could not be foreseen.

The Russian Government, it is true, during the reign of Napoleon III. had not always been upon the most friendly terms with France; but the German victories were so overwhelming as to lead to a revulsion of feeling in Russia, and the Emperor Alexander told General Fleury, the French Ambassador, that at the right moment he would speak loudly in favor of France. This assurance which the Czar gave to the Imperial Government was a promise that could be relied upon, for the Czar had engaged his personal word; but he had engaged it to the Emperor, and not to a Ministry which was regarded as illegitimate by the Courts of Europe. Prince Gortschakoff had proposed to offer his mediation in order to obtain a revision of the Treaty of Paris; but after the Revolution had isolated

France entirely, his mediation had become impossible. The Court and the high personages of Russia could look with no favor upon a country in which the Pole Berezowsky, who had attempted to assassinate the Czar, and the lawyer M. Floquet, who had insulted him, were persons of distinction.

M. Jules Favre, the Minister for Foreign Affairs in the new Government, knew nothing of this promise, or of the relations of the Imperial Cabinet with the Russian Government, for he says: "A rapid examination was sufficient to convince me not only that we had no alliance—this I already knew—but that our diplomacy had never made a serious effort to obtain one." *

The Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne had, of course, not believed himself to be justified in communicating the Cabinet secrets of the Empire to his Republican successor; but if M. Jules Favre had not been satisfied with "a rapid examination," as he calls it, he might have easily discovered the actual state of things. This knowledge, however, would not have been of any use to him, since, for the reasons above given, the foreign Cabinets had ceased to take an interest in the fortunes of France from the moment of the proclamation of the Republic.†

The very last despatch which was received at the Tuileries (on September 4th) came from General Fleury in reply to a communication from the Regent sent after the

* "Le Gouvernement de la Défense Nationale," par M. Jules Favre, p. 1.

† The understanding between France, Austria, and Italy was such, immediately preceding the declaration of war, in 1870, that the Emperor told General Lebrun he considered the alliance with Italy as certain, and that with Austria as morally, if not materially, assured. In fact, as late as the middle of June, 1870, the Archduke Albert submitted to the Emperor a minutely detailed plan of military operations, to be carried out conjointly by France, Austria, and Italy on German territory—the case arising. Cf. General Lebrun's "Souvenirs Militaires," Paris, E. Dentu, 1895.

capitulation of Sedan, inquiring to what extent the Czar was disposed to intervene. In this despatch General Fleury said the Czar was disposed to advise Prussia to end the war.

Inasmuch as the mind of the Empress had been occupied for many days with but one thought—so far as France was concerned—namely, how to limit the consequences of the military disasters, from the very moment she arrived in England she set to work to follow up the negotiations she had opened with the Russian Court.

It would not have been astonishing had the Imperial family wished to see France punished for the behavior of the people toward their sovereign; but Napoleon III. and his noble consort loved their country more than their throne, and were grieved, rather than incited to feelings of animosity, by the acts which the people had committed.

I was with her Majesty every day at this time, and her political opinions and purposes were freely declared and discussed, and were no secret to any one in her immediate *entourage*.

As it happened, General Fleury, notwithstanding the events in Paris, had remained in St. Petersburg, and was so well liked at the Russian Court that his influence survived his official position and his government. Accordingly, on her arrival at Hastings, among the first despatches sent by the Empress was one to General Fleury, urging him not to cease his efforts to obtain an honorable peace. And when her Majesty was informed of the suspicion and hostility with which the Republic was regarded at the European courts, and was told that the personal intervention of the Czar was now scarcely to be expected, she wrote to the Emperor Alexander a letter, in which she asked him not to change his policy in regard to France on account of the Revolution.

"If I have correctly understood the reports of our ambassador," the Empress wrote, on September 13th,

from Hastings, "your Majesty has, *à priori,* decided against the dismemberment of France. Fate has been hard to us. The Emperor is a prisoner, and calumniated. Another Government has taken up the task which we had thought it our duty to fulfil. I supplicate your Majesty to use your influence in order to make it possible that an honorable and durable peace may be concluded when the moment shall arrive. May France, whatever its government, always be able to count upon the same sentiments which your Majesty has had for our own during these hard trials."

While the Empress thus, with noble self-denial, was willing to assist the Revolutionary party, if only the country could be spared, the new Government acted in just the opposite manner. Instead of avoiding all that could possibly compromise the future of France, thinking only of how their acts could be extenuated, they loudly calumniated the Empire and exalted themselves. It would be difficult to imagine anything more injudicious and undiplomatic than the declamatory circular issued on September 6th by M. Jules Favre, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and addressed by him to the diplomatic representatives of France in foreign countries. It was a pæon of victory over "Napoleon III. and his dynasty," a defiance to Germany, and a menace to the established institutions of Europe. "*Voilà, monsieur, ce que l'Europe doit savoir!*" cried out Favre at the close of this precious document. He wished it to be understood that the authority was in new hands.

When the Emperor Alexander received from her Majesty the letter here referred to, he expressed to her his regret that circumstances had changed the situation of things. This answer of the Russian Emperor showed that he was not willing to assist the Republic. Her Majesty, however, instead of resting satisfied with what she had done, or even becoming discouraged by the reply of the

Czar, decided to use her influence once more in favor of her country through General Fleury. Having heard that M. Jules Favre had appealed to the foreign Powers in order to obtain through their assistance an interview with Count Bismarck, she wrote to General Fleury requesting him to intercede before the Czar in behalf of the Republican Minister for Foreign Affairs. The Ambassador, in obedience to her Majesty, immediately complied with her wishes, and did everything in his power to counteract the unfavorable impression which the Republican Government had produced by its first public acts. Since every one knew that M. Fleury was one of the earliest and most devoted friends of the Emperor, and was strongly attached to the Imperial family, his efforts in behalf of Jules Favre and his colleagues could not be misinterpreted, and therefore had the desired effect. The Government of St. Petersburg consequently advised the Prussian Government to enter into negotiations with the Republican representative, and the famous interview between Bismarck and Jules Favre at Ferrières took place.

Her Majesty's appeals in behalf of France were, however, not addressed to the Czar of Russia alone. She wrote also to the Emperor of Austria and to the Queen of England, begging them to intervene; but in vain. Indeed, her unremitting efforts to obtain for France an honorable peace were not only known at the time in all the chancelleries of Europe, but were of such signal service that the Government of the National Defense were compelled to recognize them, and, singular as it may seem, even instructed Monsieur Tissot, their representative at the Court of St. James's to convey to the Empress Eugénie their thanks "*très respectueusement.*"

But the interview at Ferrières, unfortunately for France, led to no result. And no satisfactory result was expected by the German Chancellor from an interview with M. Favre, or any other representative of the Govern-

ment of the National Defense, at that time. This was the reason why the Regent was invited insidiously, and more directly, to take a part in the negotiations with Prussia. But history must always give her the credit which is her due, that she used all that remained of her power in the interest and for the welfare of her country; that neither by the bitterness of her misfortune, nor the feeling of its injustice, nor by the desire to recover the throne for her husband or her son, was she induced to sacrifice her patriotism or her sense of the Imperial dignity. Her conduct at this critical moment, as we shall see, was inspired by the most generous self-renunciation. Even in her greatest humiliation she still behaved nobly and like a sovereign.

The Revolution of September 4th, as we know from the conversation between Count Bismarck and General Wimpfen, was not a surprise to the German Chancellor. He had foreseen it. The success of Prussia was complete; and the great Minister of King William had a good right to congratulate himself that the French themselves had assisted him, though perhaps unintentionally, in his plans. The Germans all recognized this fact. On September 8th, the well-known Bavarian paper, the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung,* said: "How he must laugh in his sleeve, the great diplomatist who now wears the helmet of a cuirassier, when he sees the change which the planting of the first Liberty Tree in Paris has produced in the sentiments of Europe!"

The Revolution in Paris, although it was on the whole favorable to the development of Count Bismarck's plans, was nevertheless somewhat embarrassing. Bismarck wished peace; but in order to conclude it, he needed a government in France that would be strong enough to accept the heavy concessions which he had determined to demand, and that at the same time would be lasting enough to assure

the payment of the enormous retributive contribution which he intended to impose upon the country. Now, the gentlemen of the National Defense could not contract engagements in the name of France, because their Government had never been sanctioned by the French people; while the Regent, although *de jure* entitled to sign a treaty of peace, was *de facto* powerless to have her signature recognized. The German "diplomatist," however, had to choose between the one or the other of the two governments; but before deciding for either, he commenced negotiations with both.

On September 11th Count Bismarck began to execute his projects. On that day he caused a note to be inserted in the *Indépendant Rémois,* insinuating that the Prussian Government would not be able to treat with the Republican Government of the National Defense. This note contained the following passage: "The German Governments have hitherto not recognized any government in France except that of the Emperor Napoleon; and in their eyes, up to the present moment the Imperial Government is the only one which is authorized to enter into negotiations of an international character. . . . They could treat with the Emperor Napoleon, or with the Regency instituted by him; they could enter into communications with Marshal Bazaine, who holds command from the Emperor; but it is impossible to comprehend under what title the German Governments could treat with a power which represents only a part of the left wing of the former Chamber of Deputies."

Two days later, when the German Chancellor received a communication through the Prussian Ambassador in London, stating that M. Jules Favre desired to have an interview with him, he at once sent to Count von Bernstorff an answer containing this passage: "I said in my last telegram that you could accept all kinds of overtures on the part of the Queen of England, but that you could

not attach to such overtures as may come from the Government which at present actually exists in Paris the same importance which an overture would have when made by the Government of France. The Government of Paris has not been recognized by the nation, and the Emperor Napoleon is, for foreign Powers, the only depositary of sovereignty."

This despatch was communicated to M. Thiers, who had just arrived in London, and through him was sent to the Government of the National Defense, to which it gave great inquietude. It reached Hastings also, undoubtedly, through the agency of the English Foreign Office; but it did not have the effect of causing the Empress to intimate even that, in the existing circumstances, she would be willing to reassume the responsibilities of sovereignty.

The Regent did not abandon the passive rôle which she had imposed upon herself on the 4th of September. She was true to what she had then said; were she to fall, she wished to do so without encumbering the defense. For this reason she had not protested against the Revolution, either before the French people or to the foreign Powers. This also was the attitude of the Emperor himself. He had refused at Sedan to negotiate for peace, declaring that, from the moment he was a prisoner, it was not his business to do so. This right, he said, belonged to the Regent. And after the fall of his Government he refused still more decidedly to take part in any negotiations. He might have done so if by his own personal influence he could have procured for his country certain conditions of peace, as, for instance, a guarantee that no part of the French territory should be sacrificed; but this, of course, was not to be hoped for from the Prussian Government. Such being the situation, it could be foreseen that the negotiations for peace would probably, at last, have to be entered into and conducted with the Republicans.

CHAPTER XVI

INTRIGUES AND MORE DIPLOMACY

The mysterious M. Régnier—His interviews with Bismarck—The situation at Metz—M. Régnier is received by Marshal Bazaine—General Bourbaki leaves for Chislehurst—The Empress is astonished—She tries once more to obtain peace on favorable terms—She writes to her friend, Francis Joseph—The memorandum of the Emperor—General Boyer is sent to the German head-quarters—His interviews with Count Bismarck—The French Army makes no "pronunciamentos"—A council of war at Metz—"The only means of salvation"—General Boyer goes to Chislehurst—The Council at Camden Place—The Empress declares that she will never sign a treaty of peace in ignorance of its terms—Her letter to General Boyer—A lesson never forgotten—The Alliance with Italy—The political ideas and sympathies of the Empress—An interesting incident—Her letters to the Emperor, written in October, 1869—A letter written in October, 1896—Justice will be done.

ON the 12th of September a man named Régnier, who had never occupied any public position in France, and who had no known relations in the political world, wrote to a person at Hastings, submitting to him a project for the restoration of the Napoleonic dynasty upon a special basis, the most important points of which were the conclusion of peace, the return of the Regent to France, and the reunion of the Legislative Body under the protection of the army of Metz. Receiving no answer to his letter, on the 14th, two days later, Régnier came to Hastings and asked for an audience before the Empress. When, however, the Empress refused to see him, he exposed his views to a friend of her Majesty, trying by this means to secure favorable notice

and the adoption of his plans. The friend in question told him that he was convinced that all efforts to induce her Majesty to consider this scheme would be in vain. Nevertheless M. Régnier returned the next day, and strenuously insisted upon seeing the Regent. "Her inaction," said he, "is a great mistake; no time should be lost. I, or somebody else, ought to have been since yesterday in personal communication with Count Bismarck, not officially, but confidentially and secretly."

Receiving another refusal, M. Régnier said he would go to Wilhelmshöhe and offer his services to the Emperor. But fearing he might find it difficult to obtain access to the distinguished prisoner, he waited for an opportunity to approach the Prince Imperial. On meeting his Highness, one day, when walking with his tutor, M. Filon, Régnier accosted them, and saying he was about to leave for Wilhelmshöhe, remarked, apparently in a casual way —as he had at the time some photographs in his hand— "If the Prince would like to send a souvenir of Hastings to the Emperor, he has only to put his name on one of these photographs, and I will see that the Emperor gets it." M. Filon consenting, as the matter seemed to him of little importance, the Prince Imperial wrote under one of the photographs: "My dear Papa; I send you some views of Hastings. I hope they will please you." And he affixed his signature to these words.

As soon as M. Régnier had obtained this signature, he departed, not for Wilhelmshöhe, but for Ferrières, where, on the very day of his arrival—September 19th—the interview between Count Bismarck and Jules Favre took place. Whoever M. Régnier may have been, whether a Prussian agent or a French adventurer, whom the Prussian authorities took for an agent of the Empress, one thing is certain, that, having in his possession a passport obtained at the Prussian Embassy in London, he passed without difficulty through the German lines, and was admitted, the very

moment of his arrival at Ferrières, into the presence of the German Chancellor. Count Bismarck listened to M. Régnier's plan for the restoration of the Empire, and granted him, at his request, *à laissez passer*, enabling him to travel with safety through the territory occupied by the German armies. The photographs, however, he retained; and a few moments later he showed them to M. Jules Favre, in order to impress upon him the fact that negotiations were going on between himself and the Empress.

On the evening of the day following the fruitless interview between Jules Favre and Bismarck, the German Chancellor gave another audience to M. Régnier. The latter then suggested that, instead of going to Wilhelmshöhe, it might be best for him to go to Metz, in order to induce Marshal Bazaine to accept his plan for a restoration of the Empire. Count Bismarck approved of this idea; and M. Régnier departed, furnished with the necessary passes, for Metz. On the 23d he arrived at the head-quarters of the German army, and was received by Prince Frederick Charles, who had been prepared by a telegram from Count Bismarck announcing Régnier's arrival. In the evening M. Régnier continued his journey, and entered within the fortifications of the beleaguered city.

After the battle of Saint Privat, Marshal Bazaine decided that it would be the wisest thing for his army to remain inside the fortifications of Metz; and this decision had been taken after consulting with all the corps commanders. These military chiefs, at the council of war held August 26th in the Castle of Grimont, declared that it would be impossible for the army to leave Metz without incurring the risk of a total defeat. Nevertheless, as soon as the news arrived of the movement of Marshal MacMahon's forces in the direction of Metz, an attempt was made to effect a junction with his army. On the evening of August 30th Marshal Bazaine marched in the direction of Thionville, and a hard fight took place between the

French and the German troops, lasting until late in the night. The next morning it was renewed, but the Prussians remained victorious, for during the night they had obtained reenforcements. This was the last great battle in which the army of Metz was engaged. On the 7th of September Marshal Bazaine heard of the disaster at Sedan, and a few days later of the Revolution in Paris. M. Debaine, a prisoner who had escaped from the German outposts, brought into Metz papers describing the situation in France and the events which had recently taken place. The Marshal, greatly moved by this news, addressed himself to Prince Frederick Charles, begging of him information regarding the real condition of the country. The Prince answered him on September 16th, closing his letter with a phrase which was a direct invitation to begin negotiations. The words were: "Furthermore, your Excellency will find me ready and authorized to send to him all the information that he may desire."* These words were soon afterward confirmed by the arrival of a copy of the *Indépendant Rémois* of the 11th, containing the communication previously quoted. There could be no doubt that the Prussians wished to negotiate with the army of Metz. This, of course, made a great impression upon the Marshal, for his army was already reduced to eating the cavalry horses, and before the end of October there would be no provisions of any kind left. Besides, there was no hope of breaking through the lines of the enemy, at least as far as Marshal Bazaine was able to judge from his point of view.

Thus matters stood at the moment of the arrival of M. Régnier. An agent coming from the Regent might be, possibly, a messenger bringing salvation to the army. Moreover, an order from the Empress would divest the Marshal of the necessity for treating on his own account.

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* "L'Armée du Rhin," par le Maréchal Bazaine, p. 119.

This may explain the benevolent reception which the Commander-in-Chief extended to an individual who was not known to any one in the city, and the imprudence with which he entrusted to him information concerning the actual condition of his army. Besides, the facility with which M. Régnier had been able to pass through the Prussian lines gave an appearance of truth to his pretended mission. The interview lasted a long time. M. Régnier spoke of his negotiations with Count Bismarck; of the ruin that must follow a continuation of the war; of the desirability of an armistice; of the important rôle which the army of Metz was called upon to play; of the necessity of sending either Marshal Canrobert or General Bourbaki to the Regent, in order to explain to her the perilous state of the army in Metz, and to induce her to sign a treaty of peace. The Marshal answered that it was, of course, to the interest of France to make peace; and that if the army were permitted to leave Metz, it would surely be able to maintain order in the interior, and to enforce the terms of peace which should be agreed upon. As a sign of his readiness to act upon the suggestions of Régnier, he consented to place his signature beside that of the Prince Imperial, at the foot of the photograph which Régnier had again in his possession.

M. Régnier returned the next day to the Prussian head-quarters, where Prince Frederick Charles showed him two telegrams which he had received from Count Bismarck, announcing that Jules Favre had rejected the conditions on which alone the King was willing to consent to an armistice. The Prince then said that he would authorize a French general to leave Metz in order to go to England and confer with the Regent. M. Régnier went back immediately to report this news to Marshal Bazaine. Thereupon it was decided that General Bourbaki should depart for Chislehurst; and that same evening the General left Metz disguised as a physician.*

* "Procés Bazaine." "Quel est votre nom?" Par M. Régnier.

Two or three days later (September 27th) General Bourbaki arrived at Camden Place. While *en route,* having learned the situation of things in France, brought about by the Revolution, and seeing that, in fact, he held no commission to act from any one in authority, he began to feel embarrassed. His surprise can be imagined when, on presenting himself before the Empress, she expressed her astonishment that he should be in England, and informed him that she had not requested him to leave Metz; that she knew nothing whatsoever of M. Régnier's plans, and that she did not remember to have ever before even heard his name.

The scene that followed was most distressing. The Empress could not conceal her indignation on discovering that she had been made unbeknown to her the principal in a miserable intrigue. And General Bourbaki, when he found that he had been basely duped, was so overcome with anger and mortification as to be quite beside himself. All he could say for several minutes was: "I want to go back! Why have I been sent here? I want to go back! I want to go back!"

Although the Empress had not been at all implicated in the machinations by which General Bourbaki had been induced to leave Metz, she was greatly pained by the information which the General gave her with regard to the situation and condition of the army shut up in that stronghold.

It was impossible for her to interfere directly with the course of things, but she resolved once more to use her influence with the foreign Powers, to induce them to advise the Prussian King to make the conditions of peace moderate. It was under these circumstances, and for this purpose, that she wrote, September 28th, to her friend, Francis Joseph.

"Misfortunes," she said in this letter, "have been poured down upon us, Sire. The Emperor, being a pris-

oner, can at this moment do nothing for his country. But I, having been obliged to leave France against my own will, cannot remain silent in the midst of so much sorrow and ruin. I believe that, in addressing myself to your Majesty, your Majesty will understand that my only care is for France; that for it alone my heart is greatly moved, and that for it alone I pray. I hope your Majesty will employ your influence to protect my country against humiliating demands, and to obtain for it a peace by which the integrity of its territory shall be respected."

M. Régnier's rôle was finished from the moment the Empress refused his mediation. As he was unable to show any regular credentials, the Germans now declined to listen to his propositions, and he disappeared from the stage where for a brief time he had figured.*

Nevertheless, Count Bismarck had not yet given up the hope of coming to an understanding with the Imperial party, and he therefore addressed himself to Napoleon III. The Emperor had not directly refused to enter into preliminary negotiations; he would have consented to do this could only a basis favorable to France have been obtained. On September 27th he had sent General Castelnau to the head-quarters of the King of Prussia with a memorandum

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* It has never been quite clear for whom this man Régnier was acting. There is good reason, however, for believing the statement made by General Boyer before the Parliamentary Commission appointed to inquire into the acts of the Government of the National Defense. It is as follows:

"M. Régnier was certainly a Prussian agent acting in accord with the Russian Government. The two Governments in question had come to an understanding to make use of Régnier for the purpose of obtaining a treaty from the Government of the Empress Regent; Prussia not wishing to treat with the Government of the National Defense; and Russia not being willing to employ its good offices on any other than monarchical grounds. Russia had no wish to give its aid to a Revolutionary Government."—"Enquête Parlementaire." Tome iv, p. 253.

in which he suggested that since, in his opinion, the struggle between France and Germany could never come to an end except through the total destruction of one of the two adversaries, or through their honest and loyal reconciliation guaranteed by the dismantlement of the fortifications (which would then become unnecessary), such a reconciliation was most earnestly to be desired. Count Bismarck, however, considered the military situation as too favorable to Germany to accept the Emperor's proposition. While intimating that, the day after the capitulation of Sedan, he might have been satisfied with a heavy indemnity and the dismantlement of the fortifications, now, after the siege of Paris had commenced, and the siege of Strasburg and the investment of Metz were approaching an end, the Chancellor demanded a concession of territory as a *sine quâ non.*

The situation of the troops in Metz became from day to day more critical. A council of war decided, on the 10th of October, to parley with the enemy in order to obtain for the army honorable conditions of capitulation; but in case the Germans were to impose terms incompatible with sentiments of honor and military duty, salvation was to be sought on the battle-field. General Boyer, an aide-de-camp of Marshal Bazaine, was then sent to the German headquarters to ascertain under what conditions the army could leave Metz. This envoy of the Marshal arrived on the 14th at Versailles, where Count Bismarck informed him that if simply a military capitulation was intended, and not peace, General von Moltke was resolved to impose upon the army in Metz terms exactly like those required at Sedan.

When General Boyer protested against this, declaring that the army in Metz would never accept such conditions, Count Bismarck added, "Perhaps I can suggest some political considerations to the King and his Council"; and taking the General aside, the Chancellor explained to him

that, in his opinion, the moment for peace had arrived, and that Germany desired peace quite as much as France. "But in order to make peace," he continued, "we must have a serious and strong government to treat with, one which can guarantee it. The King cannot treat with the Government of the National Defense, which has been unable to conceal from him its dangerous designs. He is absolutely decided not to treat with the Government of Paris, and still less with that of Tours. I can, besides, assure you that the German Government is not hostile to the Imperial dynasty, and that it is not hostile to the Imperial form of Government; on the contrary, it even believes that this form of government is most suitable to the French people. And," he remarked, "the King is personally in favor of a restoration of the Napoleonic dynasty in the person of the Prince Imperial, and under the Regency of the Empress, the Council to be presided over by a Marshal of France. Nevertheless, we do not wish to again commit the fault which we committed in 1815, that of imposing a government upon France; she must choose one for herself, or at least she must sanction one."

Then the German statesman vividly described to General Boyer what the interior situation of France had been since September 4th; and he insisted particularly on the impotency of the French army in the provinces. He showed that the army of Metz, after leaving the fortifications, could place itself at the disposal of the Legislative Body, and reestablish order and regular government. "But," he remarked, "the King will not set free the army of Metz until peace is assured. It is therefore necessary that the Regent should sign the Treaty of Peace; and in order that her signature may be of value, it is also necessary that the army of Metz should promise to sustain the Imperial Government. What is the feeling of the army towards the Empire?" then asked the Chancellor.

General Boyer said that the army had not recognized

the Government of the National Defense, which had hitherto not communicated with it; that, moreover, the army had taken the oath of allegiance to the Emperor, and that it would remain faithful to this oath. Such an assurance, however, seemed to the Chancellor insufficient, and he expressed a desire that the army should make a public manifestation in favor of the Regent. This would have been a veritable *pronunciamento,* and General Boyer energetically refused to consent to it. Count Bismarck replied: "A manifestation of the army is, however, indispensable, for the Empress will not engage herself in negotiations if she is not sure that she will be upheld by the army in what she does. You will have to obtain from her Majesty the signature of the preliminaries of peace; and under these conditions you can depart with the honors of war, taking along your arms, your cannons, and your *matériel;* and Metz will remain free and will be her own mistress, so that she can defend herself with the means at her disposal. With these conditions," said Count Bismarck, "I shall perhaps be able to persuade the King not to insist upon the surrender of Metz."

The next day the Count again met the French General, and he informed him that King William was willing to treat with the Regent, and without demanding the surrender of Metz. "Go, therefore," the Chancellor said, "and obtain from the Empress the signature of the preliminaries, and from the army the promise to make a public declaration of a firm intention to follow the Empress. Then you will have what I told you yesterday—the army will retreat with the honors of war, taking along with it its cannons and flags. But it is clearly understood that it is to the Regent that you are to address yourself; for she is the only person that still exists, the only one with whom I can treat."

General Boyer repeated what he had said the evening before—that the French army makes no *pronunciamentos;*

but he expressed a wish to know what conditions of peace would be offered to the Regent.

Count Bismarck refused to reveal these to anybody except to the Empress herself, or to some one invested with power to act in her name.

On October 17th General Boyer brought to Metz the *ultimatum* of Count Bismarck. A council of war was called together the next morning, to consider whether the negotiations should be continued; but the thought of provoking a public manifestation of the army in favor of the Empire met with strong opposition. Nevertheless, as it was necessary to know whether the troops could be counted upon, it was decided to interrogate the colonels with regard to the sentiments of the officers. In the evening a second meeting took place, and Marshals Canrobert and Lebœuf, and Generals Froissart and Desvaux, reported that all the officers would follow them, and that the army could be counted upon. With respect to the expediency of sending an officer to the Regent for the purpose of inducing her to negotiate a treaty, the views were greatly divided, some members of the council having a repugnance to enter into political combinations, the others declaring it impossible to have recourse to arms. Finally, General Changarnier's opinion carried the day; and it was recognized by the council of war "that the only means of salvation, not only for the army but also for France, was to rally openly around the Government of the Regent." *

It was then decided that permission should be obtained from Prince Frederick Charles to send an officer to the Empress. And on this permission being granted, to General Boyer was entrusted the mission of explaining to her Majesty the situation at Metz, and soliciting her assistance in order to save the army.

General Boyer arrived at Chislehurst October 22d.

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* "Enquête Parlementaire." Tome iv, p. 250.

He told the Regent that he considered the army at Metz as lost, if some arrangement were not made with the enemy very soon; that when he left Metz there were but two days' rations remaining, and that the last ration of bread had already been eaten. He said to her Majesty that the Government would be reestablished in a regular manner through the agency of the Legislative Body, the Senate, and the Ministerial Representatives of the Government, if they could be convoked—that the Legislative Body, which had been dispersed by the mob on the 4th of September, should resume its sessions seemed most natural—or that an appeal should be made to the people. He endeavored to impress it upon the mind of her Majesty that she alone could solve the difficulty by hastening to accept the propositions made by Count Bismarck; and that if she consented to do this, she could count upon the concurrence of her troops. He told her, furthermore, that he, General Boyer, was charged by Marshal Bazaine and the other general officers to make this announcement.

The Regent understood that she could not refuse her intervention at so critical a moment. But before binding herself to negotiate a treaty, she wished to ascertain what conditions Count Bismarck would stipulate; for she was afraid of sacrificing the interests of the country in attempting to save the army. She therefore telegraphed at once to Count Bismarck, in order to show that she was willing to negotiate, and, without saying anything of her further intentions, requested for the army of Metz an armistice of fourteen days, with permission meanwhile to procure provisions. At the same time, she asked for the preliminary conditions of peace which he would propose.

In the afternoon her Majesty called together at Camden Place a council consisting of MM. Rouher, La Valette, Chevreau, Jérôme David, the Duke de Persigny, and Prince Napoleon. To this council General Boyer also was admitted. Here he once more repeated what he had said in the

forenoon, urging her Majesty to come to a definite decision, and emphatically maintaining that, if the delay should be prolonged, the army of Metz would be forced to lay down its arms. Her Majesty answered that she would use her influence in behalf of peace, but that she could not act before she had ascertained what preliminary conditions would be imposed.

What these terms would be General Boyer either would not or could not tell her. He said that he did not know; that Count Bismarck had not informed him; that his mission to Versailles was not political, but military—undertaken for the purpose of saving the army. At last he said, "No matter how exorbitant, you must accept them and sign them." On hearing these words, the Empress was greatly shocked.

And then she writes a last despatch to King William, in which she appeals to his "kingly heart," to his "generosity as a soldier," and begs of him to grant her request made in the telegram addressed to Count Bismarck. But the King is dumb.

Neither could the Empress obtain any information upon the subject from the Prussian Ambassador to London. In an interview Count Bernstorff had with her on the 25th, he would only go so far as to say that the German Chancellor would give to the Regent much more favorable conditions than to either of the existing Governments. He admitted that he knew the conditions—that some cession of territory would probably be required—but finally closed the conversation by referring her to General Boyer.

Most anxious to ascertain what the preliminary conditions might be, the Empress now telegraphed to the Emperor at Wilhelmshöhe, asking him if he knew anything about them. But the answer she received threw no light upon the subject of her inquiry.

It was certain that the terms which Count Bismarck had determined to exact were hard. Hard as they might be,

nevertheless it might have been the duty of the Empress to accept them. This she fully recognized at the time, and frankly admitted when speaking to me on this subject not long ago. But what made it absolutely impossible for her Majesty to think of accepting them—of putting her name to the proposed preliminary treaty—was that, to all intents and purposes, it was only the blank form of a treaty that was to be presented to her for her signature, the important clauses of which were to be filled in subsequently by the German Chancellor at his own good pleasure. This humiliation the Empress would not submit to, and she declared, furthermore, that she would never take such a responsibility upon herself as to engage in negotiations with the German Chancellor without seeing clearly their end and purpose; that she was too much of a Frenchwoman, and too sincerely attached to France, to do so; and that in case the conditions could not be laid before her in the most exact form, and the thought of a cession of French territory should not be given up entirely, she would not treat with the King of Prussia, even to prevent the surrender of the army.

Thus the mission of General Boyer failed, and five days later, on October 27th, the army of Metz capitulated.

To the letter in which General Boyer announced to the Empress the surrender of the army of Marshal Bazaine and the fortress of Metz, she replied:

"I have just received your letter. Stunned as I am by the painful news, I can only express to you my admiration for this valiant army and its chiefs. Overwhelmed by numbers, but faithful guardians of the glory and the honor of our unhappy country, they have preserved intact the traditions of our ancient legions. You know the efforts I have made, and my inability, to avert a fate that I would willingly have spared them at the sacrifice of my most cherished hopes. . . .

"When you rejoin your companions-in-arms, tell them

that they have been the hope, the pride, and the sorrow of one who is an exile, like themselves."

Most of the facts here set forth referring to these political intrigues are now matters of common history. At the time the events occurred, however, they were known to only a few persons—to the parties directly concerned, or to those living in close connection with them. But the feeling of the Empress and of the Emperor with regard to the several attempts of the German Chancellor to induce them to consent to a disgraceful peace, and to the dismemberment of France, for the sake of the Empire and the dynasty, can never be fully understood or appreciated, except by those persons whose privilege it was to hear from their own lips the words of noble disdain with which those Grecian gifts were repudiated and refused.*

On the 28th of September, 1840, when on trial before the Chamber of Peers at the Palace of the Luxembourg on account of the Boulogne affair, Prince Louis Napoleon, in the speech he made in his own defense, said: "The Emperor, my uncle, preferred rather to abdicate the Empire than to accept through treaties such restricted frontiers as would result in compelling France to submit to the contempt and the threats that are offered to her by the foreigner at the present time. Not for a single day have I breathed forgetful of this lesson."

Probably these words, when they were uttered, were not noticed, or were only received with a derisive smile, but they have now a singular significance. They were not vain words; they were imperious and far-reaching. The Pretender of 1840 was Emperor in 1870, but still carried in

* "Depuis que je suis en Angleterre j'ai constaté dans l'esprit de Sa Majesté le même sentiment invincible, celui de l'impossibilité pour un Napoléon d'apposer sa signature sur un Traité de paix stipulant la mutilation du territoire."—See letter of M. E. Rouher to M. Granier de Cassagnac. "Souvenirs du Second Empire," par M. Granier de Cassagnac.

his soul the lesson of his uncle; and the lesson is, that the Empire cannot exist in a dismembered, degraded, and decadent France.

Those writers who have attributed the Franco-German War to the political influence of the Empress, and have even ascribed to her a desire to seize the reins of government, have been much more anxious to find reasons to justify their personal animosities or their political conduct than to contribute to the truth of history; they certainly show how little they really knew of her character, or of that of the Emperor, or of the men and the influences that directed the policy of the Imperial Government.

It has often been said that the alliance with Italy could have been promptly made in July, 1870, had not French diplomacy at this time been blinded by religious prejudices and controlled by clerical considerations—in a word, but for the violent opposition of the Empress to one of the conditions of the alliance. It is true there was but one obstacle that stood in the way of an immediate understanding between the two Governments with respect to the proposed compact. This was the price that Italy asked—which was the occupation of Rome. That the French Government should have hesitated, in fact, should have refused to concede this, as a condition precedent to an offensive alliance, can surprise no one who has respect for the obligations of treaties or who understands the depth and power of religious feeling in France, especially in social and military circles.

"France cannot," said the Duke de Gramont, "defend its honor on the Rhine and sacrifice it on the Tiber"; and again, when General Türr wrote to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, in July, saying, "Italy will not enter into an alliance with France until Rouher's '*jamais*' has been repudiated," M. de Gramont in a despatch to the French Minister at Vienna, La Tour d'Auvergne, said: "Tell Türr

that I have received his letter, but that it is impossible for us to do the least thing for Rome." And a few days later (July 27th), in a despatch to La Tour d'Auvergne, referring to this idea of securing an ally by despoiling the Pope of his temporal possessions, he said: "There would burst out in France a cry of indignation that would stigmatize us. The proceeding would be more keenly resented by our people than the conduct of the Prussian Government."

The position taken by the Imperial Government was that if Italy was unwilling to march, except on the condition above referred to, her cooperation was not to be desired. And no other position, at the moment, was possible. There was in this decision of the Imperial Government no question of the personal religious predilections and sentiments of the Empress or of any one connected with the Government. In fact, M. Émile Ollivier wrote to the Emperor saying: "Your Majesty knows that I am not a partizan of the temporal power of the Pope—but no alliance is worth a breach of good faith." The Imperial Government merely recognized what was then plain to the simplest understanding, that it would be folly to obtain the cooperation of Italy by an act that would immediately alienate from it the support of a large and influential part of the French people, without whose assistance the army was foredoomed to defeat and the Government itself to destruction in the impending conflict. French diplomacy in this matter was not directed by the personal feelings of any individual having in view ecclesiastical interests, but by common sense and in the interest of the whole French nation.

Nor was it necessary that the Regent should yield on the Roman question—Italy would have soon joined with France had not events moved with such surprising rapidity—had not the first news from the seat of war put a stop to all further negotiations.*

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* In the afternoon of the 8th of August, 1870, while visiting my aunt, Mrs. George P. Marsh, the wife of the American Minister to Italy,

The Empress rarely, if ever, presumed to take anything more than a sentimental interest in questions of international politics—affairs always of deep study and concern with the Emperor. Not but that she was always greatly interested in questions that related to the general welfare of the Empire, and was able to grasp their content and was quick to perceive its significance, and could discuss with intelligence and eloquence the policy of the Government, or of its adversaries, whether domestic or foreign. But her political opinions, however strong her feelings, were seldom expressed under a sense of responsibility; this she was willing to leave with the Emperor and his Ministers.

The Empress occupied herself with domestic concerns rather than with foreign affairs, and the exterior policies of the Government and party politics interested her very much less than political economy, or the application of the discoveries of science to useful ends; for she fully believed, with Bentham, that the aim and the justifica-

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who was then spending a few days in Paris, at the Hôtel Vouillemont, the Chevalier Nigra, the Italian Ambassador to the Imperial Court, called to see this lady whom he had known for many years as a sympathetic friend of the cause of United Italy. The report of the French reverses at Froeschwiller and Forbach had just reached Paris; and the war, of course, was the subject uppermost in the minds of all. After a few words of greeting—and inquiries about mutual friends in Florence and Turin—"Now," said my aunt, addressing Signor Nigra, "do tell us something about that alliance—is it ever to be a *fait accompli?*" "*C'est trop tard!*" was the quick reply. The accent and the expressive movement with which the utterance of these short words was accompanied were most significant. It was impossible to mistake the idea they were intended to convey. It was quite unnecessary for the Minister to add, that only an hour before he had received from his chief, Visconti Venosta, the despatch in which he said: "*Malaret lui-même semble comprendre notre abstention*"; that if these reverses had not come so quickly—if we could only have had another ten days—the Italian army would have been set in motion, and my King—*il re galantuomo*—would have made a return to the Emperor for the generous services he rendered him in 1859, and which we (Italians) shall never forget.

tion of a Government should be "the happiness of the greatest number." She therefore most heartily sympathized and cooperated with the Emperor in all his plans for the uplifting of the poor, and especially of the artisan classes. The strong desire her Majesty still has, as she has always had, to level things up, I could not more aptly illustrate than by recounting a little incident that occurred not long ago at Farnborough. One day, after reference had been made to the immense fortunes of the few and the penury of the many, the Empress remarked: "Under existing social conditions, no matter how much our knowledge and control over the forces of nature are increased, the result seems only to increase the startling inequalities in the distribution of the earnings of labor, and to multiply and intensify class distinctions. Is a remedy for this state of things never going to be found? And if not, what must be the consequences?"

As it was not very easy to answer these questions, I said: "I once took the liberty, half in jest, to tell the Emperor that his sympathies seemed to me to be socialistic. Whereupon, to my surprise, he frankly admitted that they were. And I think I may infer, from what your Majesty has just said, that your own sympathies have always been, like those of the Emperor, with the masses, and not with the classes. Indeed, your idea of the object of Government would appear to scarcely differ from that of Abraham Lincoln, whose conception of a 'Republic' was, 'that form and substance of government the leading object of which is to elevate the condition of men, to lift artificial weights from all shoulders, to clear the path of laudable pursuit for all, and to afford all an unfettered start and a fair chance in the race of life.'"

Hesitating for a moment, with a serious expression on her face, and speaking very slowly, the Empress said: "Do you know that the Emperor and I, in our time, were the only real socialists in France?" And then, turning to

M. P——, who stood near her, she said, "Is not this true?" And the reply was, "Yes."

As the consort of the Emperor, the Empress was always ready to espouse and defend his public policy, and, it must be admitted, with an ardor that sometimes led her to be more royalist than the King. But to represent and give distinction to the Imperial Government on its social side, was the chief object of her life.

As Regent she was the faithful executor of the will of the Emperor and of the policy of her Councilors. When the catastrophe came she stood "like a soldier at his post."

No two persons, in certain respects, could be more unlike than were the Emperor and the Empress. The Emperor would do nothing except after long reflection, and kept his opinions carefully to himself. The Empress, on the other hand, expressed herself on every subject with absolute freedom, and was inclined to act impulsively. She was aware of this herself, and has often been heard to say, after talking freely—too freely, "Don't tell the Emperor what I have said, for I should get a scolding." Her sympathies were strong and her temperament emotional. The Emperor could occasionally be moved by some new fact to do what he had not proposed to do, but he never permitted himself to be carried away by his feelings, or by the enthusiasm of others.

That the Empress resented with more indignation than the Emperor himself the candidature of Prince Leopold, is doubtless true; and that, when war was declared, she was optimistic, and enthusiastic even, is also true. Why should she not have been? Was she not a woman? Could she witness without emotion the immense wave of patriotic sentiment which then swept over France? Great injustice has been done the Empress by holding her to blame for feelings which she shared with every Frenchman worthy of the name.

The Empress had no personal political ambition. She

was only ambitious for her husband and for her son. She was the very reverse of what is called a political woman; she was too sincere, candid, unreserved, and sympathetic for such a rôle. Her moral personality was too distinctly and too strongly pronounced to permit her to play a part in which dissimulation and flexibility are the indispensable conditions of success. She was in all respects a most womanly woman—womanly but not weak, for her powers of physical endurance and her moral courage are alike remarkable—and was very often so directed by the impulses of her heart as to make light of reasons of State even in the most serious circumstances.

Probably few persons remember that, after the condemnation of Orsini and the authors of the massacre in front of the Opera House, the Empress, touched with pity for her would-be assassins, spared no effort to induce the Emperor to pardon them. In fact, she appealed to every one about her to aid her, until one day the Minister of the Interior, having heard of some new move she had made in order to obtain a reprieve, went to her and said, almost brutally, "Madame, you do not know how much annoyance your silly sentimentalism is causing us. Let us attend to our business, and occupy yourself with your own affairs."

And this reminds me of an incident related by M. Granier de Cassagnac, which is especially interesting as well as pertinent to our subject.

It will be remembered, perhaps, that the asylum offered by the English Government to a number of persons implicated in the Orsini affair, was so resented by the French people that they were for a time disposed to regard it as an unfriendly act, and that the Emperor himself took this matter to heart very seriously.

One evening, having sent for M. de Cassagnac, his Majesty said to him: "I cannot tolerate such a violation of the right of asylum, which should assure the liberty of

the individual and of political opinion; but under the cover of which plots against the security of neighboring countries, and projects for the murder of sovereigns, and those sovereigns allies, should not be permitted. I have dictated to the Empress the outlines of an article on this subject, which we must make up and publish in the form of a pamphlet."

As the Emperor handed the paper to the narrator of the incident, the Empress entered the room.

"Monsieur de Cassagnac," said she, "if you take that memorandum, it must be on condition that you return it to me. In the first place, as it was written hastily at the Emperor's dictation, I am not quite sure that it is correctly written. And, furthermore, since I have no constitutional right which authorizes me to intervene in public affairs, I do not wish to be accused, should the paper be lost, of having pushed the Emperor into the very ticklish path he is about to enter." And then, laughing, she added: "Should you attach any value to my handwriting, I promise to give you another autograph, which I will make an effort to write with sufficient correctness to defy your criticism."

Looking over the documents which were then submitted to him, M. de Cassagnac remarked: "To say that the right of asylum was intended to protect the opinion of refugees, and not their crimes, is to maintain a doctrine that is incontestable; but should the English Government continue to extend, until it includes assassination, the protection due only to political opinion, the Government of the Emperor cannot be satisfied with the rôle of a professor of morals, even were he in the right. The more reasonable, moderate, and legitimate the concessions demanded by France are, the more necessary it is, it seems to me, to make it plain in the pamphlet, that in the case of a refusal we shall be obliged to consider what measures should be taken."

"Oh, Monsieur de Cassagnac," cried out the Empress with vivacity, "don't push the Emperor into a war, I beg of you!"

The Emperor said nothing.

"Madame," replied M. de Cassagnac, "France should be protected. To maintain its dignity, its security, the future of its institutions, of which the dynasty is a part, is the very first duty of the Government."

"Oh, no, no!" interrupted the Empress; "don't say that. England was our faithful ally in the East. A touch of unreasonableness has for the moment led astray the English mind, ordinarily so just. Good sense and equity will in the end carry the day. But don't push the Emperor into a war!"

Only a few months later the Queen of England and Prince Albert, with the Prince of Wales, were the guests of the Emperor and the Empress in the harbor of Cherbourg. To the cordial welcome extended by the Emperor to his royal visitors, Prince Albert responded:

"Your Majesty knows the sentiments of the Queen towards you and the Empress, and I have no occasion to remind you of them. You know also that a good understanding between our two countries is the constant object of her desires, as it is of yours. The Queen is therefore doubly happy to have the opportunity, by her presence here at this time, of allying herself with you, Sire, in the endeavor to strengthen as much as possible the bonds of friendship between the two nations. This friendship is the foundation of their mutual prosperity."

No, the Empress was never a political woman, but always was, and is, a very womanly woman, to whom violence, and war especially, is most repugnant.

That she was not the woman she has been represented to be, anxious to govern, reactionary in her opinions, and opposed in principle to the evolution of the "liberal Empire," but was, on the contrary, in full sympathy with

the Emperor in all his generous political ideas and aspirations, and, above and beyond all the rest, a devoted wife and mother, there is abundant evidence.

On the 23d of October, 1869, at the time when, on account of the violence of the irreconcilable Opposition, the question had been raised of abandoning the liberal Empire and returning to the *régime* of "personal government," the Empress wrote to the Emperor from Cairo, Egypt as follows:

"I am greatly preoccupied by the turn public opinion has taken with you. God grant that everything may go on tranquilly and wisely, without folly on the one side or a jerk on the other, and that order may be maintained without the use of force; for the day after the *victory* is often difficult—more difficult than the day before it." * And again, in a remarkable letter written on the Nile, four days later, in reply to a despatch from the Emperor announcing that the Opposition had abandoned the project of making a great public demonstration in Paris on October 26th, she says:

"I was greatly troubled about the doings of yesterday, and to know that you were in Paris without me; but everything passed off well, as I see by your despatch. . . . I think, *in spite of all*, you should not be discouraged, but should go forward in the way you have inaugurated. It is well to keep faith with respect to the concessions granted; this every one believes and admits. I hope, then, that your speech will be in this sense. The more need there may be of force later on, the more necessary it is to prove to the country that these are ideas, and not *expedients*. I am far away, and quite too ignorant of what has happened since my departure to speak in this way; but I am thoroughly convinced that the orderly progress of ideas is the veritable force. I do not like sudden movements, and I am persuaded that a *coup*

* "Papiers et Correspondance de la Famille Impériale."

d'État cannot be made twice in the same reign. I am talking at random, and preaching to a convert who knows a great deal more about the subject than I do. But I must say something, were it only to prove what you know, that my heart is with you both, and that if, when everything about me is quiet, my vagabond spirit loves to roam about in space, it is close by you both that I love to be in times of disquietude and anxiety. . . . I have no wish to remember anything in my life that may have blighted the bright colors of my illusions, . . . but I live again in my son, and I feel that my real joys are to be those which shall come to my own heart only after they have passed through his heart." *

If the Empress ever declared herself in favor of the Franco-German War, it was not from political considerations, but for sentimental reasons, and a natural fondness for heroic solutions. She was at this time free from political responsibilities; when these came, she knew how to act with a prudence and a dignity as remarkable, perhaps, as it may have been unexpected by those who were not aware of the excellent good sense, the instinctive *savoir faire* that lay concealed beneath those superficial and more brilliant qualities for which she had long been so conspicuous and so famous.

But in July, 1870, her Majesty's opinions, whatever they may have been or might have been with respect to the necessity or the expediency of a war with Prussia, could have had but very little weight after Bismarck had audaciously in the name of his King, "slapped the cheek of France"—after this calculated insult to the Imperial Government and the French people.

The absurdity of attributing to the Empress a desire to perpetuate her Regency must be evident to every one familiar with the facts related in this chapter. And that such a desire would have been an unnatural one, is made

* "Papiers et Correspondance de la Famille Impériale."

sufficiently clear by the whole tenor of her life during the past twenty-five years. Not only has she persistently refused to assume any sort of leadership in contemporary French politics, but, conscious of the rectitude of her official conduct, whether as consort of the Emperor or as Regent, has declined even to attempt to justify herself before the world.

It is only a few weeks since that, having read certain passages in the "Memoirs" of the late General Trochu, recently published, derogatory to the Emperor and the Empress, I sent a letter to the *Gaulois* and a number of the Paris journals, in which I corrected the statements made by General Trochu with respect to two or three matters that came within my own knowledge. On my sending to her Majesty a copy of this communication to the Paris press, with a letter explaining the circumstances of the case and the motives that had led me to write it, I received from her the following answer:

"FARNBOROUGH HILL, FARNBOROUGH HANTS,
"*October* 22, 1896.

"MY DEAR DOCTOR:

"I am profoundly touched by your letter. I know what your sentiments are, and what they always have been, towards my family.

"I appreciate the motives that have caused you to act —detaching, as you say, an extract from your 'Memoirs' —in the matter of the noise that is being made to-day over the name of General Trochu.

"You will understand also, I hope, that I am quite resolved to reply to nothing, and to contradict nothing, however painful it may be to me. A war of recrimination and justification is repugnant to me. I have faith to believe that to the Emperor first, and to me, perhaps (?), Time will do justice.

"Believe, dear Doctor, in my very kind sentiments,

"EUGÉNIE."

How pathetic that interrogation "perhaps (?)"!

Poor Empress! Yes, Time will do you justice. You have happily already lived to see that your heroism, your self-sacrifice, your sorrows, have secured to you the admiration and sympathy of the world—the world that will soon forget your enemies and all their works, and remember you for centuries to come as one of the most beautiful and sympathetic figures that have sat upon a throne, as one whose story is the sum of all the romance and tragedy of a woman's life.

And the Emperor—whose favorite saying it was that everything will come to him who knows how to wait—Time will do, is now doing, him justice also.

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small."

CHAPTER XVII

THE END OF THE WAR—THE COMMUNE

I return to France—The suffering among the French prisoners—The Clothing Society—I engage in relief work—*Hostes dum vulnerati fratres*—The fellow-feeling produced by suffering shared in common—The end of the war—A National Assembly—The humiliating peace—The Emperor arrives in England—The Sedan of the Government of the National Defense—Mrs. Evans and I visit the Emperor and Empress at Camden Place—The admirable resignation of the Emperor—His interest in the education of the Prince Imperial—Mrs. Evans and I return to Paris—The aspect of the city.

SEEING that, for the moment, I could not be directly of any service to her Majesty, and at the same time recognizing that the war, in all probability, would continue for several months at least, I decided to return to France in order to go on with the Ambulance work, which I had been compelled to leave so unexpectedly and suddenly.

Knowing that there would be a want of medical stores and surgical instruments and apparatus in the French hospitals and camps, I bought in London a supply of the things I thought most necessary, and made preparations to take them with me to Metz.

To return to Paris, as I should have preferred to do, was out of the question. It was not likely that I would be permitted to pass through the German lines then investing the city; and besides, were I allowed to enter it, my usefulness might be greatly hampered on account of the assistance which I had rendered to the Empress; for, during the period immediately following upon the fall of

the Empire, party feeling was strong, and the hatred of the Republicans against all persons who had proved to be friends of the Napoleonic family was implacable. Moreover, I knew that under Dr. Crane's supervision the American Ambulance was in good hands. I came to the conclusion, therefore, to look after the armies which were still in the field, and it seemed to me that I could be more useful in Metz than anywhere else.

In order to have no difficulty in passing through the lines of the German troops, I provided myself with letters of introduction and credentials from the highest German civil and military authorities; and although, in a few instances, obstacles were met with, I reached the French outposts safely.

On arriving at Metz, I asked permission to enter the city, stating the purpose, and addressing my request in the regular way to the head-quarters; but, to my great disappointment, my request was not granted.

Nevertheless this rebuff did not discourage me. I found in the neighborhood of Metz, and afterward at Sedan, several hospitals where my medical stores were greatly needed and highly appreciated. But the frightful scenes I witnessed during this my second visit to the Continent moved me greatly, and I decided, until I should be able to return to my home in Paris, to devote all my efforts to ameliorating the condition of those Frenchmen who were prisoners in the enemy's country; some of whom were suffering from their wounds or from diseases, and others from want, resulting from causes I had scarcely thought of, and most of whom were without sufficient clothing of a kind adapted for winter use.

I therefore at once returned to London, and addressed myself to several influential persons, to whom I related my experiences and whose cooperation I solicited. I told them how much I had been struck by the misery and distress I had seen everywhere among the prisoners who

were not upon the sick lists, which resulted from the want of nearly everything, and especially from the need of warm clothing; and I expressed my opinion that, as the weather was already extremely severe, should the winter prove a hard one, thousands of them would succumb to their fate, unless effective measures of relief were promptly taken.

To my great delight, my words found willing ears, and I was enabled to create, with the help of Messrs. Michael Biddulph, Thomas Hankey, W. K. Gladstone, and Leopold de Rothschild, the so-called "Clothing Society," which, as has been acknowledged by the French Government, and also by the German authorities, rendered a great deal of assistance to the prisoners of war in the camps established in 1870–71 near Cologne, Mayence, Coblenz, and other German cities.

During nearly the whole winter I was occupied visiting these camps, and I crossed the English Channel several times to take to Germany or to Switzerland the gifts in kind or in money which had been collected in England by our society, distributing them either personally among the prisoners, or delivering them to trustworthy persons who had offered me their assistance.

My first trip to the Continent for this purpose was made in January, 1871. I left London on the 18th of that month, and arriving on the 20th at Lille, called upon the Count de Meulan, the president of a local Relief Society. This society was in direct relations with another society, that of the *Chevaliers de Malte,* which was under the presidency of Baron Schönlein, at Cologne, and which had received permission to forward goods coming from England, through France, free of duty and at small expense of carriage, and through Belgium at about half the ordinary charge. M. Longhaye, vice-president of the Lille Society, promised me all the aid in his power, and subsequently rendered me considerable assistance.

I proceeded to Brussels on the 21st, in order to arrange for the transportation of supplies through Belgium. The King himself, when I saw him during my previous trip, and told him of my plans regarding the prisoners, had graciously offered me all the assistance which he should be able to render me in my undertaking; and, inasmuch as there existed also in the Belgian capital an International Society which was doing work for the relief of the prisoners of war, it seemed to me advisable to work in cooperation with it.

Finding that, by this arrangement, an additional number of camps could be looked after, and that many of the old prisoners were being removed to other camps, I decided to dispose of the clothing I had brought with me in favor of the large number of new prisoners who were daily arriving at Cologne, Coblenz, and Mayence, and to supply them also with such sums of money as were most urgently required to meet their immediate wants.

The Belgian society having agreed to supply a quantity of wooden shoes to these new prisoners, my attention, on going to Cologne, was first devoted to the distribution among them of warm underclothing. I accordingly gave away there, in the name of our London Society, both personally and through the kind offices of the *Chevaliers de Malte*, a large quantity of drawers, stockings, slippers, and flannel belts, together with one thousand woolen shirts, costing one thaler (three shillings) each. I gave, moreover, to Colonel du Paty de Clam, of the Second Dragoons, who was indicated to me, both by his fellow-officers and the German military authorities, as possessing their entire confidence, the sum of two thousand francs, for the relief of the most necessitous and impecunious of the non-commissioned officers; and I promised him a further sum to be divided among them, should he think it necessary.

I also found at Cologne a ladies' society which had

been organized by officers' wives, and which worked in a very praiseworthy manner. I therefore handed to the president, Madame Masson, the sum of one thousand francs, in order to assist her society in the purchase of woolen socks, drawers, and flannel belts for the convalescent prisoners from the hospitals.

Another sum of money was handed over for distribution to Baron Edward Oppenheim, who at his own expense, and with the aid of subscriptions, was trying to relieve the wants of the prisoners.

Before leaving Cologne, the Abbé Strumpf, a gentleman who spent all his time visiting the camps for the purpose of ascertaining the requirements of the prisoners, informed me that at Torgau, Saxony, the camp was extremely unhealthy, owing to the swampy character of the ground, and that wooden sabots were urgently needed there. I accordingly gave him money sufficient to purchase two thousand pairs.

On arriving at Coblenz, on January 25th, I presented my letters of introduction to General von Wedel, including one from the commanding officer at Cologne. He received me with much kindness, which I was told was characteristic of him; for he was so beloved by the French soldiers who knew him that they called him *le père des prisonniers.* He at once accorded me permission to visit the two camps established in the neighborhood of the city; and Major Lainstow, the officer in charge of Camp No. 2, also a man of kindly and benevolent impulses, whose humanity toward the prisoners had won for him their confidence and regard, afforded me every facility for carrying out the object of my visit. I myself distributed about two thousand pairs of woolen stockings to the prisoners in the two camps. For the relief of the soldiers and officers interned in the city of Coblenz itself, I left with Mr. and Mrs. Archer Burton, English residents of that city—to whose active exertions these prisoners owed the alleviation of much

of their suffering—twelve large boxes of second-hand clothing which I had brought with me from London.

In a similar manner I occupied my time for nearly a month, distributing money and articles of clothing in the prison camps and hospitals at Mayence, Wiesbaden, Rastadt, Frankfort, Stuttgart, Carlsruhe, in fact all over Germany, to aid and comfort the poor French soldiers who had been taken captive during the war.

None except those who saw with their own eyes these men in the camps and lazarettos of Germany can have any adequate idea of the hardships and sufferings they endured, to the very end of that terrible winter of 1870–71. And all the while their ranks were literally decimated by disease; for it has been estimated that more than 20,000 of the inmates of these establishments perished by diseases brought on, principally, by exposure to the inclemency of the weather. The great want of suitable clothing among them was caused by the fact that they were hastily called into the field in July, were captured a few weeks later, in midsummer, and that six months or more had passed with no chance to obtain winter overcoats and blankets, or to renew in a regular way any of their supplies of clothing. But whatever the cause, or however unavoidable under the circumstances, it made no less sad and no less pitiable the condition of these barefooted, bareheaded, and ragged remnants of the military power of the Empire. To their physical suffering was also added the demoralization which came from defeat. They neither knew the extent of their own misfortunes, nor how great were those which had befallen their country. They were unable even to communicate with their families at home, for they had no money with which to pay the postage on a letter.

A German gentleman, who was greatly interested in the unhappy lot of these prisoners, wrote to me from Dresden, saying: "Out of three hundred French prisoners in our camps, two hundred have not a penny. They can-

not pay the postage on their letters, so that even the letters which they receive have very often to be sent back"; and he begged me to "come to the relief of these poor people." "If," said he, "we could only give them, on entering into the hospital, a sixpence apiece! Please authorize Mr. Irish (the American Consul at Dresden) to put a thousand francs in our hands."

I may add that this same gentleman wrote to me to say: "Our dear, highly beloved Crown-Princess [afterward the Empress Frederick] told me that she was very sorry not to have seen you when you called, and was much pleased to hear of the two thousand francs which you gave to us to be disbursed for the purchase of necessary clothing for the sick and wounded French prisoners now in the hospitals at Dresden."

That many ladies—French ladies—should have come to the assistance of the multitude of French soldiers, sick, destitute, and prisoners of war, is not remarkable. A number of them worked nobly and were unremitting in their efforts to relieve and comfort their unfortunate and unhappy compatriots. Among them I wish particularly to mention Madame MacMahon, the wife of Marshal MacMahon, whom I met at Mayence, and Madame Canrobert, the wife of Marshal Canrobert, whom I saw at Stuttgart, and who was as energetic as she was philanthropic. Madame Canrobert undertook to purchase for me, and to distribute personally among the convalescents leaving the Stuttgart hospitals, several thousand francs' worth of clothing and other articles. The Countess de Gramont at Munich was also indefatigable in her efforts to aid and assist the convalescents coming from the hospitals.

But many German ladies were no less considerate and charitably disposed towards the poor French soldiers who lay wounded and sick in the hospitals. *Hostes dum vulnerati fratres* was a motto which expressed not only the sentiment that guided the conduct of the Crown-Princess

of Germany in her efforts to aid and succor these unhappy victims of war, but that of the Empress Augusta as well, who, when Queen of Prussia, established in all parts of the kingdom International Red Cross societies, to which, during the Franco-German War, she continued to give the most generous support. The Grand-Duchess of Baden took a special interest in the military hospital at Carlsruhe; and, on my making certain suggestions by way of improving the situation of a number of prisoners, she promised me that the matter should be promptly attended to. In fact, the French officers interned in Carlsruhe were well cared for, and were most hospitably treated by the citizens.

I should regret to have conveyed the impression, in these reminiscences of my experience among the prison camps in Germany during the winter of 1870–71, that the German Government failed to do all it could reasonably be expected to do in behalf of the French prisoners. When it is remembered that the transport service and supply departments of Germany had to provide for more than 400,000 captives—a larger number than were ever before taken by a victorious army—it should cause no surprise to hear that the Germans were for a time unequal to the task of properly taking care of the hordes of prisoners on their hands. The prisoners were generally fairly well housed; the rations furnished were both good in quality and sufficient in quantity; and the soldiers, and especially the officers, enjoyed a large amount of liberty. In every respect they were considerately treated by the officers in charge of the camps; and I was particularly touched on observing that even a larger share of military honors was accorded by the German authorities to the deceased French privates than would have been rendered them in their own country.

The causes for the suffering which prevailed in these prison camps I have already stated; but I should also state that, after a few weeks, the general condition of the prisoners was greatly improved by the distribution among

them of immense quantities of clothing and supplies of all kinds which were furnished by a great number of relief societies that came into existence, immediately they were needed, all over Europe, and the United States also.

During my tours through Germany, while engaged in this relief work, I saw many things which were well worth noticing, and were of more than a passing interest, as they threw light upon human character in general, and taught lessons that may seem singular to those who have not themselves personally observed and studied the conditions and the consequences resulting from actual warfare.

One might expect that the life of a soldier and the continual sight of suffering would make his heart cold and indifferent, and brutalize his feeling; and most people naturally believe—when death threatens every one—when a man is surrounded on all sides by danger, that he becomes supremely selfish and cares very little even for his friends.

This, however, is not so always. On the contrary, I could mention many cases in which the soldiers whom I met in the hospitals or prisons showed the greatest kindness and sympathy for their companions.

I was often told by one of those men, when I offered him assistance, that he was not so much in want as one of his comrades; and more than once, some of the French prisoners refused to accept a shirt or a pair of shoes, even when they were suffering for the want of them, and pointed out to me others among their number who needed these articles far more than they did. The feeling that prompted these generous acts was something quite different from the amiable spirit of *comaraderie* which is developed by association alone. It seemed rather to be the result of a moral evolution, determined by the environment, that ended in the transformation of an original racial instinct into a fine sentiment of humanity—into that *caritas generis humani* which has redeemed the world and glorified it.

In peace, the inequality of conditions among men, and

the great difference in the fortunes allotted to individuals, create, on the one side, envy, and, on the other side, disdain and a sense of superiority. Many of those who are in the enjoyment of all the comforts and luxuries of life cannot imagine that they can ever be placed in a condition similar to that of their less favored neighbors; for in times of peace sudden changes seldom occur, and the rich rarely have a chance to learn the lessons which misfortune teaches. Many of them therefore persuade themselves that those who are not as well-conditioned as they are, owe it to the simple reason that they are not worthy of a better fortune, and they learn on this account to ignore and despise them.

On the other hand, the poor, or those who are in a dependent position, imagine that they have been disinherited by fate; they know only their own sorrows and sufferings, and never can believe that the rich and the educated, and those who stand in high places and hold great offices, have also their troubles and hours of wretchedness. Deceived by the glittering outside of a life unknown to them and which they cannot understand, their hearts often become filled with envy and hatred.

In times of war the order and relative importance of things changes. Conditions are equalized; and the same hopes, and fears, and joys, and sorrows are felt and entertained by all. Every one knows that what has happened to his companion to-day may happen to himself to-morrow, and he treats his neighbor as he himself would like to be treated under the same circumstances.

It is when confronted by common dangers and suffering that men are most inclined to remember and to practise the golden rule. War is terrible; war is a prodigious leveler; but in its destructive course it sweeps aside the vanities of life, and very often among the ruins some of the fairest and sweetest flowers that grow in the garden of the Lord spring up and bloom.

While I was engaged as above described, the spring arrived, and with it the Franco-German War came to a close. The French armies had been defeated everywhere in the open field and, although Paris for a time still held out, *le Gouvernement de la Défense Nationale* saw that it would be in vain to resist the besiegers any longer.

After M. Jules Favre's unsuccessful attempt to treat with Count Bismarck at Ferrières, which our readers will remember, and after the equally unsuccessful endeavors to induce foreign Powers to intervene in behalf of France, of which we have also spoken, Trochu and Favre, and their associates, announced that the Government would rely upon itself for salvation; and all the bombastic proclamations subsequently issued by them only reechoed their resolve to die or to conquer, and not to grant to the enemy a single stone of the fortresses or a single inch of French soil—"*pas une pierre de nos forteresses; pas un pouce de notre territoire.*" The more events progressed, however, the more evident it became to every one that this mock-heroic decision would have to be modified. The flaming spirit—"the furious fool," according to M. Thiers—of the Republican Government was Léon Gambetta, who, on October 6, 1870, left Paris in a balloon, and descended at Tours, where he established a branch of the Government, and soon assumed the functions, if not the title, of a Dictator. However patriotic the intentions of this gentleman may have been, his efforts proved fruitless, notwithstanding his great ability and his prodigious activity. Armies were improvised—six hundred thousand men were under arms in less than four months—but, composed for the most part of raw and undisciplined levies, poorly equipped and badly officered, they were unable to come to the relief of the besieged capital. "If," said Bismarck to Jules Favre, "to arm a citizen were all it was necessary to do to make a soldier of him, it would be an imposition to devote a large part of the public wealth to the maintenance of standing armies. It is these that give the

superiority in war—and you were beaten because you did not know it.'' Moreover, no intelligent or intelligible plan of military cooperation would ever seem to have been agreed upon between the Government in Paris and the Government at Tours; and their effective action, whether for war or peace, was still further paralyzed by personal jealousies and political divergencies. That the Government of the 4th of September should have premitted itself to be shut up in Paris, only shows how absolutely incompetent it was to take the first sensible step towards safety. In committing this folly, it threw away the only chance it had of communicating with the world, deliberately cut itself loose from France, and put in imminent peril its own existence; for, in the meantime, the example set by the members of the Government, on September 4th, was imitated by the Radicals and Socialists of the French capital.

On October 31, 1870, the inhabitants of those quarters of Paris where chiefly the working class lives, tried, under the leadership of Delescluze, Blanqui, Pyat, and Flourens, to establish a government of the Commune. This attempt, however, proved unsuccessful.

But another attempt of a similar kind was made on January 22, 1871, and the Government did not prove, this time, powerful enough to crush the insurrection entirely, and the spirit of dissension and revolt among the inhabitants of Paris grew more and more violent and dangerous.

On the 28th of January an armistice was obtained from the Germans, in order to enable the French people to elect delegates for a National Assembly, whose sole mission it was to decide whether the war should be continued, or on what terms peace should be made.*

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* Convention, Art. 2: "L'armistice ainsi convenu à pour but de permettre au Gouvernement de la défense nationale de convoquer une Assemblée librement élue qui prononcera sur la question de savoir:

On February 13th the seven hundred and fifty representatives of the people elected to the National Assembly of France met for the first time in Bordeaux, and chose for their President M. Grévy. Whereupon the members of the Government of the National Defense resigned their offices,

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si la guerre doit être continuée, ou à quelles conditions la paix doit être faite.—L'Assemblée se réunira dans la ville de Bordeaux."

The article here cited gives, however, only a partial and very imperfect idea of the real facts in the case. The armistice was granted by Prince Bismarck solely on certain conditions set forth in the body of the "convention" and which Favre accepted, viz: (1) All the forts around Paris together with all the war *matériel* in them were to be delivered up immediately to the German army; (2) the interior defenses were to be dismantled; (3) all the troops of the line, the marines, and the *Garde Mobile*, over 250,000 men, were to be made prisoners of war, and were to surrender their arms; but—at the request of Favre—*the National Guards of Paris were to keep their arms;* and within fifteen days the city of Paris was to pay 200,000,000 francs as a special war contribution.

That is to say, the Government of the National Defense made a complete and absolute surrender of everything, at the time, in its power to surrender; and having deliberately consented to deprive itself of the means of continuing the war, on *these terms*, obtained a suspension of hostilities for a period of twenty-one days for the purpose of electing an Assembly, "to determine whether the war was to be continued or not, or, to decide upon what conditions peace ought to be made."

It is evident that after this preliminary convention between Bismarck and Favre the convocation of an Assembly to decide whether they would have war or peace, or to discuss and settle upon the terms of a treaty, was a monstrous farce. This convention—the so-called *armistice*—was the ignoble prelude to the acceptance by Thiers and Favre of a treaty dictated by Prince Bismarck and ratified by an Assembly that was absolutely powerless to do otherwise; and which had been proposed and convened for the special purpose of relieving those representatives of the Government who had already signed the preliminaries, or, were to affix their signatures to the terms finally demanded—"*no matter how exorbitant*"—of all personal responsibility for their acts.

Thiers and Favre surrendered France unconditionally to the German armies, and, as their act was approved by the Bordeaux Assembly, the German Chancellor successfully accomplished his long-cherished purpose to dictate the terms of a peace with the sanction of the treaty-making power of France.

and on February 17, 1871, M. Thiers, who had been elected by twenty Departments as their representative in the National Assembly, was unanimously chosen by the members of this Assembly as "Chief of the Executive Power" in France, and a new ministry was formed.

On February 26th the preliminaries of peace were concluded at Versailles between Prince Bismarck and M. Thiers, and the day for the ratification of the preliminaries was fixed for March 1st.

And the terms of this peace! Is it necessary to recall them? to state that they were not the terms that had been offered to the Emperor—the cession of Strasbourg and a moderate war indemnity—but that they included the transfer to the German Empire of two great French provinces, the payment to the German Government within five years of $1,000,000,000, and the entry into Paris on March 1st of a German Army Corps, which was to remain there until these preliminary conditions had been ratified by the Assembly?

On the 1st of March, 1871, thirty thousand German troops marched into Paris, and Bismarck came to the Place de l'Étoile to hear the bands play the "Wacht am Rhein" under the "Arc de Triomphe." And squadrons of German cavalry were picketed along the Champs Élysées and in the Place de la Concorde—where the faces of the statues of the great cities of France—Lyons, and Strasbourg, and Marseilles, and Bordeaux, and the rest, were hidden behind dense folds of crape, to indicate the sense of the national humiliation. And it was on this same day, at Bordeaux, that the Assembly, chosen purely and simply to pronounce on the conditions of peace, formed itself into a Constitutional Convention—M. Thiers having declared that in any case it was sovereign—and purged itself of all responsibility for the war, and for the disastrous and shameful terms of peace it had accepted with indecent haste, by reaffirming the overthrow of Napoleon III. and his dynasty, and de-

claring him responsible for the ruin, the invasion, and the dismemberment of France.*

The humiliating terms on which peace had been obtained, and the unsettled political situation in France, grieved the Emperor bitterly. The war, however, was now over, and he was no longer a prisoner. He accordingly began to make his arrangements to leave Wilhelmshöhe, for the purpose of joining the Empress at Camden Place. But it was his destiny, before leaving his palatial prison, to hear of yet another disaster that had befallen his country. On March 18th news reached him of the outbreak of the Commune in Paris.

The day of his landing in England, March 20, 1871, was unusually fine, and thousands of people had assembled on the pier at Dover to witness the arrival of the illustrious exile. The Empress, with the Prince Imperial and a limited suite, had gone to Dover by special train from Chislehurst. They at once proceeded to the Lord Warden Hotel, where they stayed until the steamer from Ostend arrived. The Prince Imperial, with Prince Napoleon, Prince Murat, Baron Dupret, Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, and several distinguished English gentlemen, had accompanied the Empress from Chislehurst to meet the Emperor on his landing.

As soon as the boat was made fast, the Emperor, who stood on deck with Baron Hehren, General Fleury, and one of the Princes Murat, was immediately recognized. Repeated cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" from the assembled multitude greeted his Majesty, who acknowledged them with smiles and salutes. As he stepped on shore, the crowd pressed so closely about him that it was difficult for the Emperor to advance. The policemen, however, soon cleared a way before him, and in another moment the Empress Eugénie was in his arms. He pressed her to his heart; and

* See Appendix IX.

the Empress, who kissed him several times with deep emotion, and her eyes full of tears, then walked away with him, clasping his arm with both hands. The Prince Imperial, who had taken hold of his father's hand and saluted him with a kiss on both cheeks, walked by his side. The curiosity of the people led them to gather around the exiles, who could not proceed until the gentlemen who accompanied them, together with some policemen, formed a cordon, and the Imperial family were thus enabled to walk slowly towards the Lord Warden Hotel.

Upon approaching the hotel, loud shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" "*Vive l'Impératrice!*" were uttered by the people who had gathered about the entrance, and by others who were waving hats and handkerchiefs from the windows. The Empress seemed half dismayed and half pleased at this homage; but the Emperor smiled good-naturedly, and bowed, lifting his hat to the multitude. The Imperial refugees stayed but a short time at Dover; and as a special train was in readiness at the railway station, they were able to leave at two o'clock. When the train steamed out of the station, two or three hundred ladies and gentlemen, who had come to witness the departure of the illustrious exiles, greeted them with loud acclamations; and while the cars were slowly moving off, the sympathetic cheering of the English people still for a long while reached the ears of the deposed French monarch, who an hour or two later arrived at his new home in Camden Place.

When the Emperor left Wilhelmshöhe I was in Switzerland, where I had gone to look into the condition of the French soldiers—the remnant of Bourbaki's army—that had been forced to take refuge on Swiss territory, and whose sufferings from want of food, exposure, frost, and fatigue had been almost beyond belief. Thousands of their companions had perished or disappeared in the snow about Besançon and Pontarlier; and the condition of the sur-

vivors, frost-bitten, and in rags, resembled and was no less pitiable than the one which is said to have been presented by the shattered columns of the "Grand Army" that escaped from Moscow. The disaster was even greater, for the *morale* of the troops had vanished, and an army of over one hundred thousand men had been destroyed. *Le Gouvernement de la Défense Nationale* had found its Sedan among the defiles of the Jura. It was the fit ending of a campaign begun on September 4th in which the prestige of a century was dissipated, and the record of which is the darkest and most inglorious in the military history of France.*

And here it was, among these last victims of the war of 1870–71, that my relief work ended.

A few days after the Emperor arrived at Camden Place, I with my wife went to Chislehurst to present our respects to his Majesty, and our congratulations to the Imperial family, who, after having experienced so many vicissitudes of fortune, were now again reunited.

The Emperor received us in the most kindly manner, and with the same ease I had so often observed, just as if nothing unusual had occurred since I saw him at the Palace of Saint Cloud.

I noticed that he seemed to have grown a little older, that his complexion was somewhat paler than it had formerly been, and that his face bore traces of fatigue and suffering. He was now without a throne, or a country, or a home that was his own. Even the house we were in I

* Incredible as it may seem, this "army of the Loire," numbering nearly 150,000 men, the critical situation of which was known to Prince Bismarck, was *expressly* excluded from the armistice, *with the consent* of Favre, who, as if to make its destruction certain, failed to inform the Government of Tours, when he announced the conclusion of an armistice, that, "Les opérations militaires sur le terrain des départements du Doubs, du Jura, et de la Côte d'Or se continueront indépendamment de l'armistice."

myself had hired for him. He appeared, however, to be by no means depressed, but most happy to be once more with his wife and son, and pleased to see himself still surrounded by loyal and most devoted friends.

He at once began to ask us many of those personal questions which, of little importance in themselves, are always prompted by sympathies that tend to make the world akin, and talked freely himself in reply to our inquiries. The Empress soon after joined in the conversation, which ran on for a long time in the same amiable personal vein. Most of the things said were of interest only to ourselves. But the attempt of the Empress to extenuate the conduct of some of her enemies—to whom I casually referred—I was scarcely prepared for. What made her magnanimity—and formally expressed willingness to pardon them if they would only save France from destruction—all the more unexpected, was the fact that, in referring to the conduct of these persons, I had only used the words I had heard her Majesty herself use when speaking of them. Time had softened the bitterness of feeling which at first it was impossible for her to repress; and she was by nature too generous and too patriotic to permit me, a foreigner, to say any unpleasant thing of persons whose motives might be misjudged, and whom she still fondly regarded as her own people. Her Majesty's ability to forgive, if not to forget, is as remarkable as was that of Napoleon III.*

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* In a conversation I had not long ago with the Empress, referring to General Trochu, she spoke of the solemn promise he made to her and how he betrayed her that same day. And then, in the kindly way she has of finding excuses for the conduct of her political enemies, she said: "But I really believe he thought it was his duty to act as he did—that the Empire was an obstacle—that he was moved by no personal ambition to side with the revolutionists, but that it was entirely a matter of conscience with him." "In fact," I said smiling, "your Majesty considers him to have been a conscientious traitor."

"Yes," she replied, apparently amused at the incongruity of the words, "a conscientious traitor."

Before we left, the Emperor thanked me for having found for the Empress and himself a quiet and charming English home; and, referring to my visit to him at Wilhelmshöhe, spoke of the kindness of the Empress Augusta during his residence there, as also of the consideration shown him by Emperor William and the Crown Prince Frederick, at the Château of Bellevue, when he surrendered himself a prisoner.

This visit was a most agreeable one to us; and we were especially delighted to find that the Emperor had been able to accept the immense change in his personal situation and surroundings with so much philosophy, and seemed to be in such excellent humor.

The Commune and reign of anarchy having been set up in Paris, I was compelled to remain in London for several weeks, waiting for the restoration of order in the French capital. During this time I was a frequent visitor to Chislehurst. I found the Emperor usually cheerful and always most amiable. But he was troubled by the state of affairs in France—evidently much more so than by his own personal misfortunes. The outbreak in Paris disturbed him greatly; and he did not conceal his sense of humiliation caused by this most deplorable exhibition of social discord and political violence, made by Frenchmen in the presence of the German army of occupation, and while half of the city of Paris was still invested by Prussian troops.

Although he did not decline to speak about this fresh disaster that had befallen his country, the subject was painful to him, and he preferred to talk of other matters, of those in which his own responsibility was directly engaged, or of persons who had secured his confidence and esteem. And his conversation often became most interesting, as remarkable for its clearness of insight into the causes and consequences of events, as for its freedom from all asperity when it related to persons.

During one of my visits he spoke to me of the men then

most prominent in French politics, and I was surprised at the kindly way in which he even excused some of those who had failed to justify the confidence he had placed in them. Of several of his political enemies he spoke in terms of praise. Among them was M. Dufaure, who, he said, had always been "an honest opponent." He had tried to get him to serve in his Government, but had failed, Dufaure having his own views with respect to his political duties. He then named several persons whom he had not succeeded in drawing to his support, and others who had deserted their parties and their principles without persuasion, most of whom had consulted only their own personal interests or those of their families. "In fact," he said, "the men whose acts have been most injurious to myself and most disadvantageous to my Government have been those who, while false to their origins and their dynasties, or their political affiliations, accepted high offices and responsible positions in the Imperial Government without any equivalent sense of loyalty to the Government they were serving." The name of M. Thiers having been mentioned, the Emperor said: "He is a most remarkable man. He has been an active opponent of mine, but I will forgive him, for he has recently been devoting his life to the service of his country. His influence in France is very great, and I hope he may continue to use it for his country's good."

The strongest and most lasting impression left on my mind by these interviews was the extreme ease and the admirable resignation with which the Emperor seemed to accept his simple surroundings and the new conditions in which his destiny had placed him.

Doubtless one of the secret causes of his extraordinary capacity to suffer in silence, or to overlook the evidences about him on every side of his fall from power, is to be found in the fact that he was constantly occupied. Forgetful of himself—unlike the majority of men in similar circumstances—he wasted no time in vain regrets. He was

always at work on some question or matter of public concern. His interest in these subjects never ceased. While a prisoner at Wilhelmshöhe, the light in his bedroom was rarely extinguished until an early hour in the morning. At Camden Place he passed much of his time in a small room adjoining his bedchamber, and most plainly furnished, where, surrounded with books and papers and various documents, he appeared to be as much at home as when seated at his desk in his *cabinet de travail* at the Palace of the Tuileries, where I had so often seen him. Here, after the manner, as Bacon says, *Monachi alicujus in cellulâ lucubrantis,* he engaged upon his favorite studies—the settlement of international disputes by arbitration, questions of finance, and matters relating to public and even household economy.

The Emperor was also greatly interested in the education of the Prince Imperial, who was now in his sixteenth year, affectionate, intelligent, and, with all the curiosity of youth, eager to learn. He was proud of his son, and delighted to talk with him about the studies he was then pursuing, under private tutors and at King's College, London, and to instruct him in the objects of government, the rights of the people, and the responsibilities of rulers. He wished him to study the history of France, in order that he might comprehend the spirit and the purpose of the founder of his dynasty; and he was most anxious that his son should clearly understand the principles by which his own political life had been directed. He desired to have the young Prince fix firmly in his mind the importance of adhering to right and justice, in dealing with all public as well as private concerns. The fundamental principles which he sought to inculcate in his son's mind were that without morality and justice society could not exist; and that morality and justice could only exist in a country where every one was treated according to his works; that liberty, except under law and order, was impossible; that

the source of authority was the nation; and that whether the government exercising this authority was called an empire or a republic, mattered nothing so long as it expressed the will of the people freely consulted.

His affection for his son increased with his own diminished power and declining prospects. It was now through him he hoped that his ideas, his principles, and his name would be perpetuated. He in consequence had no secrets that he wished to conceal from him; a proof of which he gave one day when M. R——, a distinguished ex-Minister who was conversing with him, stopped speaking on the Prince entering the room. "Oh, you can go right on," said the Emperor, "the Prince will be interested to hear what you have to say."

They were excellent comrades, this father and son, and were often seen walking side by side, in earnest conversation, up and down the long hallway of Camden Place or in the grounds near by.

Immediately after the collapse of the Commune Mrs. Evans and I returned to Paris. My home I found uninjured; but great was my astonishment when I drove through the streets of the capital and saw the extent to which the work of destruction had been carried.

The appearance of Paris was startling; and the devastation had not been the work of the Germans, but of the French themselves—of the Communists, by whom many beautiful edifices had been wantonly burned down, and of the Versailles troops, by whom the city was bombarded in the attempt to recapture it from the insurgents. The quarter of the city in which I live had been the principal battle-ground.

The Porte Maillot had suffered frightfully. The tunnel through which the railway passes under the Avenue de la Grande Armée had been crushed in throughout its entire length; the roadway, traversed by an enormous ditch, was

half filled with twisted iron beams and broken bricks, and the chasm was spanned by a little wooden bridge. The railway station at this gate had absolutely disappeared; not a trace even of its walls remained; it had been blown entirely away. Every house in the neighborhood was windowless, with a hundred holes in the walls, and the ground was thrown up as if by an earthquake. To look at the Porte Maillot alone, one would suppose that the power of destruction had done its worst here. But this was not the case; the Porte d'Auteuil and the Point-du-Jour were quite as badly injured; and at Neuilly the buildings were in a still worse condition, for the walls of most of them were so shattered as to threaten to fall at any moment.

From the Porte Maillot to the Porte de l'Impératrice the houses were all more or less wrecked, but none had been entirely demolished; while those standing back from the streets, and having gardens in front, generally had only the windows injured. The old Porte Dauphine, then called the Porte de l'Impératrice, was almost intact. The drawbridge had scarcely a mark upon it, and the railway station and houses adjoining had, to my surprise, nearly all escaped injury. At La Muette, both the park and château were entirely untouched; the trees stood as fresh and whole as though shells had not been falling all around them, and fire and sword had not made desolate a large part of the beautiful city in the near vicinity. The entire estate had been converted into a fortress, by throwing up high earthworks around it, inside the moat and railings; but I could neither see nor learn that it had suffered in any other way. Passy had suffered but little, excepting on the Boulevard Beausé-jour, which runs along the railway from the Grande Rue to the Rue de l'Assomption. The houses there were directly in front of the fire from Mont Valérien and Montretout, and some of them were badly damaged. From this point toward Auteuil the destruction was more and more complete. The high, wooden bridges that crossed the railway

THE RUINS OF THE TUILERIES.

at several points had been reduced to splinters; the trees and lamp-posts were cut up and thrown yards away; holes six feet deep were gaping everywhere; house-fronts were smashed in; iron railings were cut through and twisted at a thousand points; the telegraph-wires hung in strings; the road was choked with débris of every kind; and, in fact, it would be impossible to recount all the terrible effects caused by the shells in this section of the city.

In Auteuil, however, even this aspect of ruin was surpassed. Here the spectacle was really sickening. What the power of war can do, was manifest in all its destructive force; what could be done by relentless, ruthless battering, here was shown. The railway station, and the high walls which supported it, were a heap of rubbish, on the top of which was stretched the iron roof, broken and twisted and torn, until it was no longer distinguishable by its shape. Some of the houses were leveled to the ground—only a mass of stone and plaster, or looking like huge bundles of split firewood. From Auteuil to the Point-du-Jour the railway viaduct was terribly knocked about. At the Point-du-Jour itself every building was in ruins. The famous bridge across the Seine—a copy of the Roman Pont-du-Gard—only slightly injured by the German bombardment, was nearly destroyed during the Commune. Almost every roof in the neighborhood of Auteuil had been damaged more or less, and many of the villas had not only suffered from the long-continued shell-fire, but had also been pillaged by marauders as soon as they were deserted by the inhabitants. No quarter of Paris suffered so severely as this.

Proceeding up the Avenue de l'Impératrice, as I approached the Arc de Triomphe, I could scarcely believe it possible that this was indeed the splendid monument that was erected to commemorate the triumphs of the "Grand Army." The face fronting the Bois de Boulogne was almost entirely destroyed. It had been struck by hundreds of shells, and by thousands of the fragments of these

missiles. It had apparently been a target against which certain batteries had been directed. Passing on, I entered the Champs Élysées. Here I scarcely recognized the Paris of old. Hardly a person was to be seen; and as for carriages, of all the thousands that used to line the gay avenue, there were none; they seemed to have vanished like figures in a dream. An unwonted silence reigned on every side. I arrived at the Place de la Concorde. The great mass of green leaves in the Garden of the Tuileries, though thin in comparison with what it once was, was still dense enough to shut out the view of the palace, and only through a break here and there in the wall of trees could I distinguish the blackened chimneys of the great building, standing grim and gaunt above its ruins. As for the Place itself, the pavements were torn up; the statues of the cities of France were all chipped, shattered, and scarred by bullet-marks; heaps of stones were piled here and there; the fountains were silent, one of them being literally shattered into fragments, and the other badly deformed. An enormous earthwork closed the entrance to the Rue de Rivoli. The walls above the terrace of the Garden of the Tuileries were parapeted with sand-bags pierced with loop-holes; and loop-holes also were visible in the façades of the public offices fronting on the Place de la Concorde. Turning into the Rue Royale, from which I saw smoke rising and impregnating the air with the odor of charred wood, I found a number of people all staring up at the ruins; they seemed to be conjecturing as to the number of dead bodies that were to be found among them; for many lives were lost when the flames lighted by the *pétroleurs* and the *pétroleuses* swept through these shops and dwelling-houses.

As I passed along, I observed that the fluted pillars of the portico of the Madeleine were scarred by innumerable bullet-marks. The new Opera-House, strangely enough, escaped all injury; and Carpeau's statuary, which has furnished so many texts for sermons on the demoralization of the Im-

perial era, was left untouched. It was only after the reaction—the monarchical, clerical movement which set in almost immediately after the Commune—that the ink was thrown which for so many years stained the white fleshly limbs of the principal figure of "The Dance." By an odd fatality, this Opera-House facilitated the suppression of the Commune. The barricades of the Rue Halévy and of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin had almost stopped the advance of the Versailles troops, when this building, still unfinished, was secretly entered by them, and the soldiers were able from the windows of the upper stories to fire upon the insurgents, and thus render their position untenable. This was surely an unexpected opening performance, a tragic substitute for the long-deferred inauguration of the "Imperial Opera."

I looked in vain for the Column in the Place Vendôme; only a flat block of masonry occupied the spot where it had stood. I no longer recognized the Rue de la Paix, which I had entered for so many years nearly every morning and left every evening, going to and from my office. I almost doubted if I stood at my own door in this busy thoroughfare. True, the exterior evidences of serious damage in the central part of the city were few, and after driving about a while, the spectacle of walls indented, cornices chipped, and window-sills knocked down no longer made an impression upon me. The principal change which affected me, and which I could not soon get accustomed to, was the quietness of the streets. Taking the whole range of the boulevards, from the Madeleine to the Rue Montmartre, not a house had been injured; but when I passed along and saw how many shops were closed, and how apparently dead that whole quarter of the city was, I could scarcely realize that I was in Paris, and that this was the city which I had left less than a year before.

Dismayed and sick at heart, I returned home. It seemed to me that Paris would never recover from the

ravages of two such fearful sieges. Soon, however, I saw that I was mistaken. Hardly six months had passed before most of the traces of this destruction had disappeared, and light-hearted Paris already, ere a year had elapsed, forgot almost entirely the bitter consequences of war and revolution.

And yet, for many long years one huge pile of blackened walls, the remains of what was once the Palace of the Tuileries, loomed up in the very center of the city, solemn, grand, and mysterious, like a funereal monument, to remind the world of the uncertain life of governments—in France. It was only in 1883 that, becoming apparently ashamed of this startling exhibition of the savagery of the mob, of this vestige of the reign of the Commune in the *Ville Lumière*, the Government ordered the demolition of these ruins, and covered with fresh turf and with flowers the ground on which had stood the home of the most famous kings of France. Every trace of the palace has been removed, effaced, or carefully covered up. And here it is, in this new and formal garden, that to-day the children with their nurses gather together in hushed silence, and the idlers stop to watch Pol, the bird-charmer, as he stands on the grass by the laurel bushes while the pigeons hop about his feet picking up the crumbs he lets fall, or alight on his head or his shoulders, and the sparrows fluttering in the air peck at the bit of bread he holds in his outstretched hand. The place that has been the scene of so many great events in French history no longer even suggests continuity with the past to the Parisian or to the stranger.

CHAPTER XVIII

DEATH OF THE EMPEROR

The visitors to Camden Place—November 15, 1871—The Emperor's health—His last photograph—Surgical advice is sought—A consultation is held—A statement contradicted—The operation—The death of the Emperor—The impression it produced in Paris and in London—Messages of condolence—The immediate cause of the Emperor's death—His funeral—"*Vive Napoléon IV.*"

SOON after the Emperor arrived at Chislehurst the Queen paid him a friendly visit; and the Prince of Wales, and all the members of the English royal family, took frequent occasion to express to the unfortunate monarch their benevolent and sympathetic interest.

Equally gratifying and consoling to him may have been the warm welcome and the respectful homage he everywhere received from the English people when he went among them. To them, although uncrowned, and now living like an English country gentleman, he was always "the Emperor."

It was not long, however, before Camden Place became a center of more than ordinary interest to all those who admire and sympathize with men who bravely bear their unmerited misfortunes. Visitors from all countries came to see the exiled sovereign; to pay homage to the hero of misfortune; to thank him for his friendship to them in his days of power; to assure him of their continued esteem, and to place their wealth at his disposition. The Emperor was deeply touched by these manifestations of generous and kindly feeling, which at times assumed almost a semi-public character.

But there were other visitors, who came to renew their pledges of loyalty to his dynasty.

The unsettled state of things in France, the irreconcilable elements in the Assembly at Versailles, and the apparent impossibility of uniting them to form a definitive Government, began to suggest the possibility of a restoration of the Empire, vaguely at first, more openly afterward. Before the end of the year the regrets of the Imperial family were mingled with hopes; they began to look forward, and not backward, and at times Camden Place was invested with an air of animation even. The days of exile were also brightened occasionally by the visits of old and dear friends, and the messages and souvenirs that were sent to Chislehurst now and again, to remind their Majesties that they still held a place in the affectionate remembrance of their countrymen.

One of these days was November 15, 1871. It was the anniversary of the Empress' name-day, and quite a large party had assembled to honor the occasion. At dinner, some twenty persons sat down at the Imperial table, which was beautifully dressed with flowers sent from France; and in their smiling faces one saw an assurance that for this one day, at least, all were determined to be happy.

On this occasion an incident took place that Madame Carette has reported at length, but which illustrates so well the character of the Emperor that it is worth repeating in substance.

A lady having remarked the recent rapid change in the manners, and the language even, of people in good society, went on to say that gentlemen did not hesitate when characterizing their political adversaries, to employ expressions so violent that they would have been considered under the Empire as insulting. "Discussion is angry, and old friends are divided."

"Yes," said some one, "you cannot get five persons

together without finding that they have five different opinions."

"Quite so," said the Emperor; "that is the French character. Even here at this table we have all sorts of opinions."

This observation brought out a general protest.

The Emperor, his countenance brightening, and with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, turning towards the Empress at his side, said: "Why, you—you were always a Legitimist. You are a perfect fanatic for the Count de Chambord; you admire his character, and I think you admire also the proclamations he addresses to the French people. And here is Madame Lebreton; she is an Orleanist; she has retained, I am sure, a strong attachment for the Orleans princes.*

"And as for you, Conneau"—addressing his old friend, who was the meekest, gentlest, and most pacific of men—"you are an out-and-out Communist; you have always entertained the most subversive ideas; you are an enemy of society. You have been seen at the work, when you were in Florence, affiliated to secret societies. You are a *Carbonero.*"

The Doctor nodded approvingly to each of these charges; and every one laughed, greatly amused by the humor of his Majesty's bantering. Then, suddenly becoming serious, the Emperor explained how it was that he himself had been accused, and very mistakenly, of having been a conspirator and a Carbonero.

And when he had finished, the Prince Imperial spoke up: "But, papa, I see here mamma, who is a Legitimist, and Madame Lebreton, who is an Orleanist, and Dr. Conneau, who is a Republican; where, then, are the Imperialists?" Then the Emperor, putting his arm around the

* The Emperor referred to the fact that Madame Lebreton was brought up by Queen Marie Amélie, and when young was a playmate of the Orleans princesses.

waist of his son and drawing him tenderly to his bosom, said: "The Imperialists! You are the Imperialist, my dear child."

But while his Majesty was devoting his time and thought to questions of public interest or to the education of his son, who in October, 1871, entered the English Military Academy at Woolwich, his health began to be a subject of concern to himself and a source of anxiety to his friends. Visits to Torquay and to the Isle of Wight, although followed by temporary improvement, brought no permanent relief. Nor, from the character of his malady, did any such relief appear probable, unless the cause of the troublesome and painful symptoms could be definitely ascertained and removed.

The first indications of the disease that finally resulted in his death made their appearance in 1863, in the form of an attack of hæmaturia, following a carriage accident. After a few weeks a recovery appeared to have been effected. But later, the symptoms of vesical irritation recurred, together with other disabilities which, in two or three instances, required surgical intervention. At length, so unsatisfactory were the results of treatment—so serious even had the Emperor's condition become—that, in the spring of 1870, it was decided to have a consultation of surgeons. The consultation, in fact, took place on the 1st of July, 1870; the surgeons present being Nélaton, Ricord, Fauvel, Germain Sée, and Corvisart. Dr. Conneau was also present. There is said to have been some difference of opinion among these gentlemen with respect to the diagnosis, and, more particularly, concerning the urgency of a surgical examination. But this difference does not appear in the report drawn up by Professor Sée which is a model of its kind, alike comprehensive and clear.

The conclusion was that the Emperor was suffering from a *purulent cystitis*—caused by a *stone* in the bladder; and

that the sound should be used to make sure of the existence and character of this foreign body. A copy of this report is said to have been among the papers found at the Tuileries by the Government of the National Defense. As published, it is dated—Paris, July 3, 1870, and is signed by "Professor G. Sée," alone. It has been the subject of much discussion—Why it was not signed by *all* of the consulting surgeons? Why it was not heard of until the war was over?—and of much curious speculation also; whether, had it been known, there would have been a war—or the war would have been begun and ended as it did, and so forth; the absurdity of which will appear in the light of a fact quaintly stated by an old English writer, namely: "There is no action of man in this life which is not the beginning of so long a chain of consequences as that no human providence is high enough to give us a prospect to the end." But its chief interest, in this connection, is that it establishes very clearly the nature of the local disabilities from which the Emperor had been suffering for many years, as also his physical unfitness, in July, 1870, to endure the fatigues and excitements of a military campaign.

In the autumn of 1872 he requested me to come to Chislehurst, as he wished to see me professionally. He received me in his usual cordial way, with the old-time smile and warm grasp of the hand. I noticed that there was a slight puffiness and lack of color in his face, and a slowness of movement that seemed to indicate advancing years and failing strength.

Not long before, the Emperor, with his cousin, Charles Bonaparte, had gone to London to have his photograph taken. On arriving at the photographer's, he said to his cousin, "How shall I be taken?" But when the camera was placed in front of him, he said, "I have it—I must remember that I am only an exile." This was the last photograph he ever had taken. The portrait facing page 228 is a reproduction of this photograph. It reveals traces

of the sorrow and suffering that misfortune had written indelibly upon his features. The expression is sad, but the likeness is excellent, and shows the man as he appeared at the time of my visit.

He made to me no special complaint on this occasion, although he seemed perhaps a little depressed. He asked some questions about mutual acquaintances, and spoke of the difficulties M. Thiers was meeting with in the Assembly. Having told him that I intended to remain in England a short time, on my leaving he expressed the hope that I would call upon him before returning to Paris. This I promised to do; and accordingly, about a week later, I visited Camden Place again. It was then that he spoke to me of his physical disabilities, and said that he had concluded to consult some of the medical or surgical authorities in London. I immediately suggested to him Sir James Paget, who not only stood high as a surgeon, but was a man of the purest character, in whom all confidence could be placed. The Emperor seemed much pleased with this suggestion, and asked me to go and see Sir James, and make an appointment with him to come to Chislehurst at his own convenience, remarking: "I shall ask you the favor to arrange with him respecting his fees, since I am no longer able to incur expenses as I formerly did, although I like to be liberal to professional men." I assured him that he need have no concern about this, for I felt quite certain that Sir James would do almost anything to be agreeable to me, and would feel it to be an honor to have his Majesty's confidence.

On returning to London, I called upon Sir James Paget, and reported to him the conversation I had had with the Emperor. Whereupon he most kindly consented to go with me to Chislehurst the next day (October 31st). Here he met Sir William Gull, and also Baron Corvisart, and Dr. Conneau, the physicians attached to the Emperor's household, who had followed their sovereign into exile;

and the case of the distinguished patient was fully set forth and carefully considered. That the disabilities and distress experienced were occasioned by the presence of a stone was a matter about which there was and could be very little doubt. But—and I think I may say this without violating any confidence—Sir James seemed to hesitate with regard to the expediency of an operation of any kind. At least, he expressed the opinion that, with a proper regimen and with quiet, the Emperor might live for many years to come without an operation. "Of course," he said to me, "the Emperor must expect to suffer more or less; still he can live with his enemy by taking care of him."

But during the weeks that followed, his Majesty's physical condition, far from improving, grew worse. He was at last compelled to give up all exercise, even walking, rarely leaving the house, and with results that began to affect his general health. In these circumstances the relief from pain and the improvement in health and strength that would follow a successful operation were matters too important and too desirable to be ignored. And the Emperor having expressed a wish to have another surgeon called in consultation, Sir Henry Thompson, an eminent specialist, who had already visited his Majesty a few weeks before, was mentioned as perhaps the highest authority and the most skilful operator in similar cases. Sir James Paget at once assented to this proposal, and said that the opinion of Sir Henry would have great weight with him and be most useful. Sir Henry Thompson was accordingly summoned to Camden Place, where, on December 24th, he met in consultation Sir William Gull and Sir James Paget, together with the ordinary physicians of his Majesty.

These gentlemen were unanimous in their opinion that a thorough examination ought to be made, under chloroform, in order that all doubt as to the diagnosis might be removed. It was furthermore arranged that the explora-

tory operation should be performed on January 2d following. And it was then that the sound unmistakably revealed the presence of a stone. Whatever complications might exist, this alone was believed to be a sufficient cause for the general symptoms of disability observed, and more particularly for the excruciating pains experienced.

Sir Henry took an optimistic view of the case, and proposed lithotrity (crushing), which is not supposed to be attended with much danger in most cases, since it involves no cutting, and the treatment, which usually requires several operations, can be suspended the moment any unfavorable symptoms make their appearance.

After having carefully ascertained his Majesty's physical condition, it was the unanimous opinion of these distinguished professional men that, in view of all the facts in the case, the operation of lithotrity should be attempted. This conclusion having been reported to the Emperor, he expressed his willingness to submit to whatever surgical procedure might be thought necessary, and requested that the treatment proposed should begin at once. On this same day, therefore, January 2, 1873, at three o'clock P.M., the first operation was performed by Sir Henry Thompson, in the presence of the attending physicians and surgeons.

And here I wish to contradict a statement that has been made, and is frequently repeated, namely, that this consultation was held, and surgery resorted to, having in view a political purpose; that, in fact, it was the first step in the execution of a carefully prepared design to repeat the attempt of 1840. A descent, so it is said, was to be made on the French coast, to be followed by a march on Paris, and the Emperor, on horseback, was to enter the city at the head of his army. The success of the scheme was supposed to depend entirely upon the Emperor's ability to ride into Paris *on horseback;* and as his

disability was of such a nature as to make this impossible, it became necessary either to find some means of removing it or to abandon the idea of a restoration of the Empire.

This story, which has been told in slightly different forms, was either deliberately fabricated for a political purpose, or was the product of an active but ignorant imagination. The resort at this time to surgical treatment was advised, and consented to, in the Emperor's case, on exactly the same grounds and for the same reasons that would have made such treatment seem expedient in the case of any private individual; the suffering was great, the disease was progressing, and the general health was becoming rapidly affected; if no remedy could be found, it might soon be too late.

There was but one fact that gave color to this otherwise perfectly transparent invention. During the latter part of the year (1872) the unsettled state of affairs in France—the apparent impossibility of organizing there a stable government of any sort—was causing a manifest reaction in favor of the Empire; and the probability of its restoration at no distant day led the supporters of the Imperial dynasty to make frequent visits to Chislehurst and to speak of the future with hope and confidence. Those persons, however, who imagine that the Emperor was at this time conspiring to overthrow the French Republic, and intriguing to recover his throne, are greatly mistaken. He understood perfectly well that it was impossible for him, in the existing situation of affairs, to return to France except, to use his own words, "through the open door of universal suffrage." It was absolutely essential to his conception of the source of authority in civil affairs, and to his traditional sense of the Imperial dignity, that the dynasty should be restored only in response to the will of the French people, freely expressed. Had he not said again and again, both in private and

coram populo, that public opinion was the foundation of all his power, and that without the confidence of the people his Government could not exist a single day? While the Republic, or the Orleanist and Legitimist monarchies, repudiating all responsibility for the consequences of the late war, might be able to take possession of the Government of France, dismembered and still occupied by the German army, without regard to the wishes of the majority, it must be evident to every one that the Emperor neither would nor could do this, and that he could not hope to retain the sovereign power, even were he to grasp it, unless the French people themselves had called him to the throne. This was the condition of an Imperial restoration, *sine quâ non.*

The operation of lithotrity being a tedious and painful one, the Emperor had been placed under the influence of chloroform, which he supported well and recovered from without unpleasant consequences. The first attempt to crush the stone was, in fact, as successful as could have been hoped; several fragments were broken off and removed, and at the same time the size as well as the specific character of the foreign body was ascertained; but the gravity of the case was made apparent, and the suffering to which the Emperor had been subjected during his long malady was recognized to have been very great; so great that Sir Henry Thompson exclaimed: "What extraordinary heroism the Emperor must have possessed, to sit in his saddle for five hours, holding on with both hands, during the battle of Sedan! The agony must have been constant. I cannot understand how he could have borne it."

The next day the patient had no fever, and although there was some local irritation, everything seemed promising. The greatest danger appeared to be over, and every one in the house was happy. Accordingly, a second operation was fixed for the 6th of January.

This operation was also performed successfully, but was not supported as well as the first had been. It was followed by a little fever, and the Emperor's condition during the next two days caused some anxiety to the physicians attending him; but an improvement being perceived on the evening of the 8th, it was decided to have a third operation the following day, at noon.

On the morning of the 9th, when the Empress visited her husband as usual, she found that he had slept well during the night, and appeared to be much better than the day before; so much so, indeed, that she had given orders to have her carriage and horses ready for the purpose of herself driving to Woolwich to give the Prince Imperial the good news of the Emperor's improved and promising condition.

A little before ten o'clock his Majesty was still lying easily, and his good pulse and regular breathing seemed to indicate that all would end well. Not long after, however, and before the commencement of the proposed operation, Baron Corvisart observed that the pulse of the illustrious patient was suddenly and rapidly failing—that he seemed to be losing consciousness; and his colleagues, whose attention he had directed to these alarming symptoms, saw the imminent danger, and immediately realized that Napoleon III. might have but a few minutes more to live.

The Empress was at once sent for, and Count Clary hurried to Woolwich to fetch the Prince Imperial.

When her Majesty entered the room of her husband she found him scarcely breathing. "But he is dying!" she exclaimed. Stimulants were administered, and various efforts were made to revive him, but in vain; and then Monsignor Goddard, who had been sent for, administered the last sacraments of the Church. As the Empress leaned over him, the dying Emperor's eyes were fixed for a moment upon her. Recognizing his devoted companion,

his lips moved as if he wished to speak; and then, a smile resting for a moment on his face, he sighed twice, and all was over. It was a quarter past eleven o'clock, and scarcely twenty minutes after the syncopal seizure.

When the Empress saw everybody kneeling, the terrible truth dawned upon her, and, with a loud cry, she sank down near the couch of her beloved consort. There she remained in tears, and immovable, until she heard that the Prince Imperial had arrived.

At the door of the vestibule of Camden Place the Prince was received by Count Daviller. Count Clary had already informed the young man of the grave apprehensions among those who were in attendance upon the Emperor when he left Chislehurst; and, although Count Daviller did not announce to the Prince that the Emperor was dead, his pale face indicated that the worst might be feared.

"What has happened? Tell me—tell me," said the Prince. But not waiting for an answer, he ran up-stairs and towards the room where his father had just commenced his last sleep.

At the door his mother met him, and falling upon his neck she said, weeping bitterly, "*Je n'ai plus que toi, Louis!*" Pale as death, the Prince entered the room, and, kneeling down before the couch of the Emperor, uttered aloud a short prayer. He then arose and kissed his dead father. His silence, his struggle with his emotion, the expression in his eyes, and his movements were most painful to all who witnessed the scene, and his friends hastened to tear him away from the body to which he feverishly clung. As they led him to his own apartment, he gave way to his grief, and found relief in tears and sobs.

I had been informed of the proposed consultation with Sir Henry Thompson, and the conclusion that surgical treatment was necessary had been communicated to me; and although I could not fail to remember the words of

my wise and prudent friend, Sir James Paget, the success of the first operation was reported to me in such glowing terms as to dissipate any apprehensions concerning its final success that I might have previously entertained.

Such, indeed, was my confidence as to all danger being now over, that I think I have never been more surprised and shocked than I was on the afternoon of January 9th, when, about four o'clock, I received a despatch announcing the death of the Emperor. I simply could not believe it. If it were true, M. Rouher must have heard of it. Instantly I left my office and hastened to the modest mansion in the Rue de l'Élysée where the former Minister of his Majesty then resided. Before I entered I saw that there could be no question as to the truth of the announcement of the Emperor's death. The doors of the house stood wide open. Visitors could be seen moving through the corridors, ascending and descending the stairs without interruption; and although the servants at first made efforts to prevent the people from crowding into the building, they had quickly to renounce this attempt; for soon an unending concourse, that had gathered in the street and in front of the house, began to pass through the apartments, thinking of nothing but the fearful disaster that had befallen France. In the little drawing-room to the right of the entrance, where the Emperor's intimate friends were accustomed to gather, Madame and Mademoiselle Rouher were receiving the most distinguished visitors, when, toward five o'clock, M. Rouher himself arrived from the Chamber of Deputies, where he had just announced the sad news to the national representatives. In the course of an hour nearly all the prominent Bonapartists were to be seen in this little room, among them M. Henri Chevreau, M. Béhic, the Duke de Gramont, MM. Abbatucci, Galloni d'Istria, Forcade de la Roquette, the Duke and Duchess de Montmorency, the Princess Louisa Poniatowski, Baron and Baroness Farincourt, M. Benedetti, the Marquis Cossé-

Brissac, the Count d'Ayguesvives, the Baron de Bourgoing, Colonel Stoffel, MM. Granier, and Paul de Cassagnac, the Commander Duperré, and, in fact, nearly all the ministers, senators, deputies, and generals of the late Empire. In a retired corner of the room, reclining upon a divan, Prince Charles Bonaparte was weeping bitterly, and scarcely able to suppress his sobs; while outside in the corridor there moved a somber crowd of men of all conditions of life—gentlemen in evening-dress, officials in uniform, working men in their blouses, old soldiers with gray mustaches and stern faces, tears running down the pallid features upon which, perhaps for the first time, such signs of sorrow were to be seen.

In London, the announcement of the death of the Emperor made a deep impression. The *Times* of the 10th said: "Indeed, since the death of the Prince Consort, no event of the kind has produced anything like so profound a feeling of sorrow in the city of London"; and in the issue of the next day the leading article ended as follows: "Louis Napoleon stood throughout our fast friend to the very bounds of discretion. He saw and felt that our place was to stand together; such were our natural affinities, such our social interests, such our position. He had made two long sojourns with us and had learned our ways. He had become one of us. He did not disguise his Anglican leanings. Like his immediate predecessor on the throne, Napoleon III. will lie in an English grave—more secure there than at Saint Denis, more secure, probably, than at the Invalides. Received on these shores with the sympathy due to misfortune, and followed everywhere with the respect due to a dignified bearing and an affectionate nature, the ex-Emperor acquires a new claim to consideration in the agonies of his death-bed, the manly patience with which they have been borne, and the deep affection of those he leaves behind him."

Perhaps still more significant of the profound respect

for the memory of Napoleon III. entertained by the world, beyond the borders of the Empire he ruled, were the letters of condolence sent to the Empress by the municipalities of the principal Italian cities. The municipal council of Pavia, "in remembrance of the glorious days of Magenta and Solférino, sends to the widow of the great man, now no more, expressions of ardent and sincere grief." From Florence the Syndic Peruzzi wrote: "To her Majesty the Empress of the French: This Communal Council, assembled to-day for the purpose of being the interpreter of public sentiment, sends to your Majesty, and the Imperial Prince, the most respectful and heartfelt condolence, in the name of the Italian population, on the occasion of the loss you have experienced in the person of the man who was the stanch and liberal friend of Italy, and who helped her so vigorously to redeem her freedom. His name shall be engraved upon our hearts forever." And from Venice, and Milan, and Leghorn, and Naples, and scores of Italian cities, came similar testimonials of appreciation and grateful remembrance.

On January 10th a post-mortem examination was held over the body of the Emperor Napoleon III. The stone —a phosphatic concretion—was found nearly or quite half destroyed by the crushing to which it had been subjected. The part remaining was one and one-fourth inches in breadth, and one and five-sixteenths inches in length; its weight was about three-quarters of an ounce. The mucous membrane of the bladder showed signs of much irritation, both old and recent; the ureters were distended and the kidneys diseased, but all the other organs of the body were sound. The immediate cause of death was attributed, and probably rightly, to *uræmic syncope.*

The next day the body was embalmed and placed in a coffin, dressed in a blue tunic and red trousers, with a gold sash around the waist—the undress uniform of a French General of Division. The dead Emperor wore the broad red

cordon of the Legion of Honor, and a row of medals and decorations was attached to the left breast. By his side was a sword, and between the hands, that were crossed upon the lower part of his chest, lay a pair of white gloves. Two plain gold rings—one his wedding-ring—were on the third and fourth fingers of the left hand, and a small crucifix was placed upon his breast.

On Monday his body was removed from the small room where he died to the hall of Camden Place, where, placed on an inclined plane, under the skylight darkened and draped with the flags of the army he once commanded, the face in full view, a military cloak across the feet, in a *Chapelle Ardente* formed of dark hangings and lighted by candles in silver candelabra, it lay in state until the funeral.

The Empress and the Prince Imperial were visited by the Prince of Wales and other members of the royal family, and the Empress received a most affectionate message of condolence from Queen Victoria. On the following day (Tuesday) the thousands who had assembled to pass before the coffin were permitted to enter the house in groups of two hundred. It is estimated that on this day nearly twenty thousand people visited Camden Place, wearing mourning costume, many of whom were unable to pay their last respects to the dead Emperor simply because the hours passed and the night came before this multitude could be admitted to the hall where his body lay.

On January 13th I went to England for the purpose of expressing in person to the Empress and the Prince Imperial my sympathy in their bereavement, and, as a member of the official household of the late Emperor, to attend his funeral, which was to take place on the 15th.

This funeral will be remembered by every one who saw it as a very simple but remarkably impressive spectacle. All the arrangements were made by M. Piétri,

Count Clary, and Count Daviller. Between two thousand and three thousand of the most prominent Frenchmen in all walks of life were present in the procession, and upward of fifty thousand English people congregated to witness the passing of the cortège along the half-mile of road from Camden Place to St. Mary's Church.

The people began to assemble in the vicinity of Camden Place at an early hour, though none but those who were in possession of special invitations were admitted into the grounds or near the dwelling.

At twenty minutes past ten the hearse, drawn by eight black horses, drew up before the hall-door. A number of French workmen in white blouses, the dress of mechanics, now defiled along the front of the right wing of the house. At their head was a man who held aloft a French flag, while another carried a large wreath of immortelles, bearing the inscription, "*Paris. Souvenir et regrets des ouvriers de Paris à sa Majesté l'Empereur Napoléon.*" Flowers in profusion were hung upon the sides or piled upon the top of the hearse, and most of them were fresh violets—the symbolic flower of the Bonaparte family—wrought in various devices.

At the foot of a fine tall cedar in front of the north wing of the mansion, some six or seven hundred noblemen and gentlemen of France were prepared to fall into their place in the procession; while the spectators in the grounds, to the number of a thousand or more, were congregated on the lawn and near the borders of the carriageway. Outside of the tall rustic fence separating the grounds from the Common was an innumerable multitude, many hundreds of whom were stationed in carriages commanding a view of the proceedings in front of the hall.

Punctually at the appointed time (eleven o'clock) the body of the Emperor, enclosed in three coffins, was brought from the house and placed in the hearse. The outer coffin was covered with purple velvet. There were three shields

on this coffin, on one of which was the Imperial Crown, on another a Latin cross, and the third bore the following inscription:

NAPOLÉON III
EMPEREUR DES FRANÇAIS
NÉ À PARIS
le 20 Avril 1808
Mort à Camden Place
Chislehurst
le 9 Janvier 1873.
R I P

A few minutes later the procession left Camden Place and emerged upon the Common, the French workmen in advance, the tricolored flag in front, attached not to a staff but to the freshly broken branch of a tree. After these men there followed an abbé having a golden cross on his breast; next came a number of priests one of whom read portions of the service for the dead. Then came the hearse, which was drawn by eight horses, with plumes on their heads and immortelles on their housings; and on each side of the hearse went the mutes, carrying wreaths of immortelles on their arms. The hearse was covered over with a pall of black velvet, on which were wrought the Imperial arms of France. Immediately behind the hearse, and so close to it that he was scarcely visible, walked the Prince Imperial, in simple mourning-dress, but wearing the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor, bareheaded, his clear blue eyes fastened upon the sad object before him. He seemed deeply moved, but his step was firm. Behind him was the line of princes of the House of Bonaparte, in their order of precedence, conspicuous among whom were Prince Napoleon, Prince Lucien Bonaparte, Prince Charles Bonaparte, and Prince Joachim Murat. Next came a host of the personal and military friends and political adherents of the late Emperor. The ex-Ministers of the Empire

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL

From a photograph taken by Elliott and Fry in 1878.

wore the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor; but, with two exceptions, the French officers did not appear in uniform; they were in evening-dress, and walked bareheaded, as did all in the procession. Coming immediately after the more prominent of the French officers and Imperial statesmen was the deputation of Italian Generals, sent by the King of Italy to Camden Place to represent him on this occasion. They wore their respective green and gold uniforms, and had upon their breasts numerous decorations and medals, and were followed by the main body of the procession, which consisted principally of Frenchmen—deputies, councilors of state, prefects, and others, among whom were a few French women. The procession moved very slowly along the winding road, the spectators remaining uncovered while it passed, and exhibiting marks of respect and sympathy. It was indeed a gathering of the friends of the dead Emperor; and there was no occasion for the services of the eight hundred constables that had been sent down from London to preserve order.

When the doors of the church were reached it was half-past eleven o'clock. The coffin was then carried in, and following immediately behind it were the Prince Imperial, the Bonaparte princes, and a few persons closely attached to the family. On account of the very limited capacity of the church, nearly all of those who walked in the procession were obliged to remain outside the doors during the religious ceremony, only one hundred and eight-four seats having been reserved for the persons who formerly belonged to the *Maison de l'Empereur*, and for the chief dignitaries of the Empire. Many of these seats were occupied some time before the arrival of the funeral cortège by the ladies of the Empress' household, and others, among whom were the Duchess de Malakoff, Madame de St. Arnaud, Madame Rouher, the Duchess de Mouchy, and Madame Canrobert. At 10:30 the Princess Clotilde and the Princess Mathilde had already taken their places in a small side chapel, where

seats had been reserved for them. The ladies were all in deep mourning, and many of them were weeping.

As a member of the Imperial household, I took the place reserved for me in the body of the building. Looking about me, I saw, among the number of persons whom I have not already mentioned, Madame Lebreton, Viscountess Aguado, Madame de Saulcy, Madame Carette, Mademoiselle de Larminat, the Duchess de Montmorency, the Countess Clary, the Duchess de Tarente, Countess Walewska, Countess Aguado, Countess Pourtalès, Princess de la Moskowa, Princess Poniatowski. And among the gentlemen, the Duke de Tarente, Generals Castelnau, Le Brun, and Frossard, Viscount Aguado, Marshals Canrobert and Lebœuf, General le Marquis de Fortou, Viscount Henri Bertrand, General de Juniac, the Duke de Gramont, M. Benedetti, Baron Haussmann, Baron Schneider, Admirals Rigault de Genouilly and de la Gravière, M. de Forcade de la Roquette, Duke de Montmorency, Duke de Feltre, Colonel Stoffel, M. Maurice Richard, Marquis de Chasseloup Laubat, as also two or three old soldiers, pensioners of the Emperor, several of the Imperial domestics, and a number of working men representing the delegations that had come to England to be present on this occasion.

Within the little church, the coffin was placed upon a catafalque in the central space immediately west of the chancel. The Prince Imperial took his place near the catafalque, on the north side, and the princes of the Imperial family stood near him. In the nave of the church the windows were draped with black cloth, which was festooned to let in the light. The windows on the west side were not draped, but the daylight, except such as penetrated through the eastern windows of the nave, was wholly excluded from the chancel, which was hung quite around with black cloth, and illuminated solely by six tall candles at the altar, and smaller lights on the ledges below. In the center of the

east wall a large cross made of white satin, not less than six feet in length, was hung immediately above the burning candles; and the black drapery on the north and south sides was relieved by the Imperial arms, blazoned in crimson and gold.

The Right Rev. Dr. Danell, titular Bishop of Southwark, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Searle, the former deacon of Tunbridge Wells, officiated in the ceremony.

The 129th Psalm was read by the Bishop at the foot of the altar, and the mass commenced with the *Dies Iræ.* The Bishop sang the preface, which was followed by the *Sanctus,* the *Consecration,* and the *Elevation.* Then came the singing of the *Benedictus,* the *Paternoster,* and the *Agnus Dei.* The Bishop then received the communion, and the coffin was sprinkled and the absolution pronounced. After the absolution, the immortelles and other floral devices were laid aside, and the coffin was carried by eight bearers to the sacristy, the choir singing the *In Paradisum,* followed by the *Benedictus* and the *Canticle.* A few moments afterward it was placed in the vault that had been prepared to receive it; and the Prince Imperial, passing along into the sacristy, laid upon it two wreaths; others of the family mourners followed, with floral offerings in their hands, till the coffin was heaped high and hung round with these funereal tributes; and then the little gate of iron latticework was closed; and while the Imperial family and the mourners were leaving, and the organ was playing the *De Profundis,* one by one, to the number of fifteen hundred or more, most of those who had followed the dead Emperor to the chapel, passed by and sprinkled holy water upon his coffin through the grating. The service lasted scarcely an hour.

Thus ended the funeral ceremony, which was as sad as it was solemn and impressive, the voices of the officiators being mingled with the sobs of the women and the tears of the men.

And could it well be otherwise, when we remember the career of him to whom these obsequies and this last homage were rendered—that almost every one of the witnesses of this simple, sad service, in a humble little church in a foreign land, had also been a witness of the magnificent ceremonial which, in the very same month of January just twenty-one years before, in the ancient basilica of Notre Dame de Paris, opened with splendor and with such promise the history of the Second French Empire?

The Empress, worn out with fatigue and watching, having sat by the side of the deceased Emperor during the whole morning, was not present at the service in the church, but remained in her own room at Camden Place, where a few of her friends kept her company.

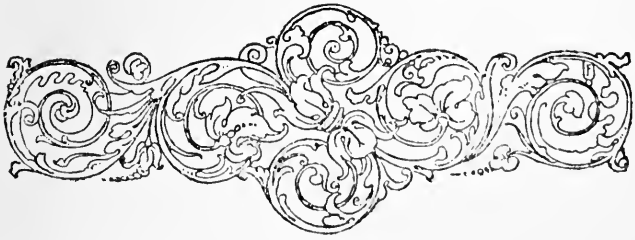
The body of the Emperor was not long afterward deposited in a sarcophagus, the gift of Queen Victoria, above which was placed the banner which at Windsor floated over his Majesty's stall as Knight of the Garter.

The King is Dead—Long Live the King!

At the end of the funeral ceremony the Prince Imperial and the members of the Bonaparte family and household returned to Camden Place, where, in the principal drawing-room, the son of Napoleon III. received in person the condolences of the distinguished men who had attended his father's funeral. And then, observing the great concourse of people, mostly Frenchmen, who had gathered together on the lawn in front of Camden Place, the Prince, accompanied by the Duke de Cambacérès, Prince Napoleon, and others, went out upon the steps of the house to acknowledge this homage of respect for the memory of his father. Here, with uncovered heads, he was received; many tears were shed, and hands were warmly grasped and words of sympathy or pledges of loyalty given. As he was about to reenter the hall-door, a workman stepped forward and

addressed him, closing a short speech with the words, "*Vive Napoléon IV.!*" Instantly the cry was repeated by the whole assembly, and a rush was made toward the Prince, who was nearly swept off his feet by the impulsive and prodigious manifestations that followed of loyalty to the Imperial dynasty. At the very first *viva* the Prince raised his hand to stop the demonstration, but the sight of his uplifted hand only seemed to increase its force; and after he had been hurried into the house by his suite, the cries of "*Vive Napoléon IV.!*" "*Vive l'Empereur!*" continued to be repeated with an enthusiasm indescribable, and that appeared to be inexhaustible.

Not long after this impressive scene, M. Thiers, then *Chef du Pouvoir* of the French Republic—that form of government which he cleverly affirmed "divides Frenchmen least"—was heard to say, "Yes, let me assure you the Republic will last for a long time in France; but," added the author of the "History of the Consulate and the Empire," "were I to let you know all I think about it, I should tell you that, were the Republic to disappear, the Empire would be the only government the country could possibly accept. If the people should revive a dynasty, this dynasty would be the one they would choose. The Napoleons are Democrats, and their name can never be forgotten."



APPENDICES

I

A LETTER FROM THE PRINCESS JOSEPHINE TO NAPOLEON III.

Among the letters found in the cabinet of the Emperor at the Tuileries, on the 4th of September, 1870, were a number from the Princess Josephine and her son, Prince Leopold. Perhaps the most interesting is one written by the Princess to the Emperor in June, 1866, in which she alludes to the fact, now forgotten, that it was under his "august protection" that the Rumanian nation came into being, and solicits the benevolent interest of her cousin in behalf of her son Charles, who had just accepted the throne offered to him by the Rumanians.

"If, my dear cousin," she writes, "I can let him go without fear, it is because I am sustained by the intimate conviction that we can count upon your good-will, and that you were already in sympathy with a resolution that sprang from a generous impulse, which the thought of the protection you always have given to the cause of Rumania sustained and strengthened. Since, because of that august protection, the guaranteeing Powers are no longer hostile to my son, I now write to thank you, my dear cousin, and to solicit for him your advice and your support. I beg of you to assist him—to sustain him in the task, doubtless very difficult, to which he has given himself with all the ardor of his young heart. Permit me to add to my prayer the assurance that he would not have taken this decision had he not been absolutely convinced that it would not be displeasing to you. This was the opinion of the Rumanians themselves. They are under too many obligations to you to have persisted, as they have done, in their resolution, had they had any reason to fear that it

would have met with your disapprobation. For a long time I have cherished the hope of coming to Paris, and of commending to you my good son Charles more warmly than I can by writing to you. I had it so much in heart to pay my respects to her Majesty the Empress, and to thank her for all the kindnesses which she, as well as you, condescended to extend so generously to Antoinette and Leopold during their visit to the Tuileries. In offering to you the expression of my lively, of my profound gratitude, I could have spoken to you of my maternal solicitude, of the hopes we have placed in you—in your unremitting kindnesses. Unfortunately, I am compelled to give up that which would have made me so happy, for we are in the midst of a war of which *we* are unable to measure the dimensions. Charles has the sad task of being obliged to defend the provinces of the Rhine and Westphalia against South Germany. He joins with me in begging you to find in these lines the assurance of the kind feelings with which we are imbued, and to be so good as to have her Majesty the Empress accept it as our homage. We venture to hope that she will give her support to my people when speaking to you.

"It is with the tenderest affection that I am forever, my dear cousin, your very devoted cousin,

"JOSEPHINE." *

These expressions of political consideration and assurances of gratitude and kind feeling were perhaps sincere when uttered; but four years later they would seem to have been forgotten or unheeded. If princes have not always short memories, a political end or *raison d'état* is apt to count with them far more than ties of family or personal obligations for past favors or services.

II

THE FAMILY OF THE EMPRESS

MARIE EUGÉNIE DE GUZMAN, Countess de Téba, was born in Granada, Spain, on May 5, 1826, and is the daughter of Don

* "L'Allemange aux Tuileries," par Henri Bordier, Librairie M. L. Beauvais, 1872, pp. 175, 176.

Cipriano Guzman Palafox y Porto Carrero, Count de Téba, and of Maria Manuela Kirkpatrick. The house of Guzman is one of the most illustrious in Spanish history, and the stoical loyalty to his king of Don Alfonso Perez de Guzman, who in 1291 permitted his son to be decapitated by the Moors rather than surrender the citadel of Talifa, has been immortalized by Lope de Vega.

Mademoiselle Eugénie was a grand-niece of Alfonso X., and in the seventeenth century a Guzman married the Duke of Braganza, afterward King Juan IV. of Portugal. The families of Las Torres, Medina-Cœli, and Olivares are also related to the house of Porto Carrero, Counts de Montijo, through the Guzmans.

The mother of the Empress Eugénie was the daughter of Françoise de Grivegnée and William Kirkpatrick. The Grivegnées were originally from Liège, but had long resided in Spain. Her father, Mr. Kirkpatrick, was born in Dumfries, Scotland. He was a member of a family devoted to the cause of the Stuarts, and, for political reasons, emigrated to America just before the Declaration of Independence. Remaining there, however, but a short time, he went to Spain, where he soon became associated in business with his future father-in-law, a wealthy merchant of Malaga. Having been for a great many years the United States consul at this port, Mr. Kirkpatrick was personally well known to many Americans who had occasion to visit Spain during and immediately after the time when he represented our Government in an official capacity.

How Mr. Kirkpatrick came to receive this appointment is set forth in the following letter addressed to President Washington by George Cabot, United States Senator from Massachusetts:

"BEVERLEY, *January* 28, 1791.

"SIR: Mr. William Kirkpatrick, a member of the house of Messieurs Grivegnée & Co., of Malaga, wishes to have the honor of serving the United States in the character of consul for that port. Should it be thought expedient to institute such an office, it may be found that Mr. Kirkpatrick's situation, as well as talents and dispositions, peculiarly enable him to fill it with propriety. Permit me, therefore, sir, to request that,

when the qualifications of candidates are under your examination, his also may be considered.

"If any apology is necessary for this freedom, I hope it may not be deemed insufficient that, having been led by my profession to make frequent visits to Spain, among other intimacies I formed one with the principals of the commercial establishment to which Mr. Kirkpatrick belongs; that these have desired my testimony on this occasion, and that my experience of their integrity and their friendship to the people of this country constrains me to think well of a gentleman they recommend, and to confide in one for whose faithfulness they are willing to be responsible.

"I am, with the most profound respect, sir, your most faithful and obedient servant, GEORGE CABOT.

"THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES."

Another distinguished American has written still more interestingly of Mr. Kirkpatrick. Washington Irving, in a letter addressed, in 1853, to Mrs. Pierre M. Irving, says:

"I believe I have told you that I knew the grandfather of the Empress—old Mr. Kirkpatrick, who had been American Consul at Malaga. I passed an evening at his house in 1827, near Adra, on the west of the Mediterranean. A week or two after I was at the house of his son-in-law, the Count Téba, at Granada—a gallant, intelligent gentleman, much cut up in the wars, having lost an eye and been maimed in a leg and hand. His wife, the daughter of Mr. Kirkpatrick, was absent, but he had a family of little girls, mere children, about him. The youngest of these must have been the present Empress. Several years afterwards, when I had recently taken up my abode in Madrid, I was invited to a grand ball at the house of the Countess Montijo, one of the leaders of the *ton*. On making my bow to her, I was surprised at being received by her with the warmth and eagerness of an old friend. She claimed me as the friend of her late husband, the Count Téba (subsequently Marquis Montijo), who, she said, had often spoken of me with the greatest regard. She took me into another room and showed me a miniature of the Count, such as I had known him with a black patch over one eye. She sub-

sequently introduced me to the little girls I had known at Granada—now fashionable belles at Madrid.

"After this I was frequently at her house, which was one of the gayest in the capital. The Countess and her daughters all spoke English. The eldest daughter was married, while I was in Madrid, to the Duke of Alva and Berwick, the lineal successor to the pretender to the British Crown. The other now sits on the throne of France."

Of the mother of the Empress, Mr. George Ticknor, the author of the "History of Spanish Literature," writes, in 1818, as follows:

"I knew Madame de Téba in Madrid, when she was there on a visit last summer; and from what I saw of her then and here (Malaga), where I saw her every day, I do not doubt she is the most cultivated and the most interesting woman in Spain. Young and beautiful, educated strictly and faithfully by her mother—who for this purpose carried her to London and Paris, and kept her there between six and seven years—possessing extraordinary talents, and giving an air of originality to all she says and does, she unites, in a most bewitching manner, the Andalusian grace and frankness to a French facility in her manners and a genuine English thoroughness in her knowledge and accomplishments. She knows the five chief modern languages well, and feels their different characters, and estimates their literatures aright. She has the foreign accomplishments of singing, playing, painting, etc., and the national one of dancing, in a high degree. In conversation she is brilliant and original; and yet with all this she is a true Spaniard, and as full of Spanish feelings as she is of talent and culture."

III

THE EMPEROR'S FORTUNE

On account of the currency given to reports that the Emperor had amassed and left an enormous private fortune, soon

after his death the solicitors of the Empress addressed the following communication to the press:

"Incorrect statements having repeatedly appeared in both English and foreign newspapers regarding the will of the late Emperor Napoleon, we think it right, as solicitors for the administratrix, to state that all such rumors as have hitherto been published are without authority and inaccurate. Unavoidable circumstances have occasioned some delay in the publication of the will, but letters of administration *cum testamento annexo* have now been applied for, and, in order to avoid the possibility of further misrepresentation, we are authorized to transmit to you a copy of the will for publication. . . .

"The estate has been sworn under £120,000; but it is right to state that this sum is subject to claims which will reduce the amount actually received by the administratrix to about one-half of the sum named.

[Signed] "MARKBY, PARRY & STEWART,
"*April 27th.* 37 Coleman Street, E. C."

IV

SPEECH OF LORD BROUGHAM

"LONDON, 6 GRAFTON STREET, *June* 12, 1864.

"MY DEAR DR. EVANS:

"I hope your countrymen will be satisfied with my eulogy of them the other day in the Lords. It was so inaccurately given in most of the papers, that I shall send you an accurate account of it, which I shall have in a few days.

"Believe me, most sincerely yours,
"H. BROUGHAM."

"*The Accurate Account*"

"LORD BROUGHAM, in rising to second the motion, wished to make a few observations on some parts of his noble friend's (Lord Clanricarde's) statements. No one could lament more

deeply than he did, not only the cruel and calamitous civil war which had been waging for the last three years in America, but the conduct of many of our countrymen in joining in this dreadful contest, more particularly those who came from that part of the country to which his noble friend belonged, and who, he lamented to say, had in great numbers entered the Federal army. He highly disapproved of the conduct of the Federal Government not only in the attempt which they began but could not carry out, to establish depots for raising foreign recruits, but he disapproved as entirely of their taking men —even if they did not inveigle them by the tricks which had been described—taking them even when the men honestly entered, and entered knowing what they were doing, even though not deceived by crimps and deluded under the influence of strong liquor. The men were told they were going merely to labor in the fields, and after they were there they were told there was no work for them, and they were asked, 'Will you please come into the army?' But even suppose the most honest and fair contract made between these Irishmen and the recruiting officers of the Federal Government, he still disapproved of the course they had adopted. What was their complaint against us? That we were not sufficiently neutral—that we did not hold the balance even between the two parties, Federals and Confederates. Both parties in America, he believed, complained of us in this respect; but could there be a more open infraction of neutrality than the conduct of those who compel the poor Irish immigrants to enter their service, or who take them into their service? They were taking men into their service who were guilty of an offense punishable severely in this country. These men were criminals. The crime of which they were guilty had lately been made a misdemeanor by the Foreign Enlistment Act; but in the reign of George II. it was felony, and at one time it was a capital felony. The men were still criminals, and the Federal Government employed men knowing them to be criminals [illegible] into their service. Time was when those same Americans complained bitterly of our employing foreign troops to subdue them—to do the very same thing toward them which the Federals were now doing toward the Confederates—endeavoring

to restore the Union—that was to conquer, or attempting to conquer, the Confederates by foreign troops. In the drafts to supply the enormous demands which this most lamentable war had made—he believed not less than six hundred thousand in the course of the last two years—they took no regiments or corps, but thousands of persons from Germany, and, he grieved to say, hundreds, at least, from Ireland. The Germans formed a great part of their resources to supply the blanks which this cruel war had made. These Americans complained of our conduct in 1778; and the worst thing they considered we did, in attempting their conquest, was the employment of Hessian and other German regiments in the course of the war. The eloquence of Mr. Burke and of Lord Chatham made the walls of Parliament ring with complaints of the German mercenaries being taken into the pay of the Government for the purpose of subduing America. Now these Americans were doing the selfsame thing, not by taking corps, but thousands of individuals who are foreigners, into their service, and employing them against the Confederates.

"Would that his voice, which he feared hardly reached across the House, could reach across the Atlantic, that he might in all kindness and respect remind his old friends and clients, for whom he in times past had stood the champion, defending their actions, exalting their character, so that he was represented as setting them down above his own countrymen, when he used to be called the Attorney-General of Madison, the tool of the Jeffersons and Monroes. He now implored them to listen to his friend's declarations that they had done enough for glory and fame, had shown their boundless fortitude, their unsurpassed courage, their endless sacrifices, not more careless of the lives of others than of their own. Let them be well assured that there is but one feeling all over Europe of reprobation of the accursed, unnatural civil war, of sorrow for their sufferings under it, and of deep desire for the restoration of peace to bless the New World and to gratify the sympathies of the Old. This was no time for intervention, which might do harm and could be productive of no good. He had refused to present petitions from many considerable bodies anxious for that interference, as affording a hope of

peace. He had refused to present them as inopportune. But he had a fervent hope that the occasion might before long arrive when this country, and her peaceful ally across the Channel, under a wise ruler, anxious for America's peace, would do good by offering their mediation between the contending parties, aiding them in arriving at just and reasonable terms, restoring the fruit of blessings to all nations, a tranquil and independent existence, with the establishment of universal prosperity and the uninterrupted progress of social improvement."

V.

THE FALSIFIED DESPATCH

The history of this despatch, briefly stated, is as follows: The French Government was informed on July 12th by the Spanish Ambassador, that the candidature of Prince Leopold had been withdrawn by his father, Prince Antoine. On the same day the Duke de Gramont, in making the announcement to M. Benedetti, said:

"In order that the renunciation should produce its full effect, it would seem necessary that the King of Prussia should associate himself with it, and give a full assurance that he will not authorize it should it come up again."

On the following day, in accordance with his instructions, M. Benedetti—the King coming forward to greet him as he was walking on the promenade at Ems—took the occasion to inform the King that his Government desired to have some assurance from him that the candidature of Prince Leopold would not be brought up again with his Majesty's consent. Without making any promises, the King, at the close of the interview, told M. Benedetti that he was expecting every moment letters from Sigmaringen, and that as soon as he had received them he would send for him.

But during the course of the day the King received despatches from M. de Werther, his ambassador at Paris, which displeased him; and, about four o'clock, he sent one of his aides to the French ambassador to inform him that, while

the King approved of the withdrawal of the candidature, with respect to the future he could only repeat what he had already said. An hour later, on asking for the promised interview, M. Benedetti received from one of his Majesty's secretaries a formal but perfectly courteous note, in which the King expressed his regret that he was really unable to say anything more on the subject than he had said during their interview that morning.

In reporting these proceedings to the North-German Chancellor—proceedings in which, as M. Benedetti has said, "No one was either *insulting* or *insulted*"—the Counselor Abeken sent, in the name of the King, the following despatch:

"Ems, *July* 13th, 1870, 3:50 P. M.

"Count Benedetti met me to-day on the promenade. He requested me very urgently to promise never to authorize a new Hohenzollern candidature. I proved to him in the most positive manner that it was impossible to make in this way engagements forever binding. Naturally, I added that up to the present time I had received nothing, and that, since he was thus informed sooner by the way of Paris and Madrid, it was clearly evident that my Government was out of the question." To these words of the King the Counselor added, that the King had since received a letter from the Prince confirming the announcement of the renunciation, but that the King had concluded to inform M. Benedetti of this through an aide-de-camp, and not to see him personally on account of his claim, having nothing more to say, ending the despatch as follows: "His Majesty leaves it entirely to your Excellency to decide if this new requirement, and the refusal it has met with, should be communicated to the Embassies and to the Press."

This despatch reached Count Bismarck about five o'clock, when he was dining with Generals von Moltke and von Roon. "On reading it," says Bismarck, "my guests were so discouraged that they could neither eat nor drink." The despatch, if it indicated relations still strained, announced no rupture; peace might be expected. The despatch was read over and over and commented upon. Finally Bismarck said: "I think

I can fix it. The King leaves me entirely at liberty to communicate this information to the Press. It will only be necessary to paraphrase it a little—to make a few suppressions, to slightly change the tone." Thereupon he sat down and wrote out the following communication, to be sent officially to the Embassies and the Press:

"The news of the renunciation of the hereditary Prince of Hohenzollern has been officially communicated to the French Imperial Government by the Royal Government of Spain. The French ambassador has since, at Ems, addressed to his Majesty the King the demand that he be authorized to telegraph to Paris that his Majesty the King pledges himself forever not to permit this candidature to be brought up again. Whereupon his Majesty has refused to see the ambassador again, and has informed him, through his aide-de-camp-in-waiting, that he has nothing more to communicate to him."

Then he read to his guests the text he had prepared. They were delighted. "It sounds now," said Moltke, "like a provocation given with a blast of trumpets." "You see," said Bismarck, "it is essential that we should be the ones who are attacked. Now, if I send this text to the newspapers, and to all our ambassadors, it will soon be known in Paris, and, not only on account of what it says, but from the way in which it will have been spread about, *will produce down there upon the French bull the effect of a red flag.*" And everybody knows that it did have exactly the effect intended and expected.

The reader will observe that King William had not refused to see M. Benedetti, but had only informed him that on the subject of guarantees he had nothing more to say than he had already said. As a matter of fact, M. Benedetti was received by the King on the following day, July 14th, at the railway station, when his Majesty was about to leave Ems for Coblenz.

A great deal has been said about "the rashness" of the request addressed to King William after the renunciation of Prince Leopold had been officially communicated to the French Foreign Office. But in reality this request only became important, in the chain of events that led to the declaration of war, after Count Bismarck seized upon it as the pretext for a Macchiavellian invention—the alleged insult to the French

Government. The Hohenzollern candidature had apparently been settled once before, in April, 1870; and having again been brought up, and a second time renounced, in the course of three months, however inexpedient it may now seem to have been to raise the question, it was then only natural that the Imperial Government should wish to have some assurance that this irritating affair might be considered as finally disposed of. Nor was the request made in a way to imply that such an assurance was a condition indispensable to the maintenance of friendly relations between the two governments.

VI

CONCERNING THE REORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY

M. Émile Ollivier, on being offered by Walewski a ministry in the Imperial Government, made it a condition that this project of reorganizing the army should be abandoned. When shortly afterward, on the 10th of January, 1867, he had his first personal interview with the Emperor, after a few words of salutation the conversation, as reported by M. Ollivier in the ninth volume of his "L'Empire Libéral," opened as follows:

"'Endeavor,' said I, 'by all possible means, for the time being at least, to keep the reorganization of the army within the limits of the budget and of its present strength.' To which the Emperor replied: 'A serious reorganization is indispensable; the necessity for this was made apparent to me in Italy. It was the smallness of our army and the impossibility of having another on the Rhine which forced upon me the treaty of Villafranca. How is it possible to rest inert after the lessons of the last war [the Austro-Prussian War of 1866]? I know that my project is unpopular, but we must learn to bravely face unpopularity when it is necessary to do our duty.' I did not deny the necessity of a serious reorganization of our military mechanism, only I added: 'Your Majesty has realized the most urgent of these reforms by adopting the chassepot; there are others not less necessary, which, according to those who are competent to speak on these subjects, should be

introduced into our tactics, our method of mobilization, and our supply department; but cannot all this be done without touching our organic law of recruitment? Two days ago, at your cousin's, I listened to a conversation between Niel, Trochu, and Lebrun, whose conclusion was that on account of the length of our military service and our system of reserves, which could be still further improved, and the elasticity of the active force, our army possessed a solidity which the Prussian system, more democratic but less military, would weaken.' This the Emperor would not admit. He maintained that numbers would have henceforth in war an importance that would prove decisive; that the present organization gave us no assurance of this, and that assurance on this point was absolutely necessary."

On the following day, at the Emperor's request, M. Ollivier saw the Empress and again offered his objections to an increase of the army. Of this interview he writes: "With a very exact knowledge of the subject, and with real eloquence, she explained to me that a reform was urgent; that it had been put off already too long; that she had been convinced on this subject since 1859. 'In view of an attack on the Rhine,' said she, 'my uncle Jérôme wished me then to sign a decree calling out three hundred thousand National Guards. Notwithstanding a majority of the Ministers were of his opinion, I was unwilling to sign at this time, in the presence of Europe, a confession of our military impotency. Thereupon my uncle arose, and said to me, "You are losing France; you are exposing us to an invasion." "In any event," I replied, "I shall not fly from before the enemy, as Marie Louise did—even, my uncle, were you to advise me to do so."

"'I wrote to the Emperor, and the peace of Villafranca was signed. We should take care that we do not find ourselves some day in a similar situation.'"

These conversations, in the light of subsequent events, show how clearly both the Emperor and the Empress understood the military needs of France, and that they distinctly foresaw the serious risks that would be incurred in the event of a war with any great Power, unless the army was considerably increased.

VII

THE LOYALTY OF GENERAL TROCHU

Doubts with respect to the loyalty of General Trochu, that were suggested especially by a letter published in the *Temps* under his signature, almost immediately after he had assumed the duties of his office, caused the Council of Ministers to request one of their number to say to the General, at a meeting of the Council, that an explanation from him on this point was desirable. The General having answered equivocally, the Minister again put the question categorically, and in the presence of the Empress and the Council. General Trochu then answered as follows: "I am astonished that any one should persist in asking such a question of a French general. In accepting the functions of Governor of Paris, I was confronted by the supposition that the dynasty or the Assembly might be threatened. Should this happen, I reply on my old Breton faith, that, to defend the dynasty I will come and die on the steps of the Tuileries." To this burst of devotion the Empress answered: "Think first of saving France. I know what may happen to the dynasty. As for myself, I wish to retire worthily." At the close of the sitting, General Trochu said to M. David, speaking of the Empress and her last words: "This woman is admirable. She is a Roman. I am greatly impressed by her bearing and by her conduct. I am entirely devoted to her." "May I repeat to her what you tell me?" said M. David. "Certainly," replied General Trochu.*

M. Magne, Minister of Finance in the Cabinet of the Regent, when called as a witness in the case of Trochu *vs.* Villemessant said:

"On a certain occasion General Trochu told the Council that he had made a speech to the officers of a battalion of the National Guard, and that he thought it to be his duty to represent to them the dangers, the privations, and the sufferings to which they were about to find themselves exposed; that

* Déposition de M. Jules Brame. "Enquête Parlementaire," tome i, p. 201.

he told them, at the same time, that it would require great firmness of character to resist the emotion which one must feel on seeing his comrades, his friends, and sometimes his children, falling about him. He said, moreover, at this moment the officers of the battalion, who had appeared at first very resolute, seemed to be deeply impressed by the words which they had heard.

"On hearing this, the Empress straightened up, as if moved by a spring, and said: 'What, General—you said that to them! But then, on whom are we to count? Very well. If the Prussians come, I will go myself upon the ramparts, and there I will show how a woman can face danger, when it is a question of her country's safety.'

"The General replied that his words had been misunderstood; that the officers of the battalion were full of devotion, and that they could be counted upon absolutely. The words which I have just cited were certainly pronounced either at the time mentioned or at another. The General added: 'Madame, there is only one way of proving to you my devotion; it is for me to get killed, should it be necessary for your Majesty's safety and that of the dynasty.'

"This is what I heard, and I think [turning to General Trochu, who was present] that the General himself remembers it." Whereupon General Trochu made a sign of assent.*

VIII

EXTRACTS FROM OFFICIAL REPORTS OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT

"Among the members of the *Corps législatif* whom the triumphant insurrection carried to the Hôtel de Ville, there is not a single one who has not disavowed any participation whatsoever in the invasion of the Assembly. There is not one who has not declared himself an absolute stranger to the work of preparing the blow by means of which the national representation was overthrown. MM. J. Favre, J. Simon, J. Ferry, Pelletan, Garnier Pagès, Em. Arago, Gambetta, all except M. de Kératry, speak in the same terms of this matter. . . .

* "L'Empire et la Défense de Paris," par le Général Trochu, p. 85.

"If, during the night of September 3d and 4th, incited by the news from Sedan, a manifestation was resolved upon, the deputies of the Opposition declare that this resolution was taken without their cooperation and quite outside of them.

"Following the very wise advice that M. Thiers had given them, far from participating in this movement, they sought, they say, to hold it in check. They struggled hard, but they were unable to resist the current, and were compelled themselves to submit to the impulse which they had not given. Carried off by the crowd, they put themselves at its head, and associated themselves with an act which they had not wished, after that act had become an accomplished fact.

"The leaders of the insurrection of September 4th—if one is to believe these witnesses—are not to be found among the members of the Legislative Body. . . . We confine ourselves to a statement of the facts as they result from the testimony received, and we repeat that the Deputies, members of the Opposition, with the exception of M. de Kératry, have repudiated energetically all participation in the preparation of an act so culpable as the assault upon an Assembly elected by universal suffrage, and to which they belonged; that they formally disavow any complicity in this act, the responsibility of which belongs—if the opinion of certain witnesses is well-founded—to those who were conspiring before September 4th, and who have conspired since; who, after having been the authors of the insurrection of this day, became the authors of the insurrections that followed on October 31st, January 22d, and March 18th; to those, in fact, who were the enemies of all government and the scourge of every community." *

M. Jules Ferry, in his testimony before the Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry, said: "It is necessary for me to explain what our own situation was as Republican Deputies of the city of Paris with respect to a certain portion of the Republican party.

"This situation was very difficult. We were elected in 1869, and that election showed already the kind of obstruction

* "Rapport fait au nom de la Commission d'Enquête sur les actes du Gouvernement de la Défense Nationale." Par M. le Comte Daru, p. 41 ff.

which we as Republicans were about to encounter. M. Jules Favre was only elected after a second ballot, and with extreme difficulty. From that time public meetings began to be held, the violence in which was of very bad omen. After our election, and during that sort of interregnum in the Imperial Government which ended in the formation of a Parliamentary Ministry, during this period, which included several months, we had—it is necessary that it should be known, and we ought to speak it out for the history of our time—great difficulty at every moment with the party which we called then by a very mild name, the party of 'impatients,' which became a little later the party of the '*exaltés*,' and finally the party of 'anarchy,' over which we have had such difficulty to get the upper hand in these later times.

"From the day that we were elected we found this party blocking our way, as an enemy. We were constantly convoked to meetings, at which we were publicly accused. Every day impossible manifestations were got up. You remember, perhaps, that one which it was proposed to hold in October, 1869, the Chamber not having been assembled within the period fixed by the law. The 'clubs' then decided that it was our duty as Deputies to appear on the Place de la Concorde, on the 26th of that month, I think. (See Chapter XVI, page 454.)

"When, finally, the Parliamentary Ministry was constituted, we had the funeral of Victor Noir, 'the affair Pierre Bonaparte,' as it was then called, and we were placed in the position of men who had not the Government in their hands, but who were obliged to resist the tail of their party exactly as if they were responsible. A portion of those who had elected us, understanding absolutely nothing of the political situation, obedient solely to their own passions and the excitations of the newspapers and public meetings, dreamed only of popular manifestations copied after the demonstrations of the first Revolution. All this was truly for us a subject of perpetual torment.

"At the head of this party was a member of the Assembly, M. Millière; he seemed to be the cleverest of all these leaders. When we reached the Hôtel de Ville, on September 4th, M. Millière was already there, and he was not alone. Two men

especially attracted our attention by their attitude and by their efforts. They were: one of them, M. Millière, who was haranguing the crowd in the great Throne Room, and the other M. Delescluze, who was roaming about the Cabinet, where we had formed the first Government Commission.

"If we had not known the profound differences among the revolutionary elements in the city of Paris; if we had not known, from the experience of many preceding months, that there was behind us a party of anarchy which was waiting only for a moment of weakness on our part to take the direction of affairs, the presence of MM. Millière and Delescluze, and of their acolytes, at the Hôtel de Ville, and the speeches they pronounced, would have made the situation perfectly clear." *

IX

THE EMPEROR'S RESPONSIBILITY

THE question of responsibility for the capitulations during the Franco-German War having been made the subject of an inquiry before a military council, the Emperor was found to be entirely responsible for the catastrophe at Sedan—either in consequence of political prejudice, or from a more laudable desire to protect certain military reputations that would have been compromised by any other conclusion.

Immediately the report of this Council was published, the Emperor addressed the following letter to each of the generals present at the capitulation:

"GENERAL:

"I am responsible to the country, and I can accept no judgment save that of the nation regularly consulted. Nor is it for me to pass an opinion with respect to the report of the Commission on the capitulation of Sedan. I shall only remind the principal witnesses of that catastrophe of the critical position in which we found ourselves. The army, commanded by the Duke of Magenta, did its duty nobly, and fought heroically against an enemy of twice its numbers. When driven back to

* Déposition de M. Jules Ferry. "Enquête Parlementaire," tome i, p. 382.

the walls of the town, and into the town itself, fourteen thousand dead and wounded covered the field of battle, and I saw that to contest the position any longer would be an act of desperation. The honor of the army having been saved by the bravery which had been shown, I then exercised my sovereign right and gave orders to hoist a flag of truce. I claim the entire responsibility of that act. The immolation of sixty thousand men could not have saved France, and the sublime devotion of her chiefs and soldiers would have been uselessly sacrificed. We obeyed a cruel but inexorable necessity. My heart was broken, but my conscience was tranquil.

"NAPOLEON.

"CAMDEN PLACE, *May* 12, 1872."

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